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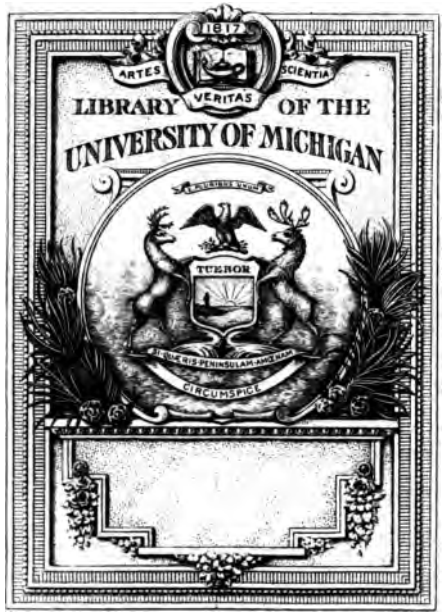
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WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

The spreading prairies of the west
  May yield their richest store;
And other tongues may call them blest,
  And chant their praises o'er;
But I will sing, in humble song,
  Of mountains, lochs, and rills—
The scenes my childhood dwelt among—
  My native Scottish hills.—*W. C. Sturoc.*

WE end this volume by introducing two very promising Scottish-American poets, and we have in preparation much interesting matter on the subject of Scottish-Australian poets, kindly supplied by Mr T. L. Work, a gifted poet and patriotic Scotchman residing in Melbourne. This we intend to put into shape, and present to our readers in the form of interesting biographical sketches, with selections of poetry, in an early portion of our Twelfth Series, which we hope to be able to publish towards the end of 1889. Although our "home-supply" is not yet by any means exhausted—indeed we have again been compelled to leave over for another volume sketches we were anxious to include in this series—we know that the examples we have given of the Muse of our brethren who have wandered far from the broom and the heather have been much valued by our readers. The "Scot abroad," while he readily takes root and prospers, and while passionately fond of his native land, is no less loyal to the land of his adoption. Time in no way changes the tender memories of the wanderer o'er the sea, and the history of his native land, with its traditions and scenery, is ever present in his mind. Is it not the case that Home has been the watchword of the heart since the

home of the world was centred in one ark? Poets have never ceased to sing the love of home. The emigrant may create another home in another land, but the first love lies deep, and the hope also lies there that he may yet go home.

The Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees was recently entertained to a banquet by the Caledonian Society of Melbourne. In the course of an eloquent and patriotic speech, he said that he could almost fancy that he was back in Old Scotland. "In the list of the membership of the Society he found quite a regiment of Campbells and Camerons, and a page and a half of 'Macs' of various kinds. He had occasionally heard cynical remarks about the prosperity of Scotchmen. He had been told that the Scotchmen got all the land, and the Irishmen all the billets, and that the Englishmen just took what they could get. He had also often heard repeated the Yankee joke that 'a Scotchman keeps the Sabbath and every thing he can lay his hands on.' So far from wanting to take more than their own share of what was going, they had been most liberal in supporting the institutions of this country. If the Scotchmen were to withdraw from Victoria there would be a blank left of the direst and most fatal character. Scotland had conquered England, and it was a great joy to him to see that, in a great measure, it had also conquered Victoria. It was also a pleasure to see that Scotchmen on this side of the world kept up with such fond affection the traditions and associations of their native land. That great Englishman, Samuel Johnson, as he walked amidst the ruins of Iona, said, 'Whatever takes us back into the past raises us in the dignity of thinking beings.' When Scotchmen went back into the traditions and associations of their native land they were not the worse for that, but all the better. It was good for Scotchmen to remember the race from which they sprang. Such recollections must help them to do well, and acquit themselves nobly from day to day. It influenced us all mightily as we went back on the past, and felt we were the heirs of great traditions, and that we belonged to a great and noble nationality. There were three countries that were the poorest that ever were in the world, and that had influenced the world's history more than any others—namely, Palestine, Greece, and Scotland. There were no countries more barren outwardly, more sterile, or more rugged; and the people of no other countries had left a deeper impress on the history of the world. It was well for Scotchmen where they dwelt to recall those things to mind, and try to sustain their nationality."

In America, some months ago, Mr Alexander Maclachlan, one of our poets, noticed in the First Series, was honoured with a testimonial in the form of funds wherewith to purchase the farm on which he resides. At that meeting the intellect and culture, the learned professions, and commercial interests, and the patrons of all that is good and desirable were represented. There was neither class nor race distinction—the intelligent mechanic and the university professor; the Englishman, the Irishman, and the Scotchman, showed their common interest in the poet, whose thoughts express sentiments broad as humanity, and which are clothed in a diction at once simple, graceful, and natural. One of the distinguished speakers said that, as Canadians, they would never forget all they owe to Scotland. "Mr Maclachlan can never escape the influences of Scotland, of the Braes of Gleniffer; never escape the influences of the bonnie burns beside which he grew up. Yet he will always be a Scotchman, just in the same way as Goldwin Smith will never escape the influence of Oxford. Goldwin Smith will always be an Oxford man, but both are true Canadians, notwithstanding, because they are doing the best work they can for Canada. Perhaps there was no nationality that combined so well the influences of the old, and affection for the old, with true loyalty to the new land in which they live." The Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, said—"We could hardly yet expect the rude forest and wild wood to yield the rich harvest of culture and refinement with which older lands are favoured. Indeed it may be that for years to come 'the summer birds from far that cross the sea' shall be the only songsters to fill our groves and forests with the harmony of sweet sounds; yet, when such do come, it is meet that we should welcome them as 'angel visitants,' and make their stay so pleasant that even the frosts of winter will not interrupt the full chorus of their song. Nor are we not left without hope even as to the product of our own soil. The wealth of 'flood and field' which we possess is already giving promise of a luxuriant harvest. With the steadiness and calmness which comes from national maturity, with the development of a more distinctive national physique, there must come to us, as there has come to other peoples, that higher mental development, of which original thought and investigation are born. We have all the natural elements here of the richest poetry. We must, therefore, wait our time."

Sir William Leng, a distinguished English journalist, who has just paid a visit to Scotland, writes with enthusiasm on

the subject of "the world of practical go in Scotchmen." There are but three millions and a half of them, yet they, like Cæsar Augustus, he says "draw tribute from many countries. Go where you may you find Scotchmen in the position of Captains of Industry and Organisers of Industrial Undertakings. Had there been more of them they would have been the taskmasters of the world. Scots don't appear to work with the gusto of Englishmen, but they think, calculate, reflect, and plan. They have the initiative, the resourcefulness, and the self-discipline which the Irish lack. The Scot is essentially a practical man. He turns his face like a flint to the future, and his back on that Dead Past over which the Hiberno-Celt idly broods. His strength is strength of character, stability of purpose, sound common sense, and an innate independence of feeling which makes him contemptuous of sycophantic arts. When he emigrates he does not say whiningly that he is an 'exile.'"

The history of Australia dates back only one hundred years, but it was undoubtedly during the last thirty or forty years, since the discovery of gold, that the real development of the country could be dated. During that time the continent had been reclaimed from barbarians and transformed into the home of advanced civilization. This transformation was due to the energy of the enterprising and resourceful men from Europe, who went there for gold, but remained to build up the country and lay the foundation of its great institutions. They went out, it has been said, "into a wilderness, they subjugated a desert, and made it blossom like a rose; and now Australian life is vastly more familiar to us than was Scottish life to Englishmen at the date of the Union. Now-a-days, steam and electricity have supplied the body politic with muscles and nerves such as to render it oblivious of distance. Thus, the result of a division in our Parliament is known much more quickly to the people of Melbourne to-day than it was known by Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh, and any Australian can travel to London now with more ease, and nearly as much expedition as Keats or Shelley could travel to Rome."

In the "good old days," when a man went home, even if he intended to come back, he went round solemnly to all his friends, and said good-bye to them and asked if he could take anything home for them. Now-a-days, we may miss a man for what seems a week or two, or possibly a month, and find to our surprise when we see him again that in the interval he has made a trip round the world.

The Colonies of Australia have not, until recently, been considered as a likely field for the growth and nourishment of the poetic faculty. When everything was in a new and transition state, and the search for treasure absorbed the energies of contestants, the man of poetic tastes was decidedly out of place in the feverish struggle, and likely enough to receive but a poor reward for his melodious labours. Yet, despite this unquestionable drawback, the love of literature is so strongly implanted in our race that even amongst the nomadic wayfarers over our Southern Colonies are found men with whom the works of Shakespeare and Burns are quite familiar, and who frequently express their feelings in verse. When the tents of the diggers were abandoned for the cottages of a township, the district newspaper, with its "Poets' Corner," was established; and there never was a scarcity of verse.

Australian literature has been largely recruited from the Scottish contingent that left the Old World to settle in the sunny Southern lands. One of the foremost men in the history of the Colonies of New South Wales and Victoria was John Dunmore Lang, D.D., a native of Greenock, whose sagacity and irresistible energy did much to build up the fortunes of the settlements there, independent of his ministerial and political labours. Dr Lang published a number of volumes illustrative of the country that he had adopted, and amongst his other accomplishments may fairly be conceded that of poetry. In 1826 he published a volume entitled "Aurora Australis: or specimens of Sacred Poetry for the Colonists of Australia." The book contained translations from the Greek and German, and from the aboriginal language Scotsmen have taken the front rank as explorers in Australia, and the names of John M'Dowall Stuart, Angus M'Millan, John M'Kinlay, Duncan M'Intyre, and many other names might be mentioned. Pre-eminent amongst that noble band was Sir Thomas Livingstone Mitchell, surveyor-general of New South Wales, who died at Sydney in 1855. To him was due the skilful construction of the principal roads by which the interior of the country was opened up for the purposes of colonization. He published a volume of poetical translations which he "wrote in a small clipper during a voyage round Cape Horne."

Meanwhile we must not weary our readers. We shall now merely mention the following poets and prose writers, selections from whose works, with interesting details of their career, we hope, through Mr T. L. Work's valuable assistance,

to be able to give in our next volume:—The Hon. John Rae, and William Augustus Duncan, natives of Aberdeen; Alex. Gordon Middleton, born in Glasgow; Rev. Alex. M'Nicol; Ewen Cameron, from Inverness-shire; the Rev. Alexander Rutherford Russell, Dean of Adelaide, born in Perthshire; George Gordon M'Crae; Mitchell Kilgour Beveridge, born in Dunfermline in 1831, one of the earliest printers of Australian poetry; John Legge, from Aberdeenshire; John C. Paterson, a native of Ayr; Thomas M'Kenzie Fraser; James Brunton Stephens, perhaps the best-known of our Scottish-Australian writers, born at Borrowstounness, Linlithgowshire, in 1835; Miles Macphail, the publisher of *Macphail's Ecclesiastical Journal*, at one time a popular Edinburgh magazine; Donald M'Leod, a skilful translator of Gaelic poetry, the son of a highland minister; Adam Lindsay Gordon, Adam Moffat, and others "too numerous to mention." This, we fondly hope, will be considered a valuable galaxy of men whose careers dignify the nation amongst whom they live, or have lived and laboured.

There is no mistaking the national attachment so strong in the Scottish character. In this respect men return after long absence unchanged. In all varieties of lands and climates their hearts ever turn towards the "land o' cakes an' brither Scots." Dr Norman Macleod, speaking of a conversation he had with a countryman in Canada, said that while the emigrant referred favourably and gratefully to his position in his adopted country, he could not help making this exception when he thought of the "Banks and braes o' bonny Doon"—"But, oh! there are nae *linties* i' the wuds."

We shall be able to show that these "Scots abroad" have still tender memories of the traditions and scenes of "Auld Mither Scotland." Many of them sing in the couthy Doric of her heathery knowes and roarin' linns, lanely lochs and purple hills, gowden broom and feathery bracken, and re-echo the touching sentiments of the brave and gifted Janet Hamilton:—

Auld Scotland! hoo I lo'e the name,
My guid auld-fashion'd mither!
It maunna be thy kin'ly bairns
Should tine thee a' thegither.
Oh! weel I like ilk thing o' thine—
The cozy theekit dwallin's,
Thy bare-fit lassies, tosh an' trig—
Thy canny, clever callans.

Thy misty hills are dear to me—
  Ilk glen an' bosky dingle;
The lanely loch, on whilk the lichts
  An' dancin' shadows mingle;
The muirlan' burnie, purple-fringed
  Wi' hinny-scented heather,
Whaur gowden king-cups blink aneath
  The bracken's waving feather.

Nae, mither! nae; we maunna pairt!
  E'en tho' they say thou's deein';
Thy speech is gaun, they say thy face
  We'll sune nae mair be seein'.
It canna be the Doric's gaun,
  That mang baith auld and young,
There's mony noo that canna read
  Their printit mither tongue.

When thy callants hae ceased to be valiant and free,
And thy maids to be modest, oh juist let it dee.

Natives of Scotland residing in other lands, like most of our "Modern Scottish Poets," and many of our readers, show no desire to "quat their grup" of the language of Burns and of Tannahill. All praise to Professor Blackie for his frequent and well-merited rebukes to Scotchmen for their indifference and neglect of their language. Scotland possesses a literature and a language which it has reason to be proud of, and, as a patriotic writer says, "if Home Rule for Scotland will prevent the decadence of both, the sooner we have it the better." We were pleased to see the stand taken recently by the *Glasgow Herald* on this subject. Referring to R. L. Stevenson's volume, entitled "Underwoods," which book is partly composed of Scotch poems, the writer quotes Mr Stevenson's words:—"The day draws near when this illustrious and malleable tongue shall be quite forgotten, and Burns' Ayrshire and Dr Macdonald's Aberdeen awa' and Scott's brave Metropolitan utterance will be all equally the ghosts of speech. Till then I would love to have my hour as a native Maker, and to be read by my own countryfolk in our own dying language—an ambition surely rather of the heart than of the head, so restricted as it is in prospect of endurance, so parochial in bounds of space." "No doubt," remarks the reviewer, "Mr Stevenson says here very prettily what a great number of people have been saying recently, that owing to a variety of causes, the Scottish language is dying out before the advance of English; that the poems of the best Scotch poets will yet have to be studied by Scotchmen themselves, with the aid of a dictionary or glossary. We have already had occasion to allude to this panic about the decline of Scotch as an independent

language. It is necessary, therefore, to now allude only to two points suggested by Mr Stevenson's particular line of remark, or rather of plaint, and both of consolatory character. It should not be forgotten that while the different dialects of Burns and Scott and Dr Macdonald may disappear before an all-embracing language, they themselves need not be forgotten, because some of the best things all three have written have been in English. Then when Mr Stevenson speaks of this 'illustrious and malleable tongue' being 'quite forgotten,' does he not go too far? It may, no doubt, be forgotten to some extent, but at the very worst it will live as the dialect in a language in which Chaucer wrote still lives. Over and above this, the universal popularity of some of the best things written in Scotch, such as Burns' songs, is bound to compel the incorporation in the English language of certain of the best Scotch words and phrases for the value of the shades of meaning involved in them. This is a process which is going on insensibly. It is a process, too, that everyone who loves Scotch and yet is in the habit of speaking English can materially help by the simple practice of always using those words and phrases which best express his meaning."

We trust that we have in our labours been able to encourage and strengthen these sentiments. In the utterances of our present-day bards, as well as in those of the past, we meet with words, which, while they thrill the simplest untutored bosoms, find no less response in the hearts of the most educated and refined. "This then," as J. C. Shairp says, "is the reason of the catholicity of the songs of Scotland—their power of commanding a universal sympathy is their strong claim on our regard. No wonder the people love them; for never was the heart of people more fully rendered in poetry than Scotland's heart in these songs." They convey to the mind sentiments of tenderness and endearment, for what is there so expressive in Anglican as "My ain kind dearie," "My winsome marrow," "My wee thing," "My wee bit lamb," or "My bonnie bird." They keep close to life, nature, and our future hope, bringing ever before us what are said to be the three sweetest words in our language —Happiness, Home, and Heaven—around which cling the most touching associations, and with which are connected our highest aspirations.

We hoped to have been able to give before closing *a second* sad list of our poets who, since the mournful article

we wrote on this subject in the Ninth Series, are now singing "nobler songs above." This we will endeavour to accomplish in the next volume, together with a gathering of fugitive, *unclaimed* gems, and a general index, should the kind and encouraging patience of our patrons and readers not be already overtaxed. All through our labours, cheered and aided by many friends, we have been conscientious, and they are the result of an amount of diligent research and anxious thought that we could not have faced had we known what was before us.

D. H. EDWARDS.

Advertiser Office,
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MODERN SCOTTISH POETS.

WILLIAM CANTON

WIELDS a ready, versatile, and graceful pen, and although his constant and exacting labours in connection with one of our largest and most popular daily newspapers must necessarily take up much of his attention and thought, he has found time to produce a considerable bulk of imaginative work in verse and prose. Although we cannot claim him as Scottish either by birth or parentage, he has spent his best years in Scotland, and his literary life may be said to have been devoted to our country. Mr Canton was born in the Island of Chusan, off the coast of China, in 1845—a specially exciting and interesting period of British history in the East. To the psycho-physiologist we leave it to conjecture how much of his future development was due to the circumstances of the time and to the strange scenes and stranger people associated with this Oriental birthplace. By a startling freak of fortune we find him, still a child, spirited away from the far East to the far West. The early years of his boyhood were spent in the Island of Jamaica; and among the most vivid of his boyish recollections are visions of the Blue Mountains—far

away beyond which, he was told, there was a dear old England, where the ground in winter was covered with snow—and rambles up country in a tropical forest, beneath the high green arches and among the gnarled roots of which flowed a broad shallow expanse of clear water, wherein he took his first rememberable bathe. He has since recognised with delight the brilliant pictures of these and kindred scenes in Michael Scott's admirable novel, "Tom Cringle's Log." Re-crossing the Atlantic, he was educated in France, and there he first fell under the spell of that remote antiquity which has inspired some of the longest and most original of his poems. The occasion was a visit to a so-called Druidical cromlech in a cornfield on a hill-top overlooking a chain of swampy lakelets. The gloomy oak forests had vanished in smoke ages ago, and the blond Gaul with his golden torque had been replaced by the French peasant in his blouse, but sufficient remained to set the youthful imagination in a blaze. As a rule a poet's biography is divided into two portions—the story of his boyhood and the story of his poems, and in this instance it is only necessary to add that after some years of literary and educational work in England and Scotland, he was, in succession to another of our poets, Mr Freeland, appointed editor of the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, and this was followed by promotion to a sub-editorship on the *Glasgow Daily Herald*.

That Mr Canton is a prolific writer, is shown by the fact that, in addition to furnishing a very large and extended circle of the reading public with columns of matter, evincing the application to every subject of fulness of knowledge, aptness of illustration, and felicity of quotation, he has contributed to *St Paul's*, *Once-a-Week*, *Good Words*, *Scottish Church*, *All the Year Round*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *New Quarterly*, *Contemporary Review*, &c. He is also the author of a three-volume

novel and several novelettes that have appeared in the columns of the *Glasgow Weekly Herald* and other newspapers. His volume of prose, entitled "The Shining Waif, and other Stories," was published in 1879 by Messrs Dunn & Wright, Glasgow, while Messrs Blackwood & Sons have during the present year (1887) issued in handsome form the work from which we take our extracts—"A Lost Epic, and other Poems."

Mr Andrew Lang has said that "journalism, as far as it is literary, cannot be learned—it is not a trade to which a man can be apprenticed." The truth of this is seen in the writings of our profound and many-sided poet. He is always natural, clear, and effective. In his tales, as well as in his descriptive articles and sketches, the presence of a capacious imagination, wealth of ideas, and freshness of feeling is always evident. His tales are simple, but give scope for the delineation of the working of many passions, and each scene and character contributes to the progress of the story, and leaves behind a distinct and vivid impression. Mr Canton, as a poet, is full of grace and felicity. Indeed, rich and delicately-expressed fancy, daintiness of phrase, lightness of touch, and lyrical ease are the characteristics of his Muse. He is inspired with fervent adoration for the good and beautiful, and his utterances come home to the heart like a strain of loving and trustful music. Many of his short pieces form prettily pathetic and very tenderly-drawn pictures. They are full of melody, and fall upon the ear like the sweet strain of the Æolian harp.

"A Lost Epic," which gives the title to his latest volume, is the story of a poem which was never written, a great epic on the evolution of the world, whose author spent a life in dreaming out the plan of it; and the sweet, sad kernel of the story is to be found in the death of the old man, while his whole soul

is so intently fixed on the task he has set for himself that he overlooks his own mortality—

> And, dying, he believed in years of love
> To lavish on his poem and his child.
> The mighty epic that had filled his brain,
> Absorbed his very being forty years,
> He took away with him. A larger life
> May yield it larger utterance—who can tell?

One fragment of the great epic was composed, the song of "Blossom and Babe," which is very quaint, very wise, and very suggestive, and which, as it is an almost perfect specimen of the style and mood our poet loves, we quote :—

BLOSSOM AND BABE.

O happy little English cot ! O rustic-sweet vignette
Of red brick walls and thatchéd roof, in apple-blossom set !
O happy Devon meadows, how you come to me again !
And I am riding as I rode along the cool green lane,
A-dreaming and a-dreaming ; and behold ! I see once more
The fair young mother with her babe beside the shaded door.
How bright it was ! No blossom trembled in the hot blue noon,
And grasshoppers were thrilling all the drowsy heart of June !
O babe upon the bosom, O blossom on the tree !

And as I passed, the stridulous incessant jangle ran
Along the hedgerow following me, until my brain began
To mingle in a waking dream the baby at the breast,
The woman and the apple-bloom, the shrilly sounding pest,—
To blend them with that great green age of trees which never shed
A bell of gold or purple or a petal of white or red,
When all the music of the world—a world too young to sing—
Was such a piercing riot made by such an insect wing.
O babe upon the bosom, O blossom on the tree !

And then I thought of all the ages, all the waste of power,
That went to tinge one pulpy fruit, to flush one little flower ;
And just in this same wise, I mused, the Human too must grow
Through waste of life, through blood and tears, through centuries of woe,
To reach the perfect—flower and fruit ; for Nature does not scan,
More than the individual tree, the individual man ;

A myriad blossoms shall be lavished, if but one shall give
The onward impulse to the thought that Nature means to live.
O babe upon the bosom, O blossom on the tree!

O fair young mother, far removed from visions of unrest,
Be happy in the baby blossom flushing at thy breast!
The blesseder condition thine, that thou canst never see
The strife, the cruel waste, the cyclic growth in man and tree;
That thou canst trust a heart, more kind than ever Nature shows,
Will gather each baby bloom that falls, will cherish each that blows;
Canst need no solace from the faith, that since the world began
The Brute hath reached the Human through the martyrdom of man.
O babe upon the bosom, O blossom on the tree!

Many readers, however, have contended that the place of honour should have been given to the second poem, "Through the Ages: A Legend of a Stone Axe." A professional lecture on primeval man, mingled with the brightness and gaiety of a class of "sweet girl graduates," fills the mind of one of them with a tragic vision of the past. The hall converts itself into the forest, the subdued voices of the maidens become the murmuring of wind through the branches; the stone axe-head which the Professor demonstrates as being recovered from a half-hewn fossilised tree over which the remains of oceans and forest growths had been laid in the course of ages, reveals to her eyes the story of how it was lost by the original owner. She sees the hairy man strike a mighty blow; the axe is held fast in the wood; a carnivorous foe of humanity springs on its defenceless victim; and loud through the forest rings the shriek of the hairy girl who saw her father's death. The main charm of the poem lies in its skilful mingling of past and present; and the marvellous life which the poet has infused into his subject. In conclusion we may mention that Mr Matthew Arnold, speaking of Mr Canton's volume to a friend, characteristically observed that what he most valued in it

was "not so much the imaginative fertility exhibited in the more ambitious poems as the thoughtful and exquisite observation of Nature."

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD.

LAUS INFANTIUM.

In praise of little children I will say
God first made man, then found a better way
For woman, but His third way was the best.
Of all created things the lovliest
And most divine are children. Nothing here
Can be to us more gracious or more dear.
And though when God saw all His works were good
There was no rosy flower of babyhood,
'Twas said of children in a later day
That none could enter heaven save such as they.

The earth, which feels the flowering of a thorn,
Was glad, O little child, when you were born;
The earth, which thrills when skylarks scale the blue,
Soared up itself to God's own heaven in you;
And heaven, which loves to lean down and to glass
Its beauty in each dewdrop on the grass—
Heaven laughed to find your face so pure and fair,
And left, O little child, its reflex there!

ANY FATHER.

We talked of you; in happy dreams
Our hearts foretold you,
O little Blossom!
And yet how marvellous it seems
To see and hold you!
We guessed you boy, we guessed you maid,
Right glad of either;
How like, how unlike all we said,
Upon her knee there,
You lie and twit us,
O little Blossom!

ANY MOTHER.

So sweet, so strange—so strange, so sweet
Beyond expression,
O little Blossom!
To sit and feel my bosom beat
With glad possession;

For you are ours, our very own,
None other's, ours;
God made you of *our* two hearts alone,
As God makes flowers
Of earth and sunshine,
O little Blossom!

THE UPWARD LOOK.

I cried because I was afraid.
Strange people came about the place;
They'd laid my mother in a chest,
And spread a cloth upon her face.
And then they whispered up and down;
And all of them were dressed in black;
And women that I did not know
Kissed me and said, "Poor little Jack!"
And then the great black horses came—
Their tails trailed almost on the ground—
And there were feathers on the coach,
And all the neighbours stood around.

And when the horses went away,
The house no longer seemed the same,
And I grew frightened, and I called
For mother; but she never came,
And so I cried! But then my aunt
Came weeping when she heard my cries;
And I was such a little thing
I looked up to her streaming eyes.

I looked up to her streaming eyes!
And it has often seemed since then,
At times of threatening, doubt, distress,
That, full-grown to the life of men,
Just so have I looked up—just so
Some Being of a higher sphere,
Aware of laws from me concealed,
Has downward looked and dropped a tear—
A tear of pity for the pain
That I must feel when I've outgrown
This larger childhood, and have learned
To know myself as I am known.

SUSPIRIUM.

These little shoes!—How proud she was of these!
Can you forget how, sitting on your knees,
She used to prattle volubly, and raise
Her tiny feet to win your wondering praise?
Was life too rough for feet so softly shod,

That now she walks in Paradise with God,
Leaving but these—whereon to dote and muse—
These little shoes?

WAYSIDE VIGNETTES.

LOVE AND LABOUR.

At noon he seeks a grassy place
Beneath the hedgerow from the heat;
His wife sits by, with happy face,
And makes his homely dinner sweet.

Upon her lap their baby lies,
Rosy and plump and stout of limb—
With two great blue unwinking eyes
Of stolid wonder watching him.

The trees are swooning in the heat;
No bird has heart for song or flight;
The fiery poppy in the wheat
Droops, and the blue sky aches with light.

He empties dish, he empties can;
He coaxes baby till she crows;
Then rising up a strengthened man,
He blythely back to labour goes.

His hammer clinks through glare and heat—
With little thought and well content
He toils and splits for rustic feet
Fragments of some old continent.

Homeward he plods, his travail o'er,
Through sunset lanes, past fragrant farms,
Till—glimpse of heaven!—his cottage-door
Frames baby in her mother's arms.

BY MOONLIGHT.

Afoot at midnight. All the way
Is warm and sweet with scents of May.

The cocks are crowing hours too soon,
The dogs are barking far and near,
The frogs are croaking round the mere;
And in a tree the naked Moon
Is crouching down, as though she would
Her silvery-bosomed maidenhood

Conceal among the leaves, too thin
And small to hide her beauty in.

Dear Moon, 'tis I, thy friend—who pray
Thy company upon my way.

IN THE FALL.

Among the bleak, wet woods I tread
On leaves of yellow and of red;
The leaves are whirled in wind and rain,
The woods are filled with sounds of pain;
No bird is left to sing.

Man's destiny is blowing wind,
A little leaf is all mankind;
The wind blows high, the wind blows low,
The leaflet flutters to and fro,
And dreams it is a wing.

Amid the blowing of the wind,
Amid the drifting of mankind,
Among the melancholy rain,
And woodlands filled with sounds of pain,
No heart is left to sing.

A DESERTED GARDEN.

A highroad white with the dust of May;
An old red wall, and an iron gate;
A scent of Spring-time: a blossomy spray,
Thrown over and bowed by the blossom's weight.

An empty house, and a garden-ground
That no one tended! The flowering trees
Had grown half wild. With a revel of sound
The birds in flocks made merry at ease.

The gravelled pathways were blurred with green;
The flower-beds each into other had run;
'Twas all one ferment of colour and sheen,
And scent and song, in the glittering sun.

And yet the place had a rueful look
For lack of laughter and pattering feet;
The fruit-tree shadowed no maiden's book;
No greybeard dozed on the garden seat.

Methought I saw, as I gazed within,
An idyl of youth with its bliss and pain—
The empty house of "what might have been"—
The garden of dreams that were dreamed in vain.

THE LATTER LAW.

I.

When, schooled to resignation, I had ceased
To yearn for my lost Eden; when I knew
No loving Spirit brooded in the blue,
And none should see His coming in the East,
I looked for comfort in my creed; I sought
To draw all nature nearer, to replace
The sweet old myths, the tenderness, the grace
Of God's dead world of faith and reverent thought.

Oh, joy! I found the stern new Law reveal
Romance more rare than poesy creates:
Your blood, it said, is kindred with the sap
Which throbs within the cedar, and mayhap
In some dim wise the tree reciprocates,
Even as a Dryad, all the love you feel.

II.

You and the great glad Earth are kith and kin,
There is one base, one scheme of life, one hope
On that and this side of the microscope.
All things, now wholes, have parts of many been,
And all shall be. A disk of Homer's blood
May redden a daisy on an English lawn,
And what was Chaucer glimmer in the dawn
To-morrow o'er the plains where Ilion stood.

No jot is lost, or scorned, or disallowed;
One Law reigns over all. Take you no care,
For while all beings change one life endures,
And a new cycle waits for you and yours
To melt away, like streaks of morning cloud,
Into the infinite azure of things that were.

III.

And soon the selfish clinging unto sense,
The longing that this ME should never fail,
Loosed quivering hands, for oh! of what avail
Were such survival of intelligence,

If all the great and good of days gone by—
  Plato, Hypatia, Shakespeare—had surceased,
  Had mingled with the cloud, the plant, the beast,
And God were but a mythos of the sky?

And when I thought, o'ershadowed with strange awe,
  How Christ was dead—had ceased in utter woe,
    With that great cry "Forsaken!" on the cross,
  I felt at first a sense of bitter loss,
  And then grew passive, saying, "Be it so!
'Tis one with Christ and Judas. 'Tis the law!"

IV.

But when my child, my one girl-babe lay dead—
  The blossom of me, my dream and my desire—
  And unshed tears burned in my eyes like fire,
And when my wife subdued her sobs, and said—
"Oh! husband, do not grieve, be comforted,
  She is with Christ!"—I laughed in my despair.
  With Christ, O God! and where is Christ, and where
My poor dead babe? And where the countless dead?

The great glad Earth—my kin!—is glad as though
  No child had ever died; the heaven of May
    Leans like a laughing face above my grief.
Is she clean lost for ever? How shall I know?
  O Christ! art thou still Christ? And shall I pray
    For fulness of belief or unbelief?

DAVID GIBB MITCHELL

IS yet another bright example amongst several that we have given of how a young man may, by indomitable perseverance, obtain for himself all the advantages of a University training under the most adverse circumstances. David Gibb Mitchell was born in 1863 in Glendye, parish of Strachan, Kincardineshire. After a short period of early boyhood spent in fishing in the burn with bent pins, gathering nuts and

blaeberries, cutting bracken for "bedding," and bearing home many a "birden" of sticks from the woods, he was sent to Banchory school for two years. Every morning his pocket was filled with oat cakes for his dinner, while *sowens* were waiting him for supper on his return home. When getting his daily supply of bannocks, his mother would say—"Sey, lathie, pit that i' yer pouch, an' rin. See an' say yer lessons richt the day, an' we'll maybe mak' something o' ye yet, fa kens?" His grandmother used to make him learn Psalms and Paraphrases. On one occasion she said—"Noo, Davie, ye'll stap up to the garret an' learn a Paraphrase, an' I'll try an' ha'e yer stockin' taed afore ye come back." Once he was greatly encouraged by the minister reading to the congregation at an evening service a little essay of his composition on the subject of the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea. Leaving school at fifteen, he was sent direct to the harvest-field to undertake a man's labour. At times the blood ran from the tips of his fingers, but the greive kept up his heart by calling him "a sturdy loon." Next, as a railway clerk, he learned to work the telegraph. This was followed by his acting as message boy in a factory in Perthshire, where, six months after, he became invoice clerk, and ultimately pay clerk, at the same time attending night schools in connection with a Young Men's Christian Association. At the age of seventeen Mr Mitchell went to St Andrews University. Seldom was a lad so badly equipped. He carried all his clothes on his back; but he worked with desperate effort. A minister he was determined to be. This wish was early created within him, and although its accomplishment seemed impossible, the desire grew. We are informed that he often stood and preached to the trees long before he attempted to utter a word to an intelligent audience of human beings. He

not only worked mentally, but during the summer holidays he acquired a knowledge of his father's trade, and when he returned to college his hands usually "spoke for themselves." He soon made way in his studies, but excelled in English Literature, Logic, and Moral Philosophy, and in the latter class he competed for the poem on "Heraclitus," prescribed by Professor Knight, and came in second. His musical qualities drew him out among the students a good deal. Mr Mitchell was an office-bearer in most of the societies, having been secretary of the Musical Society for two years, treasurer of the Classical Debating Society, vice-president of the Liberal Association, secretary and treasurer, and ultimately president, of the Free Church Missionary Society, and one of the first members of the Students' Representative Council, which now forms a very important body in all Universities. He was also a member of the Shakespearean Dramatic Association, and on various occasions acted important parts. But he was perhaps best known for his musical abilities, and for his able advocacy of total abstinence.

When our poet left St Andrews, Lewis Campbell, LL.D., Professor of Greek, gave him a very warm testimonial, in which he said:—"Mr D. G. Mitchell's course at St Andrews has left on my mind a favourable impression of his character and of his general abilities. Being somewhat behind hand when he came to college, he has shown much honourable and manly perseverance, and he has latterly shown signs of talent and capacity with which he had not before been credited. He is gifted, amongst other things, with a good voice and ear, which should be of great service to him as a preacher."

The hard drudgery is now over, and the bark that had to face severe storms, and drift over many a wild wave, has entered upon calmer waters. Although he

is not yet quite a "full-fledged" minister, during the present year (1887) Mr Mitchell has had a temporary charge in Orkney, where he is held in much esteem. For some time he has been an occasional contributor to the columns of several magazines and newspapers, including the *Fifeshire Journal*, *Dundee Evening Telegraph*, &c. In his poetry we find frequent evidence of grace and beauty of thought, pleasing fancy, and tender feeling. An inherent appreciation of the beautiful in Nature, a melodious ear, and high moral purpose, with an occasional vein of quiet, but genuine humour are characteristics of his Muse.

"OCH, HEY, HUM."

When hearts are bleedin' sair wi' grief, and care has knit the broo,
And time has made the auld head bare whaur bonnie ringlets grew,
A weary sigh steals frae the soul that's a'most owrecome,
Yet buried grief aft finds relief in "Och, hey, hum."

The faithfu' shepherd leads his flock oot owre the green hillside,
And tak's them to the choicest knowes whaur a' may there abide,
But when the sun sinks frae his view, and cares his heart benumb
Kind heaven only hears his cry of "Och, hey, hum."

The labourin' man wi' busy hand that toils frae morn till nicht,
And prays betimes that a' his bairns may grow up to do richt,
Feels borne doon aneath a load owre heavy far for some—
Gets cheerfu' comfort when he utters "Och, hey, hum."

The mither by the cradle side sits watching there alane,
To keep the messenger o' death awa' frae her door stane,
Aft hides the tears that Nature sends when death at last has come,
Yet noo and than you'll hear her sobbin' "Och, hey, hum."

Yet let us a' be thankfu' that we're no sent here to bide,
The day will come when a' will meet owre on the ither side;
Nae trachle there, nor sorrow there, nae lip will there be dumb,
Nae tears will flow, nae tongue will utter "Och, hey, hum."

WHAUR IN YOUTH WE ROVED.

The auld man little cares to hear
A tale o' yesterday,
But thro' the mists o' mony a year
His thochts far backward stray.

Kind mem'ries cling aroun' the hame
That first the young heart loved,
And naething breathes a sweeter name
Than whaur in youth we roved.

The birdies a' sing blyther there,
The licht shines brichter doon,
And clearer, purer, seems the air,
And a' the sky aboon.

The shaggy rock that tow'rs sae high,
To bield the cauld north breeze,
Looks calmly doon and seems to sigh
Frae oot the dark fir trees.

I stood upon its hoary head,
And watched the sleepy Tay
Wind slowly owre its sandy bed—
Hoo slumberin' like it lay.

I saw the burnie rollin' doon
Its waters to the sea,
And noisy bairnies jinkin' roun'
The stanes wi' playfu' glee.

The Milton Den, wi' a' its load
O' fragrance, bloomin' fair,
Gars mem'ry tread a pleasant road—
Twa bonnie kirks stan' there.

Love, joy, and innocence divine
A' mark the early day;
Oh what a happy life was thine
To be a child for aye.

CONSIDER THE LILY.

Abroad upon the universe I looked with curious eye;
The sun was slowly stealing o'er a cold and wintry sky;
The fragrant flowers had ceased to bloom, and songs had ceased to flow
From birds that only love to chant when summer zephyrs blow.

But, gently as the green grass grows, the winter changed to spring,
And kindly did the glowing sun a choir of songsters bring ;
They filled the verdant woods around, and mingled with the breeze
Their notes of gratitude and joy : "'Tis spring-time, if you please."

So, as I lingered near a rock with pathway twining round,
I saw a lily rear its head above the hoary ground ;
A happy home, methought, it had, quite in a world of love,
The angels must have placed it there to guard it from above.

Alone it blushed ; no other gem was smiling where it grew,
Nurtured by the genial rays and by the gentle dew.
No northern blasts e'er shook its stem, and east winds seldom swept
Across its brow of snowlike hue : surely by Heaven 'twas kept !

Just at this happy moment beamed the sun's effulgent blaze
Down on the lily's lowly bed, but downcast seemed its gaze ;
A thought had struck the lily as it looked across the lea :—
"Why do I live to bloom alone, for all have mates but me ?"

Such was its cry ; but presently the soft wind moaning blew
Over its lonely path, and heard a voice it somehow knew
Nor lingered long, but off it sped ; no time it had to wait
Doubting if this pure lily would be better with a mate.

After a few bright sunny days when all the woods were green,
Varied were the brilliant tints, magnificent the scene !
I visited the well-known spot, thinking my flower would be
Deserted, as 'twas wont to be, lamenting grievously.

Good fortune had it otherwise. Another lily grew,
Mingling its beauty with the one it only lately knew ;
In meekness both were perfect, and quite humble was their pride.
To one the other said : "My friend, I'd like to be your bride."

Calmly pondered this fair lily ; much gladness filled its soul,
Hearing how the winds had borne a companion to console ;
Each whispered as a new day dawned : "We will woo, we will woo ;"
Larks that sang above responded ; "Dinna rue, dinna rue."

ONLY A CRUMB.

'Twas only a crumb that the poor beggar sought,
Just a crumb from the rich man's hand ;

For somehow he thought that the better one's lot
Made better the hearts in our land.

So the rich man gazed on the feet that were bare,
And furrows that wrinkled the brow;
But little he knew of the care that was there;
For there's care with the poor I trow.

And the old man sat with a look of despair,
He envied the birds in the sky,
And longed he could sing with the lark in the air,
But all he could do was to sigh.

Meanwhile the bright sun sank to rest in the west,
And bees swarmed by with a hum;
But Death laid his hand on the poor beggar's breast;
He died for the lack of a crumb.

HAROLD BOULTON,

WHO, with Miss Macleod, as noticed in our Tenth Series, edited "Songs of the North," cannot claim Scotland as his birthplace, but he has lived there so much both in the flesh and in the spirit that he is "plus royaliste que le roi" in his love of all connected with it. Its literature has been his study from a very early age, and connections and friends have caused him to spend a great deal of time in this country. Mr Boulton is the eldest son of S. B. Boulton, Esq. of Copped Hall, Hertfordshire. Born in 1860, he was educated at Harrow (where he was monitor before he left) and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took honours in classics, 1880, and was *proxime accessit* for the Newdigate prize poem. He has been a frequent contributor to *Scribner's*, *Cassell's*, and other magazines, and was in sole charge of the *Fortnightly Review* for some months lately during the illness of the editor.

He joined the Inverness Militia—the 2nd Cameron Highlanders—in 1883. Doubtless his friendship with the late Principal Shairp gave an extra spur to his literary bent, and being much infused with Jacobite and kindred sentiments, he wandered much about the Highlands of Argyll and Inverness at the time he was engaged on "The Songs of the North" (London: Field & Tuer, the Leadenhall Press). In our brief sketch of Miss Macleod we referred at some length to this valuable and beautiful volume, of which Mr Ford has said in his "Poet's Album" "it is a collection that every singer will desire to have, and every Scotchman will be wise to get." Songs greatly dissimilar in character and in point of antiquity, and hailing from widely different localities, are here found side by side, because out of an almost inexhaustible wealth of material, they were considered most worthy to be known to the many, as they have hitherto been to the few. A certain proportion of the songs, notably some of the Highland ones, are here printed for the first time, and their presence is due to the good fortune of one or other of the editors in meeting with them among friends in different parts of the country. In some cases words in the Lowland Scottish language that either had no tunes, or were wedded to tunes altogether unworthy of them, have been set to old Highland melodies. In a few instances new words have been written for melodies whose original words have been lost, and in several cases only the melodies themselves are new. Mr Boulton acknowledges having received valuable aid in his researches from Dr Clark of Kilmallie, Dr Alex. Stewart ("Nether Lochaber"), Professor Blackie, and others. The following have a place in "Songs of the North," and we consider ourselves greatly favoured by being permitted to present them to our readers. They possess the true spirit of poetry, and



are thoroughly imbued with the beautiful simplicity and tender pathos of the old ballad. The simple joys and homely habits of rural life are graphically depicted; and while some of his strains are delicately touching, all his productions display ease and sprightliness of versification. The realism, and the healthy tone of the sentiments must commend them to all who believe in and appreciate what is noble and pure.

"REST, MY AIN BAIRNIE."

(A HIGHLAND CRADLE SONG.)

Rest, my ain bairnie, lie peaceful and still,
Sleeping or waking I'll guard thee from ill.
Fair be thy body, whiter than snow,
No evil mark thee from the heel to the brow;
No ghost shall fright thee, nought shalt thou fear,
I'll sing them a charm that none may come near.
Then rest, my ain bairnie, &c.

Eerily gathers the mist on Ben Shee,
Coldly the wind sweeps in from the sea,
But terror and storm may come east or come west,
Warm will my birdie bide in the nest.
Then rest, my ain bairnie, &c.

Fresh as the heather thy boyhood will bloom,
Strong as the pine thy manhood will come,
Flower of thy kinsmen, chief of thy clan,
King of my heart, thou bonnie wee man.
Then rest, my ain bairnie, &c.

"AS I GAED DOUN GLENMORISTON."

As I gaed doun Glenmoriston,
Where waters meet about Alteerie,
I saw my lassie milkin' kye
Wi' skilfu' hand and sang sae cheerie;
The wind that stirred her gowden hair
Blew saftly frae the hill at even,
And like a moorland flower she looked
That lichtly lifts its head to heaven.

Frae that sweet hour her name I'd breathe
Wi' nocht but clouds and hills to hear me,

And when the warld to rest was laid
I'd watch for dawn and wish her near me,
Till ane by ane the stars were gane,
The moor-cock to his mate called clearly,
And daylicht glinted on the burn
Where red-deer cross at mornin' early.

The years are lang, the wark is sair,
And life is afttimes wae and wearie,
Yet Foyer's flood shall cease to fall
Ere my love fail unto my dearie.
I lo'ed her then, I lo'e her now,
And cauld the warld wad be without her,
The croodlin' bairnies at her knee
And licht o' mither's love about her.

BONNIE STRATHYRE.

There's meadows in Lanark and mountains in Skye,
And pastures in Hielands and Lawlands forbye;
But there's nae greater luck that the heart could desire
Than to herd the fine cattle in bonnie Strathyre.

O its up in the morn and awa' to the hill,
When the lang simmer days are sae warm and sae still,
Till the peak o' Ben Voirlich is girdled wi' fire,
And the evenin' fa's gently on bonnie Strathyre.

Then there's mirth in the shieling and love in my breast,
When the sun is gane doun and the kye are at rest;
For there's mony a prince wad be proud to aspire
To my winsome wee Maggie, the pride o' Strathyre.

Her lips are like rowans in ripe simmer seen,
And mild as the starlicht the glint o' her e'en;
Far sweeter her breath than the scent o' the briar,
And her voice is sweet music in bonnie Strathyre.

Set Flora by Colin, and Maggie by me,
And we'll dance to the pipes swellin' loudly and free,
Till the moon in the heavens climbing higher and higher
Bids us sleep on fresh brackens in bonnie Strathyre.

Though some to gay touns in the Lawlands will roam,
And some will gang sodgerin' far from their home;
Yet I'll aye herd my cattle, and big my ain byre,
And love my ain Maggie in bonnie Strathyre.

MAIDEN OF MORVEN.

Moan ye winds that never sleep,
Howl ye spirits of the deep,
Roar ye torrents down the steep,
  Roll ye mists on Morven.
May the tempests never rest,
Nor the seas with peace be blest
Since they tore thee from my breast,
  Maiden of Morven.

Fairer than the flowers that grow,
Purer than the rills that flow,
Gentler than the fallow doe
  'Mid the woods of Morven;
As the leaf is to the tree,
As the summer to the bee,
So wert thou, my love, to me,
  Maiden of Morven.

Ossian's harp sings Fingal's praise;
Wild the lilt of Carril's lays,
Men and maids of other days
  Fire his tales of Morven.
Though their chords like thunder roll,
When at Beltane brims the bowl,
Thou'rt the music of my soul,
  Maiden of Morven.

Oft I chased the deer of yore;
Many a battle-brunt I bore,
When the chiefs of Innistore
  Hurled their might on Morven.
Blunt my spear, and slack my bow,
Like an empty ghost I go,
Death the only hope I know,
  Maiden of Morven.

LAMENT FOR MACLEAN OF ARDGOUR.

Wail loudly, ye women, your coronach doleful,
  Lament him, ye pipers, tread solemn and slow,
Mown down like a flower is the chief of Ardgour,
  And the hearts of the clansmen are weary with woe.
In peace-time he ruled like a father among us,
  Unconquered in fight was the blade that he bore,
But the chase was the glory and pride of his manhood,
  —Strong Donald the hunter, Macgillian More.

Low down by yon burn that's half hidden with heather
He lurked like a lion in the lair he knew well;
'Twas there sobbed the red-deer to feel his keen dagger,
There pierced by his arrow the cailzie-cock fell.
How oft when at e'en he would watch for the wild fowl,
Like lightning his coracle sped from the shore;
But still, and for aye, as we cross the lone lochan,
Is Donald the hunter, Macgillian More.

Once more let his war-cry resound in the mountains,
Macdonalds shall hear it in eerie Glencoe,
Its echoes shall float o'er the braes of Lochaber,
Till Stewarts at Appin that slogan shall know;
And borne to the waters beyond the Loch Linnhe,
'Twixt Morven and Mull where the tide-eddies roar,
Macgillians shall hear it and mourn for their kinsman,
For Donald the hunter, Macgillian More.

Then here let him rest in the lap of Scaur Donald,
The wind for his watcher, the mist for his shroud,
Where the green and the grey moss will weave their wild tartans,
A covering meet for a chieftain so proud.
For, free as the eagle, these rocks were his eyrie,
And free as the eagle his spirit shall soar
O'er the crags and the corries that erst knew the footfall
Of Donald the hunter, Macgillian More.

SKYE BOAT SONG.

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward, the sailors cry,
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.
Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunder-clouds rend the air;
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore;
Follow, they will not dare.
Speed, bonnie boat, etc.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep;
Ocean's a royal bed;
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.
Speed, bonnie boat, etc.

Many's the lad fought on that day
Well the claymore could wield,
When the night came silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.
Speed, bonnie boat, etc.

Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men,
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.
Speed, bonnie boat, etc.

ALEXANDER COWAN.

FROM the preface to a volume entitled "Remains of Alexander Cowan" (Edinburgh: Thomas Constable, 1839), consisting of his verses and extracts from his correspondence and journals, and printed for the use of his relatives, we learn that the pieces we are privileged to give were not intended for publication, but only in order to furnish an interesting remembrance of one who was highly valued in his domestic and social circle. Our poet was the son of Mr Alex. Cowan, and was born at Valleyfield, Penicuik, in 1804. The rudiments of his education were obtained at the parish school of Penicuik and at the Edinburgh High School. At an early age he discovered those powers of memory and observation which, at a more advanced period of life, developed themselves in the acquirement and retention of extensive and varied statistical information, for which he was remarkable. About the age of thirteen, his father's family having gone to reside at Melville Mill, he became the pupil of William Tennant, author of "Anster Fair," and other poems, who was then a teacher at Lasswade. He had great delight in Mr Tennant's instructions, and we are told that their studies were not limited to the branches of knowledge ordinarily taught in the parish school, but extended to the languages of the East, particularly the Persian. To

this connection, doubtless, may be attributed the development of that love of poetry, and that poetical temperament which, in an unobtrusive manner, afterwards marked both the literary pursuits and the general character of the pupil. The natural bent of his mind had, however, already taken this direction, for, so early as his twelfth year, he had ventured to pay court to the Muses, and in confidence revealed his passion and the fruits of it (which were carefully hoarded in an old desk) to one of his sisters.

In 1819, along with an elder brother, Mr Cowan went to Germany, where he prosecuted his studies. The letters he sent home showed keen observation, and much power of delineating human character.

The brothers returned from Germany in 1821, and Alexander was then bound apprentice to a firm of writers to the signet. His professional avocations did not estrange him from his favourite pursuits, for, during the period of his apprenticeship, he wrote several thoughtful poems. In the spring of 1825, however, symptoms of weakness in the chest began to appear, and his father took him upon a tour through the Low Countries. He returned considerably restored, but, soon after, occasional illnesses and repeated intimations of a tendency to pulmonary complaints compelled him to withdraw for a time from business, and thus, no doubt, to cherish that literary predilection which he had formed and maintained.

In 1829 Mr Cowan married Miss Jane Annesley Thompson, and a few weeks afterwards, with a select company of friends, they set out on a tour. They travelled a year in France and Italy, and subsequently spent some time in Germany, when his wife's health gave indications of the illness which proved fatal while the family were living at Bonn. About this time he wrote as follows:—"How

fast the years fleet by. . . . I don't think my past life now looks nearly so long as it did when I was ten years old, and the future part of it will soon be over. . . . The spirits of the just have perfect happiness, but, doubtless, a part of their happiness may be joy in the good works of those they love. How rich am I to be in friends in heaven, my mother, my brother, and, soon, my wife; with these in my view, embalmed in my heart, can I turn to evil? When we are young, we have generally but few whom we loved who are gone before, but, happily, the earth becomes poorer and more desolate, and our dying friends steal, as it were, our thoughts with them to heaven." Again he wrote:—"I have had a return of night perspirations . . . these are no good symptoms. . . . I am now able for very little exercise. . . . Every sunset now is like the beams of God's love over the world, and I love to think of a time when I shall mix with that calm deep heaven, and the spirit of love. . . . I am fast joining my dear wife." In December, 1831, he was released from suffering, and his body laid close to that of his wife in the churchyard of Bonn. The place is marked by a plain monument, bearing the following inscription written by himself, he having had a presentiment that he would die the same year—a blank being left for the month and day of his own death:—

"Here lie the mortal remains of Alexander Cowan, of Edinburgh, Writer to His Majesty's Signet, who was born at Valleyfield, November 9, 1804, and of Jane Annesley Thompson, his wife, who was born at Orleans, May 1, 1809. They were married at Keswick, in Cumberland, Sept. 1, 1829, and died at Bonn, of consumption, she Feb. 8, and he Dec. 11, 1831. 2 Samuel i. 23."

Mr Cowan's earlier literary productions are chiefly distinguished, in their composition and style, by that simplicity which characterised their author. There is no attempt, by elaborate effort, to give to the conceptions an effect higher than that of which their own nature

rendered them capable. They did not receive the author's whole time and energy, but may merely be looked on as tributes to literature paid during hours saved from professional labours. So early as his twentieth year he contributed to *Blackwood*, and a number of translations from M. de Lamartine, Kleist, and other French and German poets, as given in his "Remains," are exceedingly beautiful. A remarkable characteristic of our poet was a quiet but strong vein of humour, which was, however, seldom exhibited in external mirth, but manifested itself not less happily sometimes in adopting and sustaining fanciful or historical characters, in which he had considerable power of assuming the appropriate air and language. Several of his prose writings "in the Oriental style" are very happy efforts. Although a sweet singer of love and sentiment, quiet observation and reflection, and a marked religious vein run through most of his poetry. Charming descriptions of scenery are also frequent, and there is in many of his pieces a philosophic breadth of thought that is evidently the outcome of a knowledge of mankind, and the sympathetic study of all that pertains to humanity.

LOVE.

Love, love thy friend, the brother of thine heart,
For friendship can a healing balm impart;
And chiefly love those friends of early youth,
Who whisper words of kindness and of truth,
Who long have loved thee, and who know thee well,
And tell thee, what the world will never tell,
Thy least departure from fair virtue's road;
And win thee back to friendship, and to God.

Love, love thy spouse, for who like her will share
Thy every blessing, and thy every care,
When thou by fortune and by friends art blessed,
Thy spouse will clasp thee to her loving breast;
And she, when friends forsake thy wretchedness,

Will, smiling, greet thee with the same fond kiss;
With roses she will strew thy earthly path,
And whisper comfort in the hour of death.

Love, love thy God, for who hath giv'n thee birth,
And friend and spouse, upon this glorious earth?
And who, when awful death with dark design
Hath palled each heart that fondly beat to thine,
Will be thy friend? Oh Father great and good,
Friend of the friendless! Spouse of widowhood,
Give me that love which knoweth no decay,—
That love of Thee, which language cannot say;
So shall I still increase in faith and love,
And see my Maker face to face above.

WHEN DARK THE NIGHT.

When dark the night, and loud the storm,
  The warder treads the leaguered wall,
And fancies death in every form
  Beneath the shadow's fall;
And hears the wailing shriek of death,
Borne on the tempest's scorning breath,
  While whistles by the winged ball,
And hoarsely rolls th' artillery's sound.
How fearfully he looks around,
And watches with an anxious eye,
For the first blush of orient sky.

While dark the night, and loud the blast,
  The wanderer pursues his way,
And onward struggles through the waste,
  Without one guiding ray,
  While laughs the fell hyena o'er his prey,
While, boding death, the tigers howl,
And shrieks the solitary owl;
Doth not the wanderer distracted say,
Would it were day.

And thus I watch the city of my soul,
  And wander onward through the waste of life,
And hear the thunder of destruction roll,
  And feel sin's dreadful strife.
Dark is my doubtful mind,
  And nought can light the awful gloom,
And reason she is blind—
  And there the tomb;
Faith whispers to my ear—
Believe, and light eternal shall appear!

Yes, blessed Spirit, I will gaze above,
To watch the coming of a God of love.

THE BRIDE.

I love! No more the joys of earth,
My weak and wayward mind can move,
My heart hath had another birth,
And learn'd to love.
Now all is rest
Within my breast,
I love.

We love! but not ourselves alone;
We love on earth our dwelling place,
And bless'd at eve, we gaze upon
Each well known face,
And Him that gave
The bliss we have
We love.

I love! and wilt thou be my bride?
And shall we fear life's stormy path?
Thou wilt be ever at my side,
E'en after death:
To grieve with thee
Were joy to me,
I love.

Let Time his ceaseless current roll,
He ne'er can change our love begun,
For we have mingled soul to soul,
Our hearts are one—
I love.

Our love is not an earthly love,
When, gazing on th' Eternal skies,
Our hearts to meet their God above
Together rise,
Free, unconfined;
'Tis in the mind
We love.

With thee I'll smile, with thee I'll weep,
With thee I'll kneel in humble pray'r,
With thee I'll take the last long sleep,
And waken, where?
Where sorrows cease,
Where all is peace
And love.

WE HAE PARTED.

(To Miss Jane Annesley Thompson.)

We hae parted, we hae parted,
We shall never part again;
For the neist time that I see thee
Is to mak' thee a' mine ain,
'Tis a thought that sweetens sorrow,
'Tis a thought that cures a' pain;
We hae parted, we hae parted,
We shall never part again.

We hae parted, we hae parted,
Shall we never part again?
What shall cheer the broken hearted,
When the ither shall be gane?
Some sweet voice frae Heaven shall whisper,
Wi' a saft and holy strain,
Ye hae parted, ye hae parted,
Ye shall never part again.

We hae parted, we hae parted,
We shall part but ance again,
And the dead shall fondly hover
O'er the mourner left alane.
When we meet to love for ever,
Soul to soul shall sing this strain,
We hae parted, we hae parted,
We shall never part again.

LIFE AND DEATH.

LIFE.

Philosophy! say, what is life?
A voyage in a gilded bark,
Upon a sea of storm and strife.
Whither? I know not, all is dark;
The ocean may be calm a while,
And gallantly the bark may ride,
And sometimes skies appear to smile
Upon the false and fickle tide;
But time steals on, the cordage fails,
The vessel strains before the breeze,
No port is near, rent all her sails,
The bark hath vanished from the seas.

Religion! tell me what is life?
A voyage in a broken skiff,
Upon a sea with dangers rife,
Eddy, and tempest, surf, and cliff.

Yet fear not, Christian, all is safe,
Though darkness shroud the stormy sky;
Though fierce and hoarsely ocean chafe,
Thy beacon fire shines bright on high;
Though frail thy bark, thou art not lost,
Hope, faith, and love, thy course shall guide.
Watch, Christian, thou hast gained the coast,
And vanquished is the raging tide.

Futurity! say what is life?
A voyage on a sea of bliss;
Broken is the destroyer's knife,
And all is love and happiness.
A voyage 'tis of endless joy,
A voyage which shall last for aye,
Of happiness without alloy,
Of love which knoweth no decay;
And angels hover on the wing,
Before the throne of God above;
And myriads of seraphs sing,
Eternal praise, eternal love.

DEATH.

Philosophy! say what is death?
An endless, and a dreamless sleep.
The desolation on the path,
Where pitiless the tempests sweep;
The setting of a clouded sun,
The waning of an April day,
A darkness which shall ne'er be done,
A night which ne'er shall pass away;
A flame which burneth up the scroll,
Whereon was writ an idle tale
Of life, and love, and heart and soul—
All gone, like music on the gale.

Religion! tell me what is death?
'Tis life, where God is not adored,
A tuneless lyre, where mercy's breath
Awakens no responsive chord.
Thou floatest on an angry sea,
And thou art nought, and hope is fled;
No star of faith doth shine for thee,
No sun of love can cheer the dead.
Still there is mercy, child of earth,
Oh, turn thee from destruction's path;
Though lost, and dead, a second birth
Will save thee from a second death.

Futurity ! say what is death ?
Alas, it is no place of rest ;
A desert where God's lightning's scathe,
And harrow up the guilty breast,
And conscience proves her rankling dart,
And nought of calmness hath despair ;
Eternal torments sear the heart—
For God and mercy are not there.
And terror, and remorse rage on,
Dire engines of Almighty wrath ;
And sleep, and rest, are all unknown,
Mortal, such is the second death.

CRUSADER'S SONG.

To the field ! knights, and warriors, the bold, and the brave,
For the chaplet of honour, or glorious grave ;
The blood-thirsty Paynims their scymitars wield
In despite of the cross—to the field, to the field.

To the field, noble France ; lo ! proud Solyma stands,
And freedom and victory asks at your hands.
Is the Saracen safe in her strength and her shield ?
No ! scale the high walls,—to the field, to the field.

To the field ! on the morrow proud Solyma shall sing
In triumph and praise to her God and her king ;
And His grace shall be given where His arm was revealed,
To the children of Christ,—to the field, to the field.

To the field ! the bright sun in these orient skies
No more on the Saracen's standard shall rise ;
By the tomb of your Saviour our sins shall be healed.
Now warriors and knights, to the field, to the field.

To the field ! Christian soldiers, His chosen abode,
To His people is given by Jerusalem's God ;
In life or in death, 'mong the blest ye are sealed—
St George and the Cross !—to the field, to the field.

FLY, WARRIOR, FLY.

Fly, warrior, fly, the gate stands wide,
The Paynim guard hath left thy side,
A galley sails on yonder sea,
There—death-doomed captive, thou art free,
Here—and this sun shall see thee die,—
Fly, warrior, fly.

Fly, Christian, fly! hark, hark! the Moor
Strikes thy last knell on deep tambour;
To thee, what are thine oath, thy faith?
Think, Christian, on a dreadful death,
Think of thy maiden's weeping eye,—
Fly, Christian fly.

The warrior's heart can never faint,
True knighthood's honour nought can taint;
The witness of the Christian faith
Knows how to die a brave man's death,
Knows, when his heart in twain is riven,
He lives in Heaven.

And bright blue eyes shall weep me dead,
Eyes that had scorned me, had I fled,
Tongues which had cursed the flying slave
Shall sing the death-song of the brave,
Here, bind mine arms, brave Moor, and take
Me to the stake.

GEORGE MENZIES,

GARDENER, teacher, editor, &c., was born at Townhead, parish of Arbuthnott, Kincardineshire, in 1797. His parents were of the humble rank of agricultural labourers—the father being a man of much intelligence, and the mother taking great pleasure in teaching her family to read, while she herself was employed at the spinning-wheel. George was the eldest of a family of eight, was sent to school in his fifth year, and may be said to have continued at school till he was fifteen years of age. He was an intelligent, smart boy, with great aptitude for acquiring knowledge, and noted for boyish glee. The teacher was proud of his pupil, and bestowed great pains on his education, the result being that before leaving school Menzies was well grounded in the Latin classics. The poverty

of his parents, however, prevented his being sent to college, and as a profession he selected gardening, serving his apprenticeship at Drumtochty Castle. It is scarcely possible to imagine a place better calculated to foster the poetic flame, and the elements of natural grandeur made a lasting impression on the young and susceptible mind of the future poet. His spare hours were chiefly devoted to study, and his memory was so retentive that it is said he could, on hearing any portion of Scripture quoted, tell the chapter and verse from which it was taken. After leaving Drumtochty, in 1816, he went to work as a nurseryman in Brechin, but he soon removed to Tilliechewan Castle, Dumbartonshire; and there, on the banks of Loch Lomond, the muses first threw their inspiring mantle over him. Leaving the classic scenery of "The Lofty Ben Lomond," he was for some time in Stirlingshire, and again in Forfarshire, thence to Edinburgh. The Forth and Clyde Canal was then in course of formation, and not finding employment as a gardener, he got work as a labourer at the Canal. In a short time he was appointed clerk, in which situation he remained two years. In 1822 we find him a weaver in Forfar. Here he published his first volume, entitled, "Poetical Trifles," and soon after he took a fancy to wandering the length and breadth of Scotland, and the north of England. He visited historic scenery, abbeys, castles, battlefields—whatever was romantic and rendered classic in history or song. In these pilgrimages he was often put to sad shifts. To replenish his exhausted exchequer he occasionally wrought as a gardener. In some towns he gave lectures on popular subjects, and sometimes, as he himself stated to one of his brother poets—

"I've wandered mony a weary day,
A hameless pilgrim, cauld and blae;
Denied a barn an' bed o' strae
Till mornin' licht,

I've shivered underneath a brae
The lee lang nicht."

Still educating and training himself intellectually, he was prepared for any situation that might offer. He became schoolmaster in several parishes in the Mearns, including Laurencekirk, Fordoun, &c. One of our poets, Mr George Duthie, now deceased, who wrote a "Life of George Menzies" for an edition of his "Poems," printed at Montrose in 1854, informed us that in 1829 Menzies and Joseph Grant* met at Fettercairn in the house of a kindred spirit. Menzies was clad in black clothes, and had all the appearance of the douce, polished dominie; while Grant was dressed in home spun hodden grey, his rugged hair bleached by the storms of his mountain home. While a teacher at Auchinblae, Menzies wrote many of his most important pieces, the greater portion of which were published in the Aberdeen newspapers, and generally went the round of the provincial press. He also at this time brought out an enlarged edition of his poems.

Aware that the want of a formal educational *status* was an insurmountable barrier to his promotion as a parochial teacher, and his circumstances preventing his repairing this important defect, he resolved to leave his native country. He had also cooled some of his best supporters on account of the zeal with which he advocated the reforming doctrines in the years 1831 and 1832, during which time the agitation, consequent on the passing of the Reform Bill, was at its climax. Doubtless this, also, made him feel that the only prospect of bettering his condition was to become a voluntary exile.

America became the land of his adoption, and after experiencing a few hardships he obtained a situation

* See Tenth Series of this work.

as schoolmaster in Chippawa. We next find him editor of *The Niagara Reporter*, and sub-editor of the *Canadian Christian Examiner*. This was succeeded, in an evil hour, by his entering into partnership with a printer in Chippawa. The concern was rotten, and after losing his all in the course of a few months, he again resumed the editorial management of the *Reporter*. During the rebellion which ravaged Canada in 1837-38, he took a prominent part on the side of the Government, defending with characteristic zeal and ability the principles of monarchy and the right of the British Crown. Ultimately he "saw a little service," was present at two bombardments, and for many a dreary hour he walked "the sentry's lonely round."

We next find him in the county of Oxford, where he began *The Woodstock Herald*, and for seven years he conducted the paper with much success. But the mental and physical strain was too much. In 1847 he was struck down by brain fever, and died after an illness of four days He was highly esteemed all over the Provinces of Western Canada as a man, a poet, and a politician, and his transatlantic life, talents, and premature death were feelingly commented on by the press of his adopted country. He was spoken of as a man of upright principles and one of the most able editors in Canada. He wrote with force and clearness, and his poems are characterised by good taste and fine feeling. In almost every piece written after he left his native land there is warm reference to Scotland, the home of his heart. "The Parish Church," "The Parish School," "The Land of Cakes," "Oor ain Fouk," and many others have all reference to "bonnie Scotland," and prove that although circumstances compelled him to leave his "native hame" and "cross the deep" it held to the last the first place in his sensitive mind.

THE LAND O' CAKES.

(Spoken at a meeting of St Andrew's Lodge, Woodstock.)

Hurrah! for Scotland—Scotland yet,
The land o' kirk and schule;
Whae'er forgets his father-land
Maun dree a dreary dool.

He has nae pairt wi' us the nicht—
Nae pairt wi' Scottish men—
Whase memory ever wanders back
To native hill or glen.

There is nae truant Scotsman here,
That winna gang wi' me,
Back to our mither's hame again,
In memory, for a wee.

It's sweet to think on early friends
That we in Scotland met;
Their hames, perchance, their graves, are there,
For they are Scotland's yet.

And, oh! whate'er is Scotland's, aye
To Scottish hearts is dear,
However fondly we may be—
The loved and loving here.

We may ha'e woo'd in proud ha' hoose,
Or in a theekit cot;
But some sweet spirit aye was there,
That ne'er can be forgot.

She may ha'e sung the lay we lov'd
Or joined us in the dance;
Or grat, when we wad tell her ower
Some tale o' auld romance.

She may ha'e herded sheep wi' us
Upon the gowany braes;
But she's aye a fairy memory
O' early happy days.

It's grand to gither glorious dreams
Frae oot the auld warld store
O' tales that tell o' stalwart men,
Wi' kilt and braid claymore,

Wha stood the stour o' mony a fecht,
In days o' auld langsyne,
To guard the freedom and the richt
That Scotland dares na tyne.

But holier memories there be,
That bear the spirit back
To times when ambush'd foemen watch'd
About the kirkward track;

When ministers in armour prayed,
And Scotland's kirks were caves;
When bairns were christened frae the burn,
And bridal beds were graves.

But blyther, better times ha'e come;
The feuds o' ither days
Are a' forgot, and now we meet
Wi' friends that ance were faes.

Hurrah! for merry England's rose,
And Erin's shamrock green!
Hurrah! for oor Canadian hearths—
Oor altars and oor Queen.

OOR AIN FOUK.

Oor ain fouk, oor ain fouk,
Around the household hearth—
Thae kindly words are understood,
And felt ower a' the earth.

A solace to the stricken heart,
Repose to weary feet,
And a welcome said in ony tongue,
In ilka clime is sweet.

I've been amang the fremit fouk,
An' in an unco land
Ha'e felt in mine the thrilling touch
O' mony a gentle hand.

I've heard the stranger breathe my name
In blessing and in prayer,
And kindly words frae maiden lips
Hae met me ilka where.

But the heart's maist deep an holy thochts
Either in speech or song,
Is the voice that breathes the music
O' oor ain mither tongue.

MEETING OF MOTHERS IN HEAVEN.

I dreamed I saw two mothers meet
Beside the eternal throne;
And these two mothers were, my love,
Thy mother and mine own.

Although they ne'er had met on earth,
They knew each other well,
On meeting in that cloudless land
Where sinless spirits dwell.

I had seen both their coffins laid
In far-divided tombs—
Between their burial places now
The eternal ocean booms.

And yet methought I saw them meet,
In light of love divine,
As if they had been early friends—
Thy mother, love, and mine.

I heard them talk together long
Of dear ones left behind,
As if they wished us then with them,
One family combined.

Methought they were commissioned then,
By God Himself to be
Twin guardian angels, dearest one,
To watch o'er thee and me.

Then let us, as we journey on,
No matter how or where,
Pray that, when earth's stern strife is past,
We meet our mothers there.

THE MANIAC MOTHER.

Blue roll'd the mist on the dark Clochnabane,
And sad was the sigh of the heath and the fern;
Deep murmur'd the Dye in her shadowy glen,
And the plover's wild lullaby rung on the Cairn.

A poor homeless wanderer had laid her to rest;
Cold was her bed on the hill, wild and bleak;
Sad was the sigh that arose in her breast,
And bitter the tear-drop that dew'd her pale cheek.

Short was the pang of that sigh and that tear;
Fleeting and sad—'twas a dim gleam of light
From the fountain of reason, that rose not to cheer,
But to sadden the gloom of insanity's night.

Loose flow'd her dark tresses and play'd in the gale,
And her cheek wore the hue and the semblance of death;
She lift up her mourning—O, heard ye the tale
As it tremblingly swept o'er the desolate heath.

"Rest thee, my babe! undisturb'd be thy sleep,
And soft be the cold earth that pillows thy head;
Hush ye wild winds, o'er the mountain that sweep,
And howl not, ye brackens, that shelter his bed.

Where, O, my God! is the grave of my child?
The grey stone that mark'd it was stain'd with a tear,
Around it the desert's red heather bloom'd wild—
I thought—but I dream'd, when I thought it was here.

Ah! cruel was his father to bear him away;
Sad, sad was the night—I remember it well!
My bosom grew cold, and my heart went astray—
Each blast of the wind seem'd his funeral knell."

How dim is that eye, now extinguish'd in death!
How pallid the cheek that once rivalled the rose!
"My child!" she exclaimed with the last throb of breath,
And her soul sought the realms of eternal repose.

THE HEATHER.

O fair is the red rose, and sweet its perfuming,
And sweet is the daisy that flowers on the lea;
But far on the wild moor, the balm and the blooming
Of Scotia's red heather are dearer to me.
'Tis sweet, when the breeze of the evening is blowing,
To mark the wild heather its red blossom showing;
To wander alone by the hill-hunter's grave,
Where sad, in the twilight, the green brackens wave.

'Tis sweet at the dawning, to stray on the mountain,
And brush the clear dew from the red heather flower;

To wander at noon by the glen's mossy fountain,
Or rest in the shade of the yellow broom bower.
O, dear is the heather to memory's bosom—
It sheds o'er the hills of my fathers its blossom;
And dear is the mountain-bird's threnody stave,
That thrills like the pibroch's wild note o'er their grave.

Yes, Caledonia, the tales of thy glory
Recall to my fancy the heroes of yore!
Ah, where are the warriors renowned in thy story?
They sleep—and the pibroch awakes them no more.
Ah, where are the heroes whose blood dyed the heather
Of gloomy Culloden?—They slumber together;
Forgotten they sleep, and the dew-water'd blooms
Of Scotia's red heather droop over their tombs.

THE PARISH SCHOOL.

Whence doth that radient glory come
Which circles yon fair land of ours,
And makes us prouder of our home
Than if it were a land of flowers?

For frigid clime and sterile soil,
Why should our own old Scotland care?
Nor storm—nor poverty—nor toil—
Can crush the fervid spirit there.

Why is it so? Oh! not alone
That on each hill, in every glen,
Far more than monumental stone,
Tells that she hath unconquered men.

Oh! not because we never yield,
When deeds of iron war are done;
Or that when Scotsmen take the field,
The triumph surely must be won,

'Tis not to fortress or to tower,
That Scotland owes her share of rule;
The source of all her pride and power
Is in the lowly Parish School.

The Parish School—how warmly glows
Each Scottish heart whate'er its lot
In distant lands, when memory throws
Its halo round that hallowed spot.

Close by our Parish Church there stands,
Albeit, a fane of lowlier kind
Than those which rise in sunnier lands,
The nursery of a nation's mind.

That mind hath travelled far and wide,
O'er every land and every sea;
But still its proudest cause of pride,
Our Parish School, is all of thee.

Oh! glory to the Parish School,
And honour to it everywhere,
For it hath been the vestibule
To many, many a house of prayer.

GEORGE ROBERT SIMS.

"DAGONET."

LORD COLERIDGE lately said at Glasgow "I am not altogether without Scotch connections. My mother was a Buchanan. One of the many houses of Dunlop is full of my cousins. I was brought up from my early youth to worship Burns and Walter Scott; and Wordsworth—the delight and admiration of my whole life—taught me early in the noblest of some of his noble poems to revere Scottish life and character." In Mr G. R. Sims, the well-known journalist and dramatist, we have one who has an equally strong claim, and we need make no apology for placing him amongst our poets. Although born in London (as was also his father), his "forebears" migrated from Perthshire, and settled in Berks. Up to a few years ago the family attended a Scotch place of worship in London.

From an interesting sketch by the editor of the *Biographical Magazine* we learn that our genial and

versatile author was born in 1847. His mother is well known as a benevolent lady, who is president of the Women's Provident League, and takes an active interest in all questions affecting the legal and social status of women. Mr Sims was educated at Hanwell College, Eastbourne, afterwards at Bonn, and subsequently in Paris. He was a weakly child, and, as he once wrote, "nobody expected he would make very old bones." But the Eastbourne air infused health into the frail constitution, and ever since he has grown in vigour. On completing his educational course on the Continent, Mr Sims entered the office of a London merchant, where he rapidly rose to a high position. This he held until 1881, when he retired from the mercantile world to entirely devote himself to literature. His literary career had, however, begun seven years earlier. From one of his short sketches (written in 1884) which contains a good deal of interesting autobiographical information, we gather that he had "dreamed of being a circus-rider, a barrister, a soldier, or a stockbroker. . . . During the ten years that my life policy described me as 'a mercantile clerk' I saw a good deal of many phases of life. I took long holidays in many countries. At one time I set to work to learn as many foreign languages as I could, and I essayed to master Spanish, Italian, Russian, Dutch, Romany, and thieves' slang. Thanks to my foreign schooldays, I could already read and speak German and French. Later on I thought I would write books, and I took to studying character. Being of a Bohemian turn of mind, I did not care to dress for dinner daily in order to study 'society.' I found it more convenient to go into back streets, bar-parlours, penny-gaffs, to stand outside workhouse doors, to hang about the early markets and the dock gates, and to see life as it is among the masses. These early experiences probably influenced my mind strongly in the

direction it has since taken. I 'scribbled' a great deal. I sent poems and short stories right and left, but I never had one accepted. I turned out of an old box the other day a book in which I had entered the address of every magazine and periodical published in London, and I sent some of my stories to each one in turn, until I got to the end of the list. I have an old diary, in which this entry occurs on the 31st of December: 'Nothing published yet. Shall I have to write the same on the last day of next year?' Time gave the answer, and I am glad to say in the negative. Drifting about among all sorts and conditions of men, I met an amateur actor, and we became chums. He put me up as a member of a Bohemian club in a back street off the Strand. There I met a journalist, who let me help him with his work, and one day I found myself with my first guinea earned by journalism in my pocket. It was for a column of 'Waifs and Strays' in the *Weekly Dispatch*. Mr Henry Sampson was a contributor to the paper, and so we met. On the death of Tom Hood, Mr Sampson was appointed the editor of *Fun*, and invited me to join the staff. I contributed to *Fun* weekly for three years. It was in the quiet old Dutch town of Sittard, over an evening pipe, that we two discussed a weekly paper, which soon afterwards took the form of the *Referee*. To the journal which Mr Sampson projected I have contributed the article signed 'Dagonet' without intermission from the commencement until now." In the *Referee* the "Dagonet Ballads" first saw the light.

At the time his first dramatic piece was produced, "Crutch and Toothpick" (which ran uninterruptedly for 240 nights in London) he was hard at work in the city from ten to five. He wrote for the *Referee*, the *Weekly Dispatch*, and for various other periodicals—editing also *One and All*, in which he wrote a novel week by week, filling up his *spare time* by writing

melo-drama. Mr Sims' first production as a melo-dramatist was "Lights o' London," which has been followed by about a dozen other plays. In addition to writing for the stage, he has composed numerous dramatic pieces in verse suitable for recitation. How favourably those efforts have been received is proved by the fact that over 100,000 copies of his poetical works have been sold. If the number of plays Mr Sims has written during the last few years, the weekly sketches, notes, and ballads contributed to various periodicals, the constant rehearsing of new plays, the multitude of engagements, and the mass of correspondence connected with his vocation be considered, it can well be understood that his life is a perpetual round of hard work. "His study," says a writer in the *World*, "is his workshop, about which the tools of his trade are carelessly strewn; but it is also an audience chamber. His work among the poor, his advocacy of the oppressed and wronged, bring him many unremunerative clients. Some come 'to bury their husbands' as Mr Sims terms their asking financial help in the matter of funerals; others request him to give them 'a bit of the law' anent distresses and judgment summonses; and a few insist on making him a confidant of their crimes." "The Dagonet Ballads," with "Ballads of Babylon," and "The Lifeboat and other Poems," have been published by John P. Fuller, Wine Office Court, E.C., London, and, with various prose sketches and tales, are sold at one shilling each volume. One of his latest works, "The Ring o' Bells," is dedicated to "Bessie, my brave and gentle wife," who died in December 1886, after a long and painful illness, at the early age of thirty-two.

Mr Sims' poetry is peculiarly striking and original; and while melting in its tenderness, the pathos is artistically relieved by occasional flashes of real humour. He is the nearest approach to Charles

Dickens that we have had during the present generation. A genuine philanthropist, he has acquired his extensive knowledge of the condition of the London poor through personal contact. He goes down into their very midst, and converses with them—making his way into places where policemen always walk in couples. Before the appearance of his pamphlet entitled "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," he was an earnest worker in the field, and he has followed it up by much enquiry into the state of things, by letters and articles in the newspapers. "In writing on, and working for the good of his fellows," says the editor of the *Biographical Magazine*, "Mr Sims holds a special place. His series of revelations, 'How the Poor Live,' will never fade out of mind whilst the literature of our country survives; and this was supplemented but recently by his 'Pinch of Poverty,' in the *Daily News*. These manly, vigorous, and original descriptions of phases of life have done more to call attention to, and create sympathy for, the suffering millions than anything else we know of." By special permission we are privileged to give the two following pieces—the first from "Ballads of Babylon," and the second from "The Dagonet Ballads."

FALLEN BY THE WAY.

Don't be a fool and blub, Jim, it's a darned good thing for you—
You'll find a mate as can carry and'll play the music too;
I'm done this time, for a dollar—I can hardly get my breath;
There's something as tells me, somehow, "Bill Joy, you be took for death."
It's a wessel gone bust, and a big 'un; I can hardly speak for blood;
It's the last day's tramp as 'as done it—the hills and the miles o' mud.
There ain't not the sign of a light, Jim, in this God-forsaken spot—
Hunt for some warter, pardner, for my lips is burnin' hot.

How much ha' we took to-day, Jim? Why not a single brown,
And our show was one of the best once, and we *rode* from town to town;
Now it's dirty and old and battered, and the puppets is wus for wear,
And their arms and their legs is shaky, and their backs is reg'lar bare.
I ain't done my share o' the work, mate, since I went that queer in the chest,
But I done what I could, old fellow, and you know as I did my best;
And now—well, I'm done, I reckon; it's life as is flowing fast—
Stick to me, Jim—don't leave me; it's the end as is come at last.

There's Toby a-waggin' his tail there; poor chap, how he'll miss me, Jim!—
Whoever you takes for mate, mind, they ain't to be 'ard on 'im;
For I 'ad him a six weeks' puppy, and I taught him to box with Punch—
What was that sound in the distance? I fancied I heard a scrunch.
Nothin'—ah well no matter! I thought 'twas a footstep p'r'aps.
A traveller as might ha' helped us, or one o' them farmer chaps.
A doctor might stop the bleedin'; but there's never a chance o' one.
I'll be cold and dead in the mornin'—your poor old pardner's done.

I feel just as if I was chokin', and I'm, O, so faint and low;
Prop me agen the boxes, so I can see the show—
The dear old show and the puppets, Judy and Punch and all;
I'd like just to see 'em again, Jim—so prop me afore I fall.
O the miles that we've been together, I and the puppets and you
And Toby, our faithful Toby—ah, when the show was new!
Do ye think of the time, old fellow, when first we took the road,
And *she* was with us, God bless her! and never a grief we knowed?

It may be as God'll let her look down from the sky to-night,
From out o' the stars up yonder, where she sits in the Halls o' Light—
Look down on the poor old showman and see as his time is nigh,
And he's comin' to join his darlin' where there's never no more Goodbye!
O, Jim, how I well remember the night as my sweetheart died,
When she lay by the wee dead baby, only a nine months' bride.
'Twas the fall from the stilts as did it, and the wild, rough life we led:
D'ye mind what she whispered dyin'—the beautiful words she

'Twas when she knew she was goin'; I'm seeing her wan white cheek
And the sweet sad smile that lit it when she tried so hard to speak;
When she took our hands and joined 'em, and bade us, through bad and good,
Be pals, and stick tight to each other! and both on us said we would.
I knew as you loved her fust, Jim, and had loved her all along,
And I see how you 'id yer feelin's when you see as you counted wrong;
But you stuck like a pal to the show, Jim, and you worked and whistled away,
And *she* never guessed your secret, or she wouldn't ha' been so gay.

I fancy the dear old days, Jim, when she was alive, poor lass—
The feasts that we had by the hedges, and the chats in the long green grass,
And the cosy nights at the tavern, when the coin came rolling in:
How we laughed when she puffed our baccy, and pretended to drink our gin!
Then Toby, a gay young fellow, would lie by the fire and doze,
While the misses worked at the puppets, and altered and turned their clo's;
And Judy and Punch and Joey were never so smart before,
And the Ghost had a nice white gown on, as a clergyman might ha' wore.

She went in the cruel winter, when the bread was hard to get,
When we tramped and slept in the cowsheds, hungry and cold and wet.
How far am I from her grave, Jim? Ah, a hundred miles maybe;
To lie by the side o' one's darlin' ain't meant for the likes o' me.
The parish 'll bury me here, Jim—here where I chance to die;
Come to the grave and see me, and bid me a last good-bye.
You can bring the show and the puppets, and Toby, and beat the drum;
Who knows but what I may hear it in the wonderful Kingdom Come?

I'm goin', old pal—don't blubber and look with that skeered white face;
Stand by me here to the last, lad; it's a horrible lonely place;
Stoop, for I'll have to whisper—O, my eyes grow strange and dim,
And I feel like poor old Punch feels when the hangman comes to him.

I warn't much use as a pardner, and I ain't not been for a year,
This bustin' o' wessels and corfin' has made me that awful queer,
I'd like to ha' got to a willage or ha' crawled as fur as a shed:
Jim, if I lose my senses, stay till yer know I'm dead.

O, it's hard to die in the open—here on a country road;
That's a matter o' sentymunt, ain't it? well sentymunt jes' be blowed!
For where can a cove die better than under a starlit sky,
With his pardner's arms about him, and a tear in his pardner's eye?
Now I want yer to do me a favour—it's the last as I'll ask ye, Jim—
There's a mist comin' over my eyeballs, and my senses seems to swim;
Set up the show in the road there—there where the moonlight be—
Let down the baize and work it, now, while I've strength to see.

Give me the drum a minit—I can hardly raise the stick;
Now, are you ready, pardner?—up with the curtain quick!
The blood comes faster and faster—that's it! Ah, Punch, old boy,
And Judy, and there's the Baby, and Toby, the children's joy.
Poor Toby, he knows there's trouble; for see how he hangs his tail;
Bark at the Bobby, Toby, he's a-takin' old Punch to gaol.
Where have you gone to, pardner? Where have you put the show?
I see but the big, black shadows that darker and darker grow.

I know what it is—the signal! Put down the pipes and drum.
I'm off to the distant country—the touch on the shoulder's come.
Shall I take any message for you, Jim? I shall see her up there, maybe,
And I'll tell her how hard you worked, mate, and the pal as you've been to me.
Jim, when I'm gone I wants yer just to look in the box and take
The ragged old dress we kept there and treasured for her sweet sake—
The dress that she made for Judy—and lay it upon my breast;
And I want you, the day I am buried, to give the show a rest.

Bring 'em away to the churchyard, and show 'em their master's grave.
Now take up your pipes and blow 'em, and tip us a farewell stave.
Mind, when you're choosin' a mate, Jim, don't have a rogue or muff;
Make him handle the puppets gentle, for they've never been treated rough.

Give me the dog a minit—see how he licks my cheek,
Now for a tune on the pipes, mate, and speak as the puppets speak;
It's the music I've lived my life to—let me hear it again and die.
I'm a-goin' to her—I'm goin'—God bless yer, Jim!—good-bye.

BILLY'S ROSE.

Billy's dead, and gone to glory—so is Billy's sister Nell;
There's a tale I know about them were I poet I would tell;
Soft it comes, with perfume laden, like a breath of country air
Wafted down the filthy alley, bringing fragrant odours there.

In that vile and filthy alley, long ago one winter's day,
Dying quick of want and fever, hapless, patient Billy lay,
While beside him sat his sister, in the garret's dismal gloom,
Cheering with her gentle presence Billy's pathway to the tomb.

Many a tale of elf and fairy did she tell the dying child,
Till his eyes lost half their anguish, and his worn, wan features smiled:
Tales herself had heard hap-hazard, caught amid the Babel roar,
Lisped about by tiny gossips playing round their mothers' door.

Then she felt his wasted fingers tighten feebly as she told
How beyond this dismal alley lay a land of shining gold,
Where, when all the pain was over—where, when all the tears were shed—
He would be a white-frocked angel, with a gold thing on his head.

Then she told some garbled story of a kind-eyed Saviour's love,
How He'd built for little children great big playgrounds up above,
Where they sang and played at hop-scotch and at horses all the day,
And where beadles and policemen never frightened them away.

This was Nell's idea of heaven—just a bit of what she'd heard,
With a little bit invented, and a little bit inferred.
But her brother lay and listened, and he seemed to understand,
For he closed his eyes and murmured he could see the Promised Land.

"Yes," he whispered, "I can see it—I can see it, sister Nell;
Oh, the children look so happy, and they're all so strong and well;
I can see them there with Jesus—He is playing with them, too!
Let us run away and join them, if there's room for me and you."

She was eight, this little maiden, and her life had all been spent
In the garret and the alley, where they starved to pay the rent;
Where a drunken father's curses and a drunken mother's blows
Drove her forth into the gutter from the day's dawn to its close.

But she knew enough, this outcast, just to tell the sinking boy,
"You must die before you're able all these blessings to enjoy.
You must die," she whispered, "Billy, and I am not even ill;
But I'll come to you, dear brother,—yes, I promise that I will.

You are dying, little brother,—you are dying, oh, so fast;
I heard father say to mother that he knew you couldn't last.
They will put you in a coffin, then you'll wake and be up there,
While I'm left alone to suffer in this garret bleak and bare."

"Yes, I know it," answered Billy. "Ah, but, sister, I don't mind,
Gentle Jesus will not beat me; He's not cruel or unkind.
But I can't help thinking, Nelly, I should like to take away
Something, sister, that you gave me, I might look at every day.

In the summer you remember how the mission took us out
To a great green lovely meadow, where we played and ran about,
And the van that took us halted by a sweet bright patch of land,
Where the fine red blossoms grew, dear, half as big as mother's hand.

Nell, I asked the good kind teacher what they called such flowers as those,
And he told me, I remember, that the pretty name was rose.
I have never seen them since, dear—how I wish that I had one!
Just to keep and think of you, Nell, when I'm up beyond the sun."

Not a word said little Nelly; but at night, when Billy slept,
On she flung her scanty garments and then down the stairs she crept.
Through the silent streets of London she ran nimbly as a fawn,
Running on and running ever till the night had changed to dawn.

When the foggy sun had risen, and the mist had cleared away,
All around her, wrapped in snowdrift, there the open country lay.
She was tired, her limbs were frozen, and the roads had cut her feet,
But there came no flowery gardens her poor tearful eyes to greet.

She had traced the road by asking—she had learnt the way to go;
She had found the famous meadow—it was wrapped in cruel snow,

Not a buttercup or daisy, not a single verdant blade
Showed its head above its prison. Then she knelt her down and prayed.

With her eyes upcast to heaven, down she sank upon the ground,
And she prayed to God to tell her where the roses might be found.
Then the cold blast numbed her senses, and her sight grew strangely dim;
And a sudden, awful tremor seemed to seize her every limb.

"Oh, a rose!" she moaned, "good Jesus—just a rose to take to Bill!"
And as she prayed a chariot came thundering down the hill,
And a lady sat there, toying with a red rose, rare and sweet;
As she passed she flung it from her, and it fell at Nelly's feet.

Just a word her lord had spoken caused her ladyship to fret,
And the rose had been his present, so she flung it in a pet,
But the poor, half-blinded Nelly thought it fallen from the skies,
And she murmured "Thank you, Jesus," as she clasped the dainty prize.

. . . . . .

Lo that night from out the alley did a child's soul pass away,
From dirt and sin and misery to where God's children play.
Lo that night a wild, fierce snowstorm burst in fury o'er the land,
And at morn they found Nell frozen, with the red rose in her hand.

Billy's dead, and gone to glory—so is Billy's sister Nell;
Am I bold to say this happened in the land where angels dwell—
That the children met in heaven, after all their earthly woes,
And that Nelly kissed her brother, and said, "Billy, here's your rose?"

JAMES LAWSON,

AUTHOR of "Let us ower to Campsie Glen," a popular and younger sister to Lyle's "Kelvin Grove," was born in Glasgow in 1799. Having completed his education at the University of his native

city, he, in his seventeenth year, emigrated to the United States, and found employment in the counting-house of a relative in New York. The failure of this firm, of which Mr Lawson was a partner, induced him, a few years later, to turn his attention to literature. Mr James Grant Wilson, in his "Poets and Poetry of Scotland," informs us that, in company with two other gentlemen, he established the *Morning Courier* in 1827. Two years afterwards he retired from this concern, and for a period of about five years was connected with the *Mercantile Advertiser*. In 1830 he published a volume entitled "Tales and Sketches by a Cosmopolite," which was followed by "Giordano: a Tragedy." This was an Italian State story of love and conspiracy, and was successfully introduced in a New York theatre. Mr Lawson has several times appeared before the public in connection with the stage, and was associated with William Cullen Bryant and other American poets in the selection of plays, &c.

Since his retirement from the press in 1833, Mr Lawson has engaged in the business of marine insurance, and is, so far as we have been able to learn, still alive—a public-spirited citizen of Yonkers, on the Hudson, respected in mercantile circles, and widely esteemed by men of letters. Notwithstanding his being much immersed in business for a period of nearly fifty years, testimony is borne to his literary industry by the publication of several volumes, and the writing of numerous criticisms, essays, tales, and verse for the magazines and newspapers. His later volumes (printed for private circulation) include "Poems: Gleanings from Spare Hours of a Business Life," and "Liddesdale, or the Border Chief: a Tragedy." The first-mentioned bears the following dedication:—"To my children and their mother, these poems, at their solicitation thus gathered together but not published, are affectionately inscribed by the father

and husband, James Lawson." We are informed that the narrative and dramatic power of our poet is original and striking. His songs are full of rich melody and patriotic fervour, while his poems evince mature thought, and a calm, meditative spirit.

CAMPSIE GLEN.

Let us ower to Campsie Glen, bonnie lassie, O,
By the dingle that you ken, bonnie lassie, O,
To the tree where first we woo'd,
And cut our names sae rude
Deep in the sauch-tree's wood, bonnie lassie, O.

O'er the willow brig we'll wend, bonnie lassie, O,
And the ladders we'll ascend, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the woodroof loves to hide
Its scented leaves, beside
The streamlets as they glide, bonnie lassie, O.

Where the bluebell on the brae, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the sweetest scented slae, bonnie lassie, O,
And the flow'rets ever new,
Of Nature's painting true,
All fragrant bloom for you, bonnie lassie, O.

Where the music of the wood, bonnie lassie, O,
And the dashing of the flood, bonnie lassie, O,
O'er the rock and ravine mingle,
And glen and mountain dingle,
With the merry echoes tingle, bonnie lassie, O.

On the moss-seat we'll recline, bonnie lassie, O,
Wi' a hand in each o' thine, bonnie lassie, O;
The bosom's warmest thrill
Beats truer, safter still,
As our hearts now glowing fill, bonnie lassie, O.

Then before bright heaven's eye, bonnie lassie, O,
We will double love-knots tie, bonnie lassie, O;
Then true affection plighted,
We'll love and live united,
With hearts and hands united, bonnie lassie, O.

WHEN SPRING ARRAYED IN FLOWERS.

When spring arrayed in flowers, Mary,
Danced wi' the leafy trees;
When larks sang to the sun, Mary,
And hummed the wandering bees;
Then first we met and loved, Mary,
By Kelburn's loupin' linn,
And blyther was thy voice, Mary,
Than linties i' the whin.

Now autumn winds blaw cauld, Mary,
Amang the withered boughs;
And a' the bonnie flowers, Mary,
Are faded frae the knowes;
But still thy love's unchanged, Mary,
Nae chilly autumn there;
And sweet thy smile, as spring's, Mary,
Thy sunny face as fair.

Nae mair the early lark, Mary,
Trills on his soaring way;
Hushed is the lintie's sang, Mary,
Through a' the shortening day;
But still thy voice I hear, Mary,
Like melody divine;
Nae autumn in my heart, Mary,
And summer still in thine.

TO A LINTIE FRIGHTENED FROM HER NEST.

Wee lintie, stay, an' dinna fear me,
It is nae i' my heart to steer ye,
Ye needna flee, tho' I am near ye,
Frae lounie nest,
But i' your thorny shelter hear me,
Wi' unscaithed breast.

I hae nae come by ill inclined,
Keekin' ilk leafy bield behind,
As I wad fain wee tremblers find,
In hedge or brier;
If I had kent ye here reclined,
I'd nae come near.

But tired o' Glasgow's wark an' wile,
I've wandered mony a weary mile
To see the knowes sae blythely smile
Wi' wealth o' flowers;

The burns and braes my thoughts beguile
O' dreary hours.

I've come to muse by Grieto's linn,
To hear its pleasing, prattling din,
To spy the trout wi' rapid fin
Dart 'neath a stane,
As frae its green banks I peep in,
Amused, alane.

The lark sings to the rising day,
The mavis to its latest ray;
Frae morn to night on ilka spray
Sweet wild notes ring;
My heart exults at every lay
The warblers sing.

An' weel I lo'e your cheerful sang,
The bloomin' whin or broom amang,
I've listened aft the morning lang,
Wi' raptured ear:
Puir thing! I wadna do ye wrang
For warlds o' gear.

Then wherefore, lintie, lea' your bield?
Mair mither-like to stay and shield,
Wi' a' the art that ye may wield,
Your yaupin' things,
Than flee atoure yon stibble-field,
Wi' flurried wings.

If man possess a selfish heart,
Our mithers wadna act thy part,
To drive awa' at ilka start
Sae heedlessly;
They'd save their bairns, or share their smart,
Or wi' them dee.

Come, lintie, to your cozy nest,
An' cuddle 'neath your downy breast
Your unfledged young; their needfu' rest
I've broke ower lang;
I'm gaun awa', but this request—
Sing me a sang!

ALEXANDER SMART

WAS one of the most popular contributors to "Whistlebinkie," and although Dr Charles Rogers has, in his "Scottish Minstrel," done him justice by quoting two of his beautiful lyrics, we are pleased, in response to the repeated wishes of several correspondents, to be able to give him a place here. The son of a shoemaker, Smart was born at Montrose in 1798. His recollections of his early schooldays are far from pleasant. Monstrous cruelties and dreadful flagellations were evidently the means his teacher adopted for infusing knowledge. Dr Rogers gives one or two of these depressing reminiscences in the author's words:—"One day of horrors I shall never cease to remember. Every Saturday he caused his pupils to repeat a prayer which he had composed for their use; and in hearing which he stood over each with a paper ruler, ready, in the event of omission of word or phrase, to strike down the unfortunate offender, who all the while drooped tremblingly before him. On one of these days of extorted prayer, I was found at fault in my grammar lesson, and the offence was deemed worthy of peculiar castigation. The school was dismissed at the usual time, but, along with a few other boys who were to become witnesses of my punishment and disgrace, I was detained in the class-room, and dragged to the presence of the tyrant. Despite of his every effort, I resisted being bound to the bench, and flogged after the fashion of the times. So the punishment was commuted into 'palmies.' Horrible commutation! Sixty lashes with leather thongs on my right hand, inflicted with all the severity of a tyrant's wrath, made me scream in the anguish of desperation. My pitiless tormentor, unmoved by the sight of my

hand sorely lacerated, and swollen to twice its natural size, threatened to cut out my tongue if I continued to complain; and so saying, laid hold on a pair of scissors, and inflicted a deep cut on my lip. The horrors of the day fortunately emancipated me from the further control of the despot."

Having completed his education at another seminary our poet was apprenticed to a watchmaker, his hours of leisure being sedulously devoted to improving his mind. He delighted in perusing the British poets, —frequently reciting his favourite passages during solitary rambles on the sea beach.

In 1819, at the end of his apprenticeship, he proceeded to Edinburgh, where, during a period of six months, he wrought at his trade. But the sedentary life of a watchmaker proving injurious to his health, he was led to seek employment in a printing office. Ultimately he became editor, printer, and publisher of the *Montrose Chronicle*, a newspaper that was started in his native town, but which, after a short existence, proved unsuccessful. He thereafter held an appointment in the office of the *Dundee Courier*, and subsequently returning to Edinburgh, he was employed as a pressman, in course of time attaining the position of press overseer in one of the largest printing establishments in the city.

In his twentieth year Smart began the composition of verse, but being dissatisfied with his efforts, he consigned them to oblivion. He subsequently renewed his invocation of the Muse, and in 1834 the first edition of his volume of poems and songs, entitled "Rambling Rhymes," was published by Adam and Charles Black. This publication attracted much attention, and secured for the author the personal friendship of Lord Jeffrey. He also received the commendation of Thomas Campbell, Charles Dickens, Macaulay, and other literary and poetical celebrities. A new and enlarged edition

of "Rambling Rhymes" was published in 1845, and dedicated to Lord Jeffrey. In thanking the public for the very favourable reception of the first edition, Mr Smart said that "the best reward that can be conferred upon any poet is to read his book; for, apart from his inherent love of approbation, perhaps the strongest passion of his mind is a craving for sympathy, —that moral sympathy with his thoughts and feelings which makes the whole world kin, and which elevates him in the scale of intellectual beings." He also refers to the opinion expressed by Lord Jeffrey, as contained in his letter from that eminent critic, in which he refers to the many passages of great poetical beauty, and to the still greater number expressive of (and inspired by) those gentle affections, and just and elevated sentiments, which it is so delightful to find in the works of persons of the middle class, on whose time the calls of a necessary, and often laborious, industry must press so heavily. "I cannot tell you the pride and the pleasure I have in such indications, not of cultivated intellect only, but of moral delicacy and elegant taste, in the tradesmen and artisans of our country."

At different periods Smart composed thoughtful and entertaining prose essays and sketches for *Hogg's Instructor*. Of these, his papers on "Burns and his Ancestors," "Leaves from an Autobiography," and "Scenes from the Life of a Sufferer," may be specially enumerated. Of a peculiarly nervous temperament, he repeatedly experienced the miseries of mental aberration, and died, lamented by a wide circle of his admirers, in 1866, in the Morningside Asylum, Edinburgh.

His volume of "Songs of Labour and Domestic Life," was published in 1860 by W. P. Nimmo. It contained a section entitled "Rhymes for Little Readers," and was dedicated "to the gentlemen of the

Edinburgh Angus Club." In this publication the chief aim of the author was the inculcation among the working classes of the manly sentiments of self-reliance and intellectual culture, and the unobtrusive virtues of domestic life, which lie at the root of all national and moral greatness. "One portion of the book," says the poet in his introduction, "which, I should be happy to think, merited the approbation of the gentlemen of the Angus Club, is the section entitled 'Rhymes for Little Readers.' The difficulty of succeeding in compositions in verse adapted to the unsophisticated mind of childhood is generally admitted. To be simple without being silly,—to embody wise thoughts in simple but chaste and elegant words,—and to influence the youthful mind through the affections, by engaging pictures of love and home, truth and gentleness,—is an achievement which has immortalized the name of Dr Watts, and is worthy the ambition of writers of far higher powers than I can have any claim to. The wit and wisdom of many of the time-honoured fables of Æsop and others I have endeavoured to convey in the attractive form of verse, which clings to the young memory more readily than prose; and I believe children are quick enough to see a moral and a meaning through the mythical veil of fable and allegory, and, notwithstanding the objections of Rosseau, are not at all deceived, but highly amused, by the feigned confabulation of birds and beasts."

That Alexander Smart has succeeded in writing, with sweet and unaffected delicacy, of human existence in its most innocent and attractive form is proved by the examples we give. Child-life was to him gilded with the halo of the Divine birth on the one hand, while on the other young lives were wrapped up in the wonder of the infinite possibilities of the future.

THE CRIPPLE LADDIE.

The wee cripple laddie that hirples alang,
And canna keep pace wi' the hale and the strang,
Or join in the sports that belang to his years,
Could ance run as fast as his fleetest compeers.
An accident lamed him, and mony a day
And lang weary night in affliction he lay,
Where Pain learn'd him patience—that monitor stern,
Wha tutors the auld, but comes hard on a bairn.

His form and his face are now shrunken and wee;
The rose in his cheek and the licht in his e'e
Are dow'd, like a bud that had blush'd to the spring,
But shrunk frae the blast, wi' its cauld icy wing.
Yet gleams o' young joy and love's dimples are there,
Though soften'd by sorrow, and chasten'd by care;
And sadly the eye of affection can trace
The lines they have worn in that patient young face.

He thinks on the time when he clamb wi' the best,
Could plunder a byke, or could harry a nest;
But Pain, that the thoughtless may a' come to dree,
Has taught him to feel for the bird and the bee.
He wonders that bairns can be ever unkind
To bird or to beast, to the cripple or blind;
And kens by experience, that cost him sae dear,
How sweet is a smile, and how sad is a tear.

He dreams o' the days when his limbs were as free
As the burn dancin' by, where he waded wi' glee,
When blythely he sprung, as the lark frae its nest,
And sank in the gloamin' as blythely to rest.
The sweet summer holidays, lightsome and lang,
Will sometimes come ower his young heart wi' a pang—
A pang o' regret that he rambles nae mair
As ance he could ramble, a stranger to care.

Be kind to wee Johnnie! his feeling are young,
Though a' their fine chords by affliction are strung;
And though he may shrink, like the sensitive leaf,
Frae a' that to ithers brings trouble or grief—
Though mischief has lost its attractions for him,
And sports that bring danger to life or to limb—
Be kind to wee Johnnie, and linger awhile,
When canny he crosses a burn or a stile.

Be kind to the laddie at schule or at hame,
And never join *Cripple* in scorn to his name;—

A cruel reproach, that the heartless will throw
On blameless misfortune, to sharpen its woe.
They're sairly deform'd, baith in heart and in mind,
Wha pleasure in taunting the cripple can find.
Such cripples in soul, in deformity born,
Will limp a' their lives as the objects of scorn!

MY GRANNY'S FIRESIDE.

My granny's fireside, in the days that are gane,
I mind aye sin' first I could toddle my lane;
The auld oily cruisie hung down frae the tow,
And the clear rushy wick lent a cheerie bit lowe;
And there, while my granny indulged in a reek
O' her wee cutty pipe, at her ain ingle cheek,
My grand-daddy sat i' the neuk in his chair,
And pored through his specs on the volume o' lear.

He kent ilka planet that glints in the lift,
How they swim in their orbits baith siccar an' swift;
And how the auld earth stands on naething ava,
But rows round the sun in the air like a ba'!
He ilka thing kent, for he read a' the news,
Could speak o' the auld-warld Romans an' Jews,
And a' thing that happened langsyne he could tell,
And aye point a moral frae a' that befel.

My granny was skilled in a' ailments an' pains,
An' brawly could doctor the wives an' the weans;
To bind a cut finger, or row up a tae,
'Twas aye to my granny we roarin' would gae.
My granny had pouthers an' pills o' her ain,
And cures o' rare virtue nae doctor might ken,
Her ill-tasted herbs made our faces to thraw—
But wi' something she aye put the swither awa.

My grand-daddy's oes were his pleasure and pride,
The crown and the glory o' granny's fireside:
Save bairns in abundance nae treasure had he,
But they were mair precious than gowd in his e'e.
Though wild an' misleared, I was dear to his heart,
When ithers misca'd me he aye took my part;
His lessons I heard, and his errands I ran,
And he prophesied aye I would yet be a man.

Come pain or come pleasure, whate'er might betide,
There was nae place on earth like my granny's fireside!
Her weel-buttered bannocks she never would haen,
An' a bawbee frae granny would ease ilka pain.

My granny ne'er gloomed on the bairns at their play,
Her heart aye was young though her haffets were grey;
The sports and the joys o' her youth she would tell,
An' mind aye when she was a lassie hersel'.

O! weel do I mind, in the days o' langsyne,
When a pair o' new breeks or a jacket was mine,
To granny I flew in my new-fangled pride,
And my pouch aye was hansel'd at granny's fireside.
At Pace, or at Yule, or at blythe Hallowe'en,
At granny's fireside how delighted I've been!
Unscaithed by the canker of sorrow or pain—
O! wha wouldna be a wee laddie again?

MADIE'S SCHULE.

When weary wi' toil, or when cankered wi' care,
Remembrance takes wing like a bird o' the air,
And free as a thought that ye canna confine,
It flees to the pleasures o' bonnie langsyne.
In fancy I bound o'er the green sunny braes,
And drink up the bliss o' the lang summer days,
Or sit sae demure on a wee creepy stool,
And con ower my lesson in auld Madie's schule.

Up four timmer stairs, in a garret fu' clean,
In awful authority Madie was seen;
Her close-luggit mutch towered aloft in its pride,
Her lang wincey apron flowed down by her side.
The tawse on her lap like some dreaded snake lay,
Aye watchin' an' ready to spring on its prey;
The wheel at her foot, an' the cat on her knee,—
Nae queen on her throne mair majestic than she!

To the whir o' the wheel while auld baudrons would sing,
On stools, wee an' muckle, a' ranged in a ring,
Ilk idle bit urchin, wha glowered aff his book,
Was caught in a twinklin' by Madie's dread look.
She ne'er spak a word, but the tawse she would fling,
The sad leather whang up the culprit maun bring,
While his sair bluthered face, as the palmies would fa',
Proclaimed through the schule an example to a'.

But though Madie could punish, she weel could reward,
The gude and the eident aye won her regard—
A Saturday penny she freely would gi'e,
And the second best scholar got aye a bawbee.
It sweetened the joys o' that dear afternoon,
When free as the breeze in the blossoms o' June,

And blythe as the lav'rock that sang ower the lea,
Were the happy wee laddies frae bondage set free.

And then when she washed we were sure o' the play,
And Wednesday aye brought the grand washin' day,
When Madie relaxed frae her sternness a wee,
And announced the event wi' a smile in her e'e:
The tidings were hailed wi' a thrill o' delight--
E'en drowsy auld baudrons rejoiced at the sight,
While Madie, dread Madie! would laugh in her chair,
As in order we tript down the lang timmer stair.

But the schule is now skailt, and will ne'er again meet—
Nae mair on the timmer stair sound our wee feet;
The tawse and the penny are vanished for aye,
And gane is the charm o' the dear washin' day.
Her subjects are scattered—some lang dead and gane—
But dear to remembrance, wi' them wha remain,
Are the days when they sat on a wee creepy stule,
An' coned ower their lesson in auld Madie's schule.

WHEN THE BEE HAS LEFT THE BLOSSOM.

When the bee has left the blossom,
And the lark has closed his lay,
And the daisy folds its bosom
In the dews of gloaming grey;
When the virgin rose is bending,
Wet with evening's pensive tear,
And the purple light is blending
With the soft moon, rising clear;

Meet me then, my own true maiden,
Where the wild flowers shed their bloom,
And the air, with fragrance laden,
Breathes around a rich perfume.
With my true love as I wander,
Captive led by beauty's power,
Thoughts and feelings sweet and tender
Hallow that delightful hour.

Give ambition dreams of glory,
Give the poet laurelled fame,
Let renown in song and story
Consecrate the hero's name:
Give the great their pomp and pleasure,
Give the courtier place and power—
Give to me my bosom's treasure,
And the lonely gloaming hour.

O THAT MYSIE'S TONGUE WOULD TIRE.

O that Mysie's tongue would tire!
  Flytin' Mysie, flytin' Mysie,
Never dune wi' spittin' fire—
  Cankert, flytin' Mysie;
Ragin' aye the bairns amang,
Be they richt or be they wrang,
Endless is the weary clang
  O' cankert, flytin' Mysie.

Up the stair an' doon the stair,
  Flytin' Mysie, flytin' Mysie,
Rings her tongue for ever mair—
  Cankert, flytin' Mysie;
Aye the latest sound at night,
Aye the first wi' mornin' light,
Waukenin' bairnies in a fright—
  Cankert, flytin' Mysie.

Peace an' love a' frightit flee,
  Flytin' Mysie, flytin' Mysie;
Hame can never happy be
  For cankert, flytin' Mysie;
Seldom blinks a sunny hour,
Mysie's tongue, so sharp an' dour,
Turns a' the bairnies' tempers sour—
  Fy on flytin' Mysie!

Muckle ye've to answer for,
  Flytin' Mysie, flytin' Mysie,
Drivin' kindness frae the door,
  Cankert, flytin' Mysie;
Maids an' mithers aye should mind,
"As bends the twig the tree's inclined,"
Rear them kindly, they'll grow kind—
  But dinna flyte like Mysie!

THE BIRD'S NEST.

O wha would harry the wee bird's nest,
  That sings so sweet and clear,
That bigs for its young a cozy biel',
  In the spring-time o' the year;
That feeds its gapin' gorlins a',
  And haps them frae the rain—
O wha would harry the wee bird's nest,
  Or gi'e its bosom pain?

I wouldna harry the lintie's nest,
That whistles on the spray ;
I wouldna rob the lav'rock,
That sings at break of day ;
I wouldna wrang the shilfa,
That chants so sweet at e'en ;
Nor plunder wee, wee Jenny Wren,
Within her bower o' green.

For birdies are like bairnies,
That dance upon the lea ;
They winna sing in cages
So sweet's in bush or tree.
They're just like bonnie bairnies,
That mithers lo'e sae weel—
And cruel, cruel is the heart
That would their treasures steal.

MY GRANNY'S POUCH.

My granny's pouch !—I kent nae care
When my young hopes were treasured there ;—
Though a' the wealth the world could share
Were freely mine,
There's naething in't could ance compare
Wi' auld langsyne.

My granny's pouch was my first love,
An' prized a' ither joys above ;
To win its favours aye I strove,
Its charms were such—
O, naething else the heart could move
Like granny's pouch.

It hung suspended by her side,
A thumpin wallet, deep an' wide ;
And there, in a' its stately pride,
That pouch so dear,
The tear and wear o' time defied
For mony a year.

It was a weel-filled, weighty sacket,
Wi' thummels, keys, an' bodkins packit ;
Wi' mony an orra queer nick-nacket
The pouch was fou,
An' tasty things it never lackit
To pree the mou'.

The clink o' granny's pouch to hear
Was music to my youthful ear;
Nae hand but hers could venture near,
Or dare to touch,
The sacred miscellaneous gear,
O' granny's pouch.

When in her pouch my granny fumbled,
Through odds an' ends sae strangely jumbled,
An' ower an' ower its treasures tumbled,
The young heart panted
Wi' hopes an' fears, before she stumbled
On what she wanted.

And then, wi' sic a kindly look,
The lang suspense my granny broke;
Frae some recess, or secret nook,
O happy sight!
The expected prize at length she took,
An' a' was right.

It was a cure for ilka grief,
And never failed to bring relief;
For aye when ony black mischief
The bairns befel,
My kind auld granny ne'er was deaf
To the sad tale.

My granny felt for a' our woes—
A broken tae, or bloody nose;
An' aiblins, too, when quarrels rose,
Whilk aft were rife,
Her wondrous pouch would soon compose
The noisy strife.

But whiles, when we were ower misleared,
A pair o' leather tawse appeared,
Auld tenants o' the pouch, aye feared,
Though seldom seen,
An' seldomer, when they were reared,
Laid on, I ween.

It was a wondrous pouch to me,
Its countless treasures nane could see;
Forbye the bawbees she would gi'e
For doin' her biddin',
Far mair was in't than met the e'e,
Profoundly hidden.

The thought o't ever brings to mind
The joys that I hae left behind—
Nae mair in granny's pouch I'll find
A cure for pain—
The days o' childhood, sweet and kind,
Come not again!

PETTING AT FOOD.

If ye'll no tak' your breakfast, just let it alane!
The porridge can wait till ye're hungry again;
Though saucy e'en now, ye'll be glad o' them soon—
Sae tak' ye the pet now and lay down your spoon!

Ye'll weary for them ere they weary for you,
And when they grow cule they'll no blister your mou';
A twa-three hours' fast might be gude for ye a',
And help aye to drive the ill humours awa'.

Yon fat little doggie that waddles alang,
Sae pampered an' pechin', he scarcely can gang,
At daintiest dishes he turns up his nose,
But scrimp him a wee, he'll be blythe o' his brose.

There's nane kens the gude o' a thing till it's gane—
Yon barefitted laddie, ye met wi' yestreen,
Had he such a coggie he'd no let it cule—
But just let them stand till ye come frae the schule.

The best cure for bairnies, when nice wi' their meat,
Is the fresh air o' morning wi' naething to eat;
Sae tak' your ain time, like the cattle out-bye—
Just eat when ye're hungry, an' drink when ye're dry.

DUNCAN MACGREGOR.

THE Rev. Duncan Macgregor, minister of the parish of Inverallochy, near Fraserburgh, was born at Fort Augustus in 1854. An atmosphere of culture was about him from the first, for his father, a schoolmaster, besides making excursions into the fields

of poetry and fiction, had attained considerable proficiency in Gaelic scholarship. The Celtic nature thus inherited did not, however, long enjoy an appropriate environment, his home being soon shifted to Forfarshire. Mr Macgregor has, nevertheless, managed to keep in touch with Gaelic literature; and the fruit of his studies in this direction may appear in course of time. Our poet never cared much for school, although he read enormously on his own account. Of poetry he was especially fond, and soon began to write verses himself—

> "The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
> Till by himself he learned to wander
> Adown some trottin' burn's meander,
> And no think lang."

It was thus with the subject of our sketch. While yet very young he began to delight in long lonely rambles, conceiving a relish for the beauties of Nature that has deepened with the passing years. By the time he was thirteen he had gained admittance to the poets' corner of several magazines and newspapers. Gaining by competition a high bursary, he, at the early age of fifteen, entered Aberdeen University. But here, as at the elementary school, he was impatient of close study, and had a good deal of liking for fun and frolic. Poetry, indeed, he continued to cultivate with ardour, and in those branches of study that lay in the direction of his favourite pursuit he acquired distinction. His reputation for Greek and Latin verse was particularly high. This proficiency implied a thorough grasp of the mechanical conditions of verse-making, for which, indeed, Mr Macgregor has an unusually keen instinct.

In the Debating and Literary Societies, institutions established by the students for mutual improvement, Mr Macgregor was very popular. It was to the latter

of these that he read his mock-heroic poem, "The Scald; or, the Northern Ballad-monger"—(Aberdeen: James Mackay, 1874). This extravaganza, brimful of wit and humour, and containing several descriptive passages of great power, was received with immense delight, and its admirers insisted on its being published. To this the author consented, and the poem has run through two editions.

A literary career had naturally enough been the ambition of our poet; but, coming under the influence of religion, he decided on studying for the ministry. For eight years poetry was laid aside. In the autobiographic poem that introduces his "Clouds and Sunlight," Mr Macgregor deals with these phases of his inner life. In youth he had been led captive by the beauty of Nature. Maturer years seemed to show him that the pursuit of *truth* was his mission:—

> "I saw by the flash of this heavenly beam
> I had lived for years a delusive dream,
> The *beauty of Nature* might charm the youth,
> But the heart of the man must seek for *truth*,
> Then flitted my soul from heart to head,
> And within me the spirit of song fell dead."

Yet ever, as he zealously gave himself up to the new quest, he felt

> "A new, strange undertone of strife;
> 'Twas the poet's heart that craved for life."

Nor did he enjoy peace and pleasure to the full till he had effected a reconciliation between the two sides of his nature by recognising with Keats that

> "Beauty is Truth: Truth Beauty."

On being licensed he went as a missionary to the Orkneys; but a unanimous call very soon brought him to the Gardenstown Mission Church; and from

this charge again, after a few years' incumbency, he was unanimously called to the pastorate of Inveraray Parish Church, where he has since remained.

Mr Macgregor is a man of cultured, catholic spirit. Earnest and laborious in the discharge of pastoral duties, he keeps up his studies in literature, and hardly lets a day pass without writing something. In 1884 Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. brought out a volume of his poems, under the title of "Clouds and Sunlight," which met with a very favourable reception. The contents are lyrical, and there is no doubtful ring about them. They are entirely free from enigmatical rhapsodies and unnatural straining after high ideals that are never reached. In his miscellaneous poems, united with freshness and originality, we find many quaint and pretty conceits, and graceful and noble thoughts put into graceful verse. Of late, Mr Macgregor has devoted himself chiefly to the study of human character, and has written a number of narrative poems of considerable length which may ultimately see the light as "Tales in Verse." These are much above the average both in construction and in the analysis of the more delicate shades of human actions and motives. He evidently believes, like Herbert, in the Divine power implanted in man for good, no matter what his sphere or station in life may be. While his published pieces are of high merit, they do not by any means do justice to his powers. Assiduous study and practice are widening his range, and giving confidence to his touch; and we are not without hope of yet hearing of him essaying some theme of epic dimensions and interest.

THE LIGHT ON THE HILLS.

The light on the hills at morning broke,
Crowning their brows with crimson fire;
The white mist, laid on the slopes, awoke,
And fled like a soul from the funeral pyre.

From the rosy crown
The light ran down
To the valley below, as the sun rode higher;
And as downward it hied
The red flush died
Like the falling cadence of angel choir.

The light on the hills at noonday gleamed,
Circling their forms with a bland embrace;
From the blazing source in the sky it streamed
Like the glory that gildeth a saintly face.
Like a mystic haze
The golden rays
Were lovingly lingering round the place;
And, intensely bright,
The glorious light
Was monarch from crown to base.

The light on the hills at eventide,
Like the smile of a dying babe hath fled;
But we doubt—so slow did the last rays glide—
If the day (and the child) be wholly dead.
Once only, a flush,
Like a pure maid's blush,
Flared up the crags to the sky o'erhead;
Then on every height
The invading night
Her sable pinions proudly spread.

The light on the hills, the light on the hills!
On the distant rocks, on the greenwood near,
On the grassy slopes, on the foamy rills,
On the God-made battlements tier on tier,
It broke, it flamed,
And it faded unnamed;
'Twas born, it lived, and it fled the sphere;
While its lovely sheen
Was by most unseen,
But its God was pleased with its life-work here.

WANTED.

Wanted: Men.
Not systems fit and wise,
Not faiths with rigid eyes,
Not wealth in mountain piles,
Not power with gracious smiles,
Not even the potent pen;
Wanted: Men.

Wanted: Deeds.
Not words of winning note,
Not thoughts from life remote,
Not fond religious airs,
Not sweetly languid prayers,
Not love of sects and creeds;
Wanted: Deeds.

Men and Deeds.
Men that can dare and do;
Not longings for the new,
Not pratings of the old;
Good life and action bold—
These the occasion needs,
Men and Deeds.

RHYME.

Rhyme is the wedlock of words,
Pairing like early spring birds;
Perfect alone when the bond
Pictures the ties of the fond,—
Perfect alone when they strike
Likeness amid the unlike.

Rhyme is the chording of notes,
Rung from harmonious throats,
Which, by their mutual love,
Whisper of joynotes above,
And, by their sweetness divine,
Purify, soothe, and refine.

Rhyme is the echo that broods
Inside the rocks and the woods,
Which, to the questions of men,
Answering again and again,
Catching the song of the hour,
Gives it new meaning and power.

Rhyme is the blending of hues,
Rhyme is the mingling of dews,
Lakes that respond to the breeze,
Pools that are mirrors of trees,
Ocean reflecting the skies,
Hearts that to sorrow give sighs.

Ch. Nought in the world is alone;
The w You that in solitude moan,
And fleen to discover the real,

Struggling to grasp the ideal,
God knits all thinkers and doers:
Some heart is rhyming with yours.

THE SPECTRES.

Gaunt and grim, vague and dim,
Dyed in midnight's awful hue,
Ever crying, nearer flying,
An undying hideous crew,
Countless as the summer flies,—
Spider hands and burning eyes,—
Flitted round in fierce array,
Mocking me in ghastly play.

Evening fell; loud their yell;
Merciless they still pursued;
Irritating, they with grating,
Sullen prating did intrude,
Hissing, in the cold moonbeams,
Crushing me with fiery dreams,
Sowing madness in my brain,
Filling all the night with pain.

Morn arose, but my foes
Would not thus be scared away;
Spells I chanted, safe they vaunted,
And they taunted all the day;
Mingling curses with my prayers,
Piling weights upon my cares,
Poisoning every cup of joy,
Marring all my loved employ.

Like thy howl, midnight owl,
In the lone and sombre grove,
Rang their eerie voices dreary;
With me dreary still they strove.
First, through life we scourge, to meet
Thee before the judgment seat;
And our fellowship shall be
Thy unblest eternity.

Holy ground, where I found,
Penned by saintly bards of yore,
Pages olden, verses golden,
That embolden evermore.
Learned I in that antique scroll,
Skill to scare them from my soul:
Hence! with holy magic smit,
Seek, ye ghosts, your native pit.

Wild waves roar on the shore
'Neath a breathless autumn dawn :
Sinking, sighing, wailing, crying,
Moaning, dying, these are gone.
And the secret of my power,
My defence in haunted hour,
Placed between me and my pain,
Is a Lamb that hath been slain.

BETHEL.

Beside a crawling, peaty stream
A pauper's hut I know ;
The walls are striped with many a seam,
The thatchéd roof is low,
Around the walls the thistles teem,
And high the nettles grow.

A window of a single pane
Admits one sunny ray ;
And through a rent the dropping rain
Makes music in its play ;
The plaster, brown with many a stain,
Is crumbling fast away.

Upon the earthen floor there stand
A stool, a shaky chair,
A table where no loving hand
Bespreads the homely fare,
And grate that hath no kindly brand :
Who can be happy there?

Behold ! a beam of perfect joy
Upon that cottage falls ;
The sweets of heaven's all-blest employ
Are found within its walls ;
Not the foul streams that pain or cloy
Flowing in marble halls.

Threescore and ten ! So many years
With silver crown her brow,
And over cheeks well known to tears
Time drags his ruthless plough ;
But night or day God bending hears
Her humble prayer and vow.

For five long winters on that bed
A prisoner she hath lain ;
Surely she pines with drooping head,

With weary heart and brain?
Oh no,! her lips to song are wed,
Nor knows she to complain.

Oft at the fall of starry eve,
Oft in the morning hours,
Her aged voice the strain will weave,
Like bird 'mong summer flowers.
The passer-by forgets to grieve,
As near angelic bowers.

Without one loved one's fond caress
Why heavest thou no moan?
"Thank God! I have no weariness
And I am not alone;
I rest assured He will me bless
Who did for me atone.

"A cheerful neighbour makes my meals,
I see her thrice a day;
And for my woes my Saviour feels,
Brother of human clay;
My every wound of soul He heals
And I have time to pray.

"You ask me of my banished gloom;
I have no wealth, 'tis true;
No sound relieves my silent room,
Save raindrops pattering through,
Or winds that down the chimney boom;
Each day brings nothing new.

"Yet here a prisoner of the Lord,
The last of loving seven,
I wait, while treasures inly stored
With joy my troubles leaven,
And heaven is feasting at my board;
Where Christ is, there is heaven."

MY SHIELD.

When guilt, with worse than iron chain,
My soaring spirit would detain;
When subtle sin, to soil my mind,
The flesh and Satan hath combined;
I know what hand can make and keep me free;
I trust in Thee.

When stern bereavement's pointed pang
Poisons my heart like serpent fang;
When want, with piercing chill annoy,
Freezes the founts of earthly joy;
Thy hand of love through sparkling tears I see;
I trust in Thee.

When doubt, in thought's abyss profound,
Disturbs my wonted anchor-ground;
When worldly worries force to stay
And fears obstruct the onward way,
Thy word of life conducts and teaches me;
I trust in Thee.

When foes with stinging spite arise;
When friends give hurt with words unwise,
When danger's nearing night plume shakes,
When, vext by even my own mistakes,
To my one refuge then in haste I flee:
I trust in Thee.

When death's beclouded wintry skies,
Will snow my cheeks and ice my eyes;
When, heralded by angel choir,
The judgment bathes the world in fire;
Yea, even before the Throne, I fearlessly
Will trust in Thee.

Oh! soon will fail temptation's power,
And soon will pass vexation's hour;
All foes will die; all pains be healed:
I wear a never-broken shield.
Teach me, O Christ, to use it skilfully,—
To trust in Thee.

WILLIAM BROWN SMITH,

A MAN of varied gifts, who died suddenly in the prime of life in July last (1887), was born at Saltcoats in 1850. Mr Smith was delicate from his boyhood, and in his youth suffered much from inflammation of the eyes, which caused his attendance at

school to be much broken. If not strong in body, however, he early manifested the possession of vigorous mental powers. Besides the poetic gift he had a talent for drawing and painting, which, says the writer of a sketch in the *Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald* at the time of his death, "might have been developed had he chosen to devote himself to art." Although entirely self-taught, he had a fine eye for the beautiful in Nature, and could sketch and paint landscape and marine views with much skill. But most of all he cultivated music, his knowledge of which was very remarkable when the fact is taken into account that he never received any instruction save for six weeks from a lady teacher. He sang with great taste and skill, and played on several instruments in a masterly manner. In addition to following his calling of a stationer, he was a teacher of music, and trained the children of the Homes at Canal Bank and Rockvale, several Sabbath Schools, the Young Men's Christian Association, and at the time of his death he conducted the psalmody in the Free Church, Saltcoats. He possessed the good ear, the cultivated taste, and the necessary enthusiasm for making a choir work and aim at something like perfection. Mr Smith was also an active worker among young men, and for some time carried on religious classes for the young and meetings for non-church goers. That they valued the counsels of so sympathetic a nature evidence was afforded by the spontaneous presence at his funeral of large bodies of children, working men, and women.

In 1883 Mr Guthrie, Ardrossan, published in a handsome little volume a selection of his poetical pieces, entitled "Life Scenes," and at the time of his death Mr Wallace, printer, Saltcoats, had passing through the press another volume, entitled "The World Without and Within." This work was left by the poet to the care of Mr Alexander Winton Buchan,

author of "Poems of Feeling," "The Vision Stream, or the Song of Man," &c., noticed in our Sixth Series, in whose hands it was carefully superintended, and prepared for the public.

Mr Smith had an observant eye, and in his poems loved to describe bird, flower, and tree. He was deeply sympathetic, and could strike the minor chords with much power. Simple and guileless, he was not one of those who like to magnify the dark spots that through humanity have crept into this fair creation. He rather delighted to expatiate on the beauties that unfolded themselves to an eye and instinct that loved to revel amidst scenes of natural beauty. "His slender frame," says the writer of the sketch we have already referred to, "was like that of a harp, the sensitive chords of which vibrate at touch of every breath of Nature. Alongside his dreamy poetic musing and more serious religious thoughts and feelings, lay a mirthfulness, a vein of humour, and a lively appreciation of it in others. Describing a holiday spent in Arran he says, in an unpublished MS. of his we have at hand:—On disembarking at the pier, got a seat in Ribbeck's post-gig for Sannox, about eight miles awa, and a grand drive we had for a shillin' each. . . . . Arrived at Sannox, Mr Smith and friend had a 'stravaig' up the Glen, 'enjoying the scenery immensely.' We cam' to a staun still at a wee wuden biggin' wi' sweeties an' portraits in the winnock, an' asked the wife that kept the shop if she had ony lemonade or ocht to drink. 'Ay, ay, shentlemen, I hae some vera goot milk, shist fresh in frae the coo,' an' accordin'ly we were supplied wi' a tumlerfu' the piece an' twa-'re biscuits. While enjoyin' oor feed, in steps a packman for anither tumlerfu, an' syne an English gentleman an' his sonsy wife took their seats at the door an' had ane an' a hauf each, an' about four wee biscuits. When they were busy supplyin' the

cravin's o' nature, the packman sings oot—'Whit am I awn ye for the milk, mistress? a pen——?' 'Whist, whist, man!' says she, in a whisper, 'ye shouldna ask ta price afore ta shentry'—an' my frien's knee cam' vi'lently in contac' wi' mine, as we heard her add—'It's shist a penny to you.' Weel, sir, what think ye? She was vera gen'rous to us, an' charged three bawbees the tumler (an' no a big ane aither); an', wi' a smile an' a curtsy to the English folk, she said—'Ninepence, if you pleeze, sir, it's rael goot milk.' Ay, says we to oorsels, an' a vera goot price, whatever."

THE GLOAMIN' GREY.

Blythe children straggling home from school,
Laden with spoil from field and dell,
With faces flushed, past tree and pool,
They've halted at the village well;
And stains of berries wash away
With laughter in the gloamin' grey.

Two figures walking lovingly
Where grow wild flowers on meadow green;
When years have swiftly passed away
Since first they roamed each well-known scene;
While birds cease singing on the spray—
They're happy in the gloamin' grey.

A mother standing on the shore,
With children playing by her side,
While sombre shades are stealing o'er,
Her eye is far across the tide,
Watching a vessel on its way;
With tear-drops, in the gloamin' grey.

Two peaceful pilgrims, old and frail,
Beside a rustic window sit,
While softly sighs the scented gale,
And mingled mem'ries round them flit;
They smile, and speak of a brighter day
Where comes no more the gloamin' grey.

THE LAN' THAT'S FAR AWA'.

Like ane that wanders far frae hame
  Across the ocean wide,
When a' he sees an' hears is tame
  His native lan' beside,
My he'rt is aften langin',
  As days and nichts gae by,
For Heaven, wi' angels thrangin',
  An' rest ayont the sky:
Where comes nae trials o'er ye,
  Nor darksome nicht ava',
For Christ is a' the glory
  In the lan' that's far awa'.

It's true we mauna fash at care,
  Or poortith's bitter day,
For surely we maun hae oor share,
  The Bible tells us sae;
It's here we get oor trainin'
  For yon bricht warl' aboon,
Faith's e'e is aften strainin'
  For the prize it yet may win;
But the he'rt is unco dour aye,
  An' patience is sae sma',
We weary ilka hour aye,
  For the lan' that's far awa.'

When wand'rers venture back again
  Frae lan's ayont the tide,
To reach the hame, they loo sae fain,
  They aften need a guide,
Sae—leanin' hard on Jesus,
  An' lipp'nin' aye for grace,
May nocht that's sinful please us,
  Until we see His face;
Then—grander far than ony
  O' this warl's sichts sae braw,
We'll reach our home sae bonnie,
  An' the lan' that's far awa'.

THE A' THINGS O' LIFE.

I've kent the glint o' fortune's smile;
I've marked her gaet for mony a mile,
And found her fan my heart awhile
  Wi' meikle power:
She fled, tho' woo'd wi' winsome wile,
  Awa' like stoure.

I've stood misfortune's bitter blast ;
I've mourned the loss o' joys gane past,
An' warstled hard 'neath lift o'ercast
Wi' dark despair :
I've wearit sair, till licht at last
Brak' thro' the air.

A secret sweet I've learned sin' syne,
That on life's sea, be't rough or fine,
Frae sic' as hearts and wills resign
Nocht shall be hid ;
A Hand abune gars a' combine
To work for guid.

THE SONG-BIRDS OF BONNIE SCOTLAND.

Wee warblers, I lo'e ye : ye're dear to my heart ;—
My thochts noo pursue ye—In summer, ye dart
Amang the green bushes, on hillside an' glen,
Whaur clear the burn gushes an' gurgles far ben,
'Mang heather an' wild flowers, the rocks an' the stanes,
Frae mornin' till e'enin', ye sing your sweet strains.

Your lilts intermin'le wi' scenes that are gane ;
I fin' the bluid dinnle thro' ilka sma' vein
O my heart, aye sae youthfu', despite a' its care,
Till I lang for a mouthfu' o' guid caller air
'Mang the cornfields and lealan's to wander aroun',
I' the lowlan's an' hielan's, far awa' frae the toun.

I hear noo the lintie sing sweet on the broom ;
The blackie ahint me disperses the gloom
O' yon thick growin' covert ; while robin and wren
Quite near me ha'e hovert ; the blue lift I scan—
There the lav'rock is springing like a spec, fu' o' glee ;
Nae blyther he's singing, than the mavis an' me.

Wee warblers, I lo'e ye, ye're dear to my heart,
Your wild notes gae thro' me, sae wi' ye I start
To praise the Creator, wha's far-seein' e'e
Marks man, bird, an' cratur, whar'e'er they may be ;
A' my wants He'll supply till wi' earth I am done,
An' my soul then shall fly to a bricht warl' abune.

THE AULD KIRK-YAIRD.

They are sleepin' here unkent,
'Maist pairt, but twa or three ;

Whar aft their footsteps went
Beside the soundin' sea;
Amang the grass, like rashes,
An' headstanes auld an' grey,
Their ashes mix wi' ashes,
An' lanesome forms decay.

They are sleepin' here at last,
I' the bustle o' the toun,—
Life's fitfu' changes past,
They heed nae sicht or soun',
Tho' loud the thunder crashes,
Or lichtnin's roun' them play,
While ashes mix wi' ashes,
An' lanesome forms decay.

They are sleepin' here in peace,
Oor forebears, leal and true,—
Whar a' life's weal and wae maun cease,
'Neath skies sae bright and blue:
Noo—gowd or gear ne'er fashes,
Nor poortith's bitter day,
When ashes mix wi' ashes,
An' lanesome forms decay.

They are sleepin' here at e'en,—
Death's nicht it is na lang;
They find at last, that but yest'reen
They lived their friens amang.
When morn o' heaven flashes
A lang—lang joyfu' day,
Nae ashes mix wi' ashes,
Nor lanesome forms decay.

AS WE TALKED TOGETHER.

I remember the joy of our last meeting!
The precious moments so swiftly fleeting;
Whilst my heart with love was fondly beating,—
As we talked together.

The warm summer sun was brightly beaming;
The waters with sparkling rays were gleaming;
Whilst I in sweet harmony was dreaming,—
As we talked together.

High, high overhead the lark was singing;
Louder and louder his notes were ringing,

As through the air his way he was winging,—
As we talked together.

All nature around wore a peaceful smile,
Seeming to cheer us all the while,
As we onward strayed for many a mile,--
As we talked together.

The evening shades came gently down at last,
Bringing with them dear mem'ries of the past,
That, one by one, came crowding round us fast,—
As we talked together.

Then the parting hour drew rapidly nigh ;
And the pale moon rose in the eastern sky,
As fondly we whispered those sad words, "Good-bye !"
Ah ! it was forever.

JESSIE LEIGHTON

WAS born of Scotch parents in London in 1868, and is closely related to two well-known Scottish poets who possessed gifted minds and poetic genius of high order, and who both died in 1869. Her father is a brother of William Leighton, the author of "Baby Died To-day" and other poems, and nephew of Robert Leighton, the equally gifted author of "The Bapteesement o' the Bairn," "Scotch Words," "John and Tibbie's Dispute," "The Laddie's Lamentation for the Loss o' his Whittle"—graphic word-pictures that have been and are popular wherever the Scottish language is known—and several volumes of poetry entitled "Records," "Musings," "Rhymes and Poems by Robin," &c. It might be added that notices and selections from the works of William and of Robert Leighton, who were natives of Dundee, appeared in our First Series. Miss Leighton, who re-

ceived her education partly in London and partly in St Leonard's-on-Sea, has been writing verses from a very early age, but has only recently begun to publish them. Three of the following poems have appeared in the columns of the *People's Friend*, and show that she has not only inherited the poetical faculties of her uncle and grand-uncle, but also the tenderness of feeling and grace of expression so noticeable in their poems. Viewed as written by one so young, her effusions are full of promise. While it is evident that she is singularly sensitive to all forms of beauty, animate and inanimate, her verse is marked not only by contemplative seriousness, but also by lively play of fancy, an easy flow, and much grace and neatness.

"ONLY ME.'

"Who is there?" A gentle tapping
Comes upon my study door,
Warning me that for the present
Dreams and quietness both are o'er.
"Who is there?' again I questioned,
As I oped the door to see,
Then a small voice, lisping, answered,
"Please, papa, it's only me."

"Only me" sat by the fireside,
With a quaint and childish grace,
Tossing back the golden ringlets
Falling round his little face.
Though I was a man of thirty,
And a child of five was he,
Deep and strong was the affection
'Tween myself and "Only me."

He would sit and watch the firelight
Shining through his small thin hand,
Asking me the strangest questions—
Things I could not understand.
I would sit for hours together
With his head against my knee,
Telling many an ancient story—
Just myself and "Only me."

But a cloud was dimly gath'ring
O'er my darling's golden head;
"Only me" lay slowly dying!
While I prayed "Take me instead."
But an angel swift descended—
From all pain my child set free—
I was left, half broken-hearted;
Now in truth, 'twas "Only me."

Years have passed—I still am waiting,
Till at last my call shall come;
And once more my child shall greet me
In our everlasting home.
Though my heart is very lonely,
Yet I know that I shall see,
In a land where is no parting,
Once again my "Only me."

THE HUGENOT.*

"For my sake." To tie that kerchief round his arm she vainly tries;
And she looks with piteous pleading in her lover's steadfast eyes;
"For my sake—Oh, listen to me—should you fall I die with you."
Fast the bitter tears are falling from her gentle eyes of blue.

But he takes her trembling fingers, holds them firmly in his own—
"Darling, I am but a soldier, and I am not yours alone;
I am fighting for my Master—would you have your lover fly?
Would you have the Catholics tell you that I was afraid to die?

"Loved one, if I fall this evening, you will know that I was true:
True to God, and home, and country; true to mine own self and you.
Never would I wear this kerchief, even though my life 'twould save,
For I can desire no better than a soldier's death and grave.

"Now farewell, farewell for ever, think of me when I am gone,
Yet not mournfully or sadly, though thy life be spent alone;
This is but the night of darkness—sorrow cannot last for aye—
And its gloom will make the brighter seem the dawning of the day."

* Representing an incident made familiar by Sir John E. Millais' celebrated picture.

A SPRIG OF HEATHER.

When I see the purple heather clustering thickly on the hills,
Gone are all my thoughts of gladness, and regret my spirit fills,
For I see a winsome maiden,
From the North with heather laden,
And a sense of fear and wondering all my troubled being thrills.

Then I see a vision pass me—shadowy, dreamy, thin as air—
'Tis a girl with eyes reproachful, full of anguish and despair.
And I hear a voice beside me,
But the tones ne'er seem to chide me,
And I see once more brown ringlets, clust'ring o'er a brow so fair!

Jessie was a Highland maiden—up among the hills lived she—
Round her rose the snow-topp'd mountains, in the distance stretched the sea.
Ah, I know she loved me dearly,
And I loved her quite sincerely—
No two souls in all the country could be happier than we.

But, alas! a cloud came o'er us, and we were obliged to part;
I, to fight in foreign countries, from the Highlands had to start;
But I whispered, as we parted,
"Darling, do not be sad-hearted,"
And she gave this sprig of heather, which I laid upon my heart.

Many years passed by in silence, 'mid the hardships of my lot,
Little did I think of loving, and my darling near forgot;
Till one night my desk o'erturning,
And a few old letters burning,
Came I on this sprig of heather, and the words "For-get me not."

How the old remembrance thrilled me! how my heart leapt at the sight!
I could see our last long parting in the evening's waning light;
As our sad farewells were spoken,
Solemnly she gave this token—
Just a sprig of purple heather gathered from the mountain's height.

Soon I hastened back to Scotland, with my spirits full of joy—
Would my darling know her lover?—now no more a Highland boy;
What will Jessie say in greeting?—
Oh, how glad will be our meeting!
Will my love run forth to see me? Will she be reserved and coy?

Musing thus, I climbed still onward to the summit of the hill,
Then I paused and looked around me, and my eyes began to fill
In the churchyard just above me
Lies the mother who did love me,
I will go and breathe a prayer o'er her gravestone green and still.

O'er my mother's grave in prayer for some moments I had been,
When I looked and saw another where the grass was not yet green;
And a cross of purple heather,
Spoiled and withered by the weather,
Laid upon the earthy mound, the only flower that could be seen.

"Whom can this new grave belong to?" thought I as I walked along,
I will sit and rest beside it, list'ning to the skylark's song;
Then the sunlight bright came streaming,
Through the thickest branches gleaming,
While on high the merry birdies carolled forth in joyous throng.

What is this I see before me, carved upon the mossy stone?
'Tis her name—and she has left me, as I left her, all alone!
Oh, my Jessie—gone for ever!
Fast between us rolls Death's river,
I came back with joy to greet you, but to find that you were gone.

'Twas my fault for having left her, and my mind with anguish fills,
So, whene'er I see the heather, all my troubled heart it thrills.
Never will this feeling leave me—
Never will it cease to grieve me—
Till I lie at rest for ever in among my Highland hills!

SILENCE.

Who stands upon the evening star,
With outstretched wings of rosy hue,
Reflecting light from where, afar,
The sun is quenched in waters blue?
The shadows gather far below,
Now fades the rosy twilight glow
That kisses oft the blushing snow
On gleaming mountain tops afar.
Where softly swaying pine trees are;
Silence it is—that unseen breath
That looks on Sleep, but kisses Death.

When evening shadows gather dark,
  Each bird, all hushed, hides in its nest;
The moon, a solemn, silver barque,
  Comes sailing o'er the mountains crest.
And Silence looks with loving eyes
Upon the world that 'neath her lies,
And hushes every heart that sighs;
The slightest whisper pain can give,
Has power to reach where she doth live;
And swift as starry wings can fly,
She sends down comfort from on high.

She looks with benediction sweet
  On all below, whoe'er they be,
And steals with noiseless, unseen feet
  In haunts of wealth and poverty.
We cannot see her gentle face,
But we can feel her soothing grace,
And e'en her shadowy footsteps trace
Where she has passed with soothing wing,
The shadows from her hair to fling,
And wrap the world in peace a time,
Till o'er the mountain top do climb,
With glowing garments, wings outspread,
The sun's outriders, cloudlets red.
Then far away does Silence fly
Till once more evening clouds the sky.

JAMES M'PHERSON,

A STUDENT of rare worth and bright promise, whose career was cut short just as he was verging into full manhood, was born at Newmilns, Ayrshire, in 1861, and died in June, 1887. He received his elementary education in the Free Church School of his native village, and at the Free Church Normal College, Glasgow, he was recognised as a young man of no ordinary attainments. The writer of a tribute to his memory in the columns of the *Galston Supplement* informs us that "early promptings

led him to choose the great harvest field of the ministry for his life's work, and though the full realisation of those hopes the hand of Providence interfered with, enough we know to claim for him that had life been lengthened he would have occupied an honoured place in the vineyard, and that his star would have shone as a bright light in the firmament. At college his calibre was marked, and in the Divinity Hall—which place he was privileged to attend for one session and part of another—the intellectual abilities disclosed there gave promise of a brilliant future. His impassionate delivery and fiery eloquence we well remember while he endeavoured to force home the truth by apt illustration."

Mr M'Pherson laboured with much success at Lauder and in Shetland during two successive summers under "The Students' Recess Scheme" of the U.P. Church. To his other studies he added music, in which he was very proficient; and, as shown in his writings, his love for, and knowledge of, flowers were deep and extensive. A life abstainer, he was a zealous worker in the temperance and anti-tobacco movements. Four years ago, however, says our informant, the harness had to be unbuckled. The seeds of disease had taken root—had laid their tightening grasp upon him, and necessitated cessation of mental labour. Nevertheless, his hours of solitude and retirement were not marked by idleness, and from this time his poetical and prose contributions to the *Galston Supplement* and other newspapers were pervaded by a spirit of gentleness and resignation. Much beloved, he had a disposition that won love and sympathy from all. Home and the affections were with him congenial themes, but he could at times be jocose, and on such occasions he showed that there was a rich vein of pleasing humour in his composition. The few years of his probation, however, were to him years of spiritual growth, and

his longings to leave the world of Time increased with the lapse of weeks of weariness and suffering. As a voice from the grave came his latest verses. Realising the end approaching, he composed the following lines to be put on a memoriam card, which he styled "My Last Composition"—

Lord, receive me into glory,
  That my prayer, and this my plea,
Simply the old Gospel story,
  Fraught with rest, and heaven, and Thee—
Rest for my poor harrassed body,
  Heaven for my world-weary soul,
Now with Thine arm underneath me,
  Fearless, see I Jordan roll.

A small memorial volume, consisting of a selection of his sermons and other writings, and edited by the Rev. Mr Dalgleish, U.P. Church, Newmilns, was published shortly after his death.

THE NOSE EVERYBODY KNOWS.

See the toper's fiery nose—
  What a nose!
What a tale of tippling does its ruddy hue disclose!
  'Tis so red, red, red,
  And with pimples overspread;
  Like a lizard changing hue,
  Now it's crimson, now it's blue.
What a wealth of whisky-blossoms all around it grows!
  How it glows!
  How it shows
  The reward awaiting those
  Who tipple, tipple, tipple,
  At morning, noon, and night,
  And say they take so little
  That it never makes them "tight."
  Not the least of all the woes
  Such a habit may impose
Is that puffy, pimpled, fiery, flaming nose!
  See it shine, shine, shine,
  With the hue of ruby wine.
'Tis the signal light of Nature showing *red*,
  In so prominent a place
  As the *scenter* of the face,

And it seems to say "there's danger on ahead."
It's a nose you wouldn't covet,
Sure nobody can love it—
Such a sight!
And the face that does possess it
Does appear (we must confess it)
Such a fright!
And the whisky—ah, the whisky,
That makes people blythe and frisky
As it flows,
And that painting, painting, painting,
By every little dose,
Is sure to manufacture such a nose—
Is good for neither man nor woman,
For no one, brute or human,
It's a devil!
And the Drink it is that paints,
Both on sinners and on saints,
Such a highly coloured nose.
And his handiwork he shows
In each blooming whisky rose
On the toper's fiery nose,
As it glances and it glows.
What a lurid light it throws
(Where'er its owner goes)
On the cause of all his woes,
Which everybody knows!
If it be you may not *smell* it,
You easily can tell it
From the silent witness-bearing of his scintillating nose.
See it shine, shine, shine,
With the hue of ruby wine,
Such a sight of a nose! such a fright of a nose!
Such a florid-looking nose! such a horrid-looking nose!
Such a very flabby nose! such an awful shabby nose!
Such a fiery, flaming *ogre* of a nose!

THE DOCTOR.

The doctor he cam' here to heal,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;
Visits folk that arena weel,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;
Looks yer tongue, and says ye're ill,
Recommends the needfu' pill,
Then he sends his little bill,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't.

Bottles, too, he does prescribe,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;

Patients then the stuff imbibe,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;
When they drink they thraw their mou',
Mony a shape their face they screw,
While they're like to hock and spue,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't.

Are ye troubled wi' a cough?
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;
Doctor soon will send it off,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;
Mixture he will for you make,
Spoonful doses you must take,
After you the bottle shake,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't.

Hae ye got a headache sore?
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;
Doctor has relief in store,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;
Pain wi' pouther he can bang,
Lays his *chairge*, an' aff'll gang,
Nae yer heid, but juist the pang,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't.

Does a fever fire yer bluid?
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;
Doctor comes to dae ye guid,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't.
Feels yer pulse, an shakes his heid,
Says ye're gey far wrang indeed,
He'll hae to blister or to bleed,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't.

Are ye bothered wi' the bile?
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;
Doctor comes to mak' it skyle,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;
Liver tonic he'll direct,
Indigestion to correct,
An' free yer bluid frae a' defect,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't.

Hae ye ony beelin' lump?
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;
Doctor comes to gar ye jump,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;
Wi' his lance he jags the sair,
Gars ye "Oh!" and maybe mair,

Bids ye then o' caul' beware,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't.

Hae ye inflammation pangs?
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;
Doctor comes to richt yer wrangs,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;
Owre the spot yer pain to ease
He claps a blister made o' fleas
An' pepper'd a' wi' stangs o' bees,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't.

Hae ye ony broken banes?
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;
Doctor comes to ease yer pains,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;
Them he'll souther en' to en',
Row wi' sticks, an' sune they'll men'
Hoo it's dune, ye never ken,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't.

Doctors differ, patients die,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;
True it is, I kenna why,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't;
But ae point there seems to be
On which the doctors a' agree,
That's the matter o' a fee,
Ha, ha, the healin' o't.

VOICE OF THE ROSE.

(Sent, with a rose, to three invalid brothers, helpless from birth owing to spinal defect.)

Afflicted brothers, unto you I send
A simple flower—accept it from a friend,
Who knows the cross of frailty you've to bear,
And in affliction, too, has had a share.
Plucked from its parent stem, this fragrant rose
Is swiftly hasting to its brief life's close,
To heart that heeds the message that it breathes,
Rich is the legacy a dying flower bequeaths.
Attend, and ere its transient bloom departs,
Learn, while it lives, the lesson it imparts:—

"I'm but a flower, but this I know,
Though born to bloom and fade and die,

'Twas heavenly wisdom made me so,
It is not mine to question why.
God might have made me great in power,
And higher lot to me assigned,
But since He willed me for a flower,
My will was unto His resigned.

"I now appear as beauty's prize,
Transformed to life from dust of earth,
'Twas God who taught me how to rise,
To perfect bloom from humble birth.
'Tis not in vain that He bestows
So much of care and tenderness,
On me, an unassuming rose,
His bounteous Hand hath deigned to bless.

"I've basked beneath the sunbeam's light,
And grateful, oped my petals wide,
To bathe them in the radiance bright,
My bosom swelling high with pride.
I've pined beneath the threat'ning gloom
Of lowering clouds surcharged with power,
To quench the hopes, and blast the bloom,
Of every frail aspiring flower.

"I've heard the zephyr's wooing sigh,
And fluttering, blushed beneath his kiss,
I've felt the raptured moments fly,
That bore away my hour of bliss.
I've trembled at the rising breeze,
And quivered 'neath the angry gale,
Whose wrestling with the giant trees
Makes little flowers in terror quail.

"I've mourned the loss of many a friend,
Swept by the blast to early doom,
I've felt the dews of heaven descend,
Chill on my bosom's opening bloom.
I've, helpless, swayed beneath despair,
And languid drooped my weary head,
While breathing even the hapless prayer,
That my poor little life were sped.

"Yet, 'neath a watchful Eye I've grown,
And now my slender stem is crowned
With wealth of leaves I'm proud to own,
Sweet perfume shedding all around.
The sun, the cloud, the storm, the dew,
Were ministers of higher power,

Whose wondrous care is brought to view,
In life of every little flower.

. . . . . .

"My scented leaves must early fade,
And fall as death's demanded spoil—
Soon scattered all, and lifeless laid,
To mingle with their native soil.
Yet I, a little fading flower,
Will bless the future of my kind,
With feeble fertilizing power
Which, dying, I shall leave behind."

Oh happy human heart where thoughts like these
Awake responsive echo, and that sees
In all its varied lot a Hand divine,
And trustful says "Thy will be done—not mine."
The lowliest flowers most beauty oft possess,
And humblest souls the highest happiness.
To life the frailest mortal can impart
Rich fragrance from a consecrated heart—
A heart where redolent and beauteous grows
The flower divine and fair—sweet Sharon's Rose.

WINTER.

Snow has fallen through the night,
Wreathing robes of purest white,
Earth adorning
In her mourning—
For the world of Nature is dead,
Lying asleep in her snowy bed.

Wrapp'd in her shroud, prepar'd for the tomb,
Silent in death, 'mid the wintry gloom;
Sky overcast,
Snow falling fast—
Feathery flowers are softly spread
To deck the grave of the buried dead.

Without, the world looks lone and dreary;
Within, the heart feels sad and weary.
Clouds are flying,
Winds are sighing—
Wailing a requiem, weird and low,
O'er the dead world entomb'd in snow.

Hush'd is the pattering sound of feet
Hurrying through the noisy street;
A carpet of snow,
Spread out below,
Softens the tread of the busy throng,
Each on his errand speeding along.

The snow has ceased and now lies deep,
Shrouding the Earth in Death's cold sleep,
The light of Day
Has passed away;
The twinkling orbs of Night appear,
Winds are hushed, and skies are clear.

Heaven's starry dome is overhead,
Luna's lustre now is shed
Upon the scene,
Calm and serene—
A silv'ry sheen is softly spread
Over the still and beauteous dead.

The trees—mute mourners—are draped in white,
The landscape like fairyland seems to the sight;
The breeze's breath
Is hushed in death;
And wingèd warblers have ceased to sing,
Awed by the might of the Terror-King.

A solemn stillness reigns around,
Unbroken by the faintest sound;
By silence pained,
The ear is strained
To catch one life-born echo, in vain—
Oh Death! wilt thou thus forever reign

. . . . . .

Say not that Nature is really dead—
She only sleeps in her wintry bed;
And soon will arise
'Neath sunnier skies
To liberate Earth from the Winter's sway,
And deck it again in Summer array.

JAMES BALLANTYNE.

JAMES BALLANTYNE is a name dear to all lovers of Scottish song, and the humble poet bearing the same name is a writer of much promise, and one whom we have special pleasure in bringing under the notice of our readers. Mr Ford in his "Poet's Album" speaks of him as learning in sadness what he teaches in song, for he has cherished his love of poetry amidst uncongenial occupation, and through a number of years of confirmed invalid life. He was born in 1860 in the little village of Crindledyke, parish of Cambusnethan. His father was originally a shoemaker, but took to the occupation of "black diamond cutting" during the time of the "big wages," and when the subject of our sketch was but a boy. In the sixth year of his age young Ballantyne was sent to school, his teacher having taught his mother the rudiments of learning many years before. In course of time the family removed to the mining village of Waterloo, near Wishaw. Here, at the early age of twelve, was closed the record of his school days, and he was sent into the great school of discipline, in which he has had perhaps more sad experience than most are called to undergo. He was apprenticed to a watchmaker in Wishaw, but, not liking this business, an arrangement was come to, and his place filled by a brother, who is now one of the firm of Gibb & Ballantyne, Armadale and Bathgate. Having entered the mine, his first work was to sit all day behind a trap door, and open and shut it when coal hutches were passed on to the "pit bottom." From this weary, monotonous work, he was promoted to the more lively and better

paid position of pony-driver, and afterwards to work at the "coal face" with his father. This was then the golden age with miners, and he was thus able to spend some of his earnings in the purchase of books. With aspiring miners there is always one position that young men are anxious to reach—that of colliery manager; and with the view of acquiring the necessary certificate, Ballantyne took to the study of mining literature, mathematics, &c., and had a course of lessons in theoretical and practical mining engineering.

In 1880 the family removed to Woodend, near Armadale, where they now reside. Here James, at the age of twenty-two, was appointed the overs-man at Craigregrigg Colliery, and, by attending evening classes, qualifed himself for the position of manager when an accident befell him that deprived him of all feeling and motion in his lower extremities, rendering him totally unfit for his calling. Having occasion to go down the pit, by some means or other a huge stone fell from the roof of the mine, and, striking him with great violence, caused a serious fracture of the spine. During winter he is a prisoner in the house, where he is visited by numerous friends whose sympathy does much to add joy to the dull existence of an invalid's weary days. In the summer, however, he is able to visit the many loved spots that he has sweetly portrayed in verse—moving from place to place on a tricycle kindly provided by the Coltness Iron Company and his admirers in the district. "See him when you may," says one who knows him well, "you will always find him with a smiling countenance, and with a cheerful heart under his grievous affliction."

After gaining a little strength, an active spirit like his could not remain idle. Previously the poetic side of his character had been receiving some attention. He had been diligently studying the poetical works of some of the best authors, and occasionally giving the

public a few of his own verses. These have been printed from time to time in the *Airdrie and Hamilton Advertiser*, *West Lothian Courier*, *Dundee Weekly News*, &c. One of his pieces, "The Angler's Song," which originally appeared in the *Glasgow Evening Times*, attracted the attention of Mr Ferrie, a well-known publisher of Scottish music in Glasgow. Of this song the *Scottish Leader* says:—"Mr James Ballantyne has in the verses entitled 'The Angler's Song; or the Muckle May-flee,' drawn a graphic picture—in strong Doric—of the pleasures of the piscatorial art and of the conditions under which it can be most thoroughly enjoyed. To these lines Mr T. S. Gleadhill—an experienced and prolific producer of national music—has composed an air which is catching and breezy, and imbued with those peculiarities of structure characteristic of Scotch music."

In Mr Ballantyne's minor pieces we find several delicately fresh and dainty little poems, pictured with much vividness and glow of language, and showing him to be a close observer of nature, and a loving admirer of its beauties. His more lengthy productions evince a mind essentially of a poetic type, considerable literary culture, a keen appreciation of homely enjoyments, and a pretty wide knowledge of the "hamely Doric."

For some time back there has been appearing in the columns of the *West Lothian Courier* a series of graceful and thoughtful articles, entitled "The Poetry of the Dell," in which much information is given by Mr F. Barnard (noticed in our Tenth Series) and others regarding the poets and poetry of the district of Woodend. The Editor of the *Courier* has generously resolved to publish them in book form, the proceeds arising from the sale of which is to be handed over to our poet.

[We regret to add that while at press the intelligence reached us of the death of Mr Ballantyne. The

West Lothian Courier of September 17, 1887, says:—"He came out this summer as usual from his indoor confinement and moved about on his tricycle, making his wonted calls at the door of his most intimate friends, and seemed, considering his condition, in his usual health and spirits, but about six weeks ago he caught a little cold which produced inflammation, and was the beginning of the end. He was again confined to bed, and his wasted form being unable to bear the additional strain on his vital powers, he gradually grew worse until on the morning of the 9th September he calmly and peacefully breathed his last."]

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

I'll up in the morning, and rig mysel' oot,
Wi' my stockings and basket and tackle sae stoot,
And aff to the burnie, whaur trooties sae slee,
Are jumpin' to nab up the muckle May-flee.

An' O for the fun 'mang the sweet singing rills,
And the boulder stanes big, like to wee frowning hills,
Where lies the sleet trootie, wi' sharp greedy e'e,
Aye ready to rise at the muckle May-flee.

Then O for the breeze that can dress in a fril!,
The lang glassy flats wi' their surfaces still,
Where lies the big trootie, sae bonnie to see,
That's plumpie been made by the muckle May-flee!

An' O for my basket, my rod, and my reel,
An' O for the trootie, the pike, and the eel,
An' wee speckled par, aye sae sportive and free,
That jumps a' its pith at the muckle May-flee.

An' O for the 'oor, when back to my hame,
I tak my big basket, weel stow'd i' the wame,
An' O for the wifie that's happy to see
A tak' that's been got wi' the muckle May-flee.

THE LAND I WINNA LEA'.

Men talk o' lands beyond the sea,
  Whose skies are ever clear,
Where orange groves and roses sweet
  Their scenery make dear;
But, ah! for them I dinna care,
  I seek not distant bowers,
I'm quite content wi' Scotland's hills,
  And Scotland's bonnie flowers.

Auld Scotland's bonnie woods an' dells,
  Aye help to charm my e'e,
An', for her glens an' streamlets deep,
  Nae bonnier I see;
The music o' her siller brooks
  Aye cheers my Scottish he'rt;
Na, na, for me there's nane sic like,
  Frae them I canna pairt.

I love her purple moorlands wild,
  An' tufts o' waving broom,
That aye in sunny summer time
  Are clad in gowden bloom;
I love the land where grows the slae,
  An' stately birken tree,
The scenery o' Scotland dear
  I canna, canna lea'.

I canna lea' my native land,
  Where a' my faithers rest,
Deep, deep below the verdant sod
  Wi modest gowans drest;
Their graves an' battle fields o' fame
  Are ever dear to me,
My Scotland, land o' liberty,
  I winna, winna lea'.

like to roam at freedom 'mong
  The thistles and the ferns,
And view upon the moorlands quiet
  The venerated cairns,
Where sleep the noble men of old,
  Who fought to try and free
Auld Scotland, land o' liberty,
  The land I winna lea'.

A RETROSPECT.

Ilk primrose in a shady nook,
An' cheery sang frae siller brook,
An' woody glen wi' fairy look,
  Remind me aye o' Bonkle

An' a' its bonnie glens an' braes,
Where linties trill their gleesome lays,
An' where I ran in bygone days
  Wi' schule companions cheery,

Wha had like me nae care or wae
When searching through ilk glen an' brae
For nits sae sweet an' berries blae
  In places dull and dreary.

The birdies' sangs we liked to hear,
They banished frae oor minds ilk fear,
Nae thocht had we o' ghaist bein' near,
  An' never were we eerie.

We liked to pu' the crimson haw,
The rowan red an' rose o' snaw,
Frae mid-day bricht to gloamin' fa'
  We ran e'er we gat weary.

Oot on the brae by auld Bridgend,
Where Calder clear an Auchter send
Up sangs sae sweet as on they wend
  'Mang woods an' groves sae briery.

JEAN KYD.

VERY favourably known under the nom-de-plume of "Deborah" as the author of poems possessing much power of imagination and considerable vigour of

thought, was born and educated in Dundee. She lived on the outskirts of that town until her marriage, at the age of nineteen, in the year 1877. For a short period following, she resided at Carnoustie. By the time she was twenty-one years of age she was a widow, and again lived under her father's roof. About three years later, her first literary effort—"Confirmation Day"—was written, and duly received the honour of a place in the *Dundee Evening Telegraph*. Since then, at short intervals, and in varied and trying circumstances, she has contributed with much acceptance prose and verse to its columns, as well as short tales, ballads, and poems, to several Scottish and English periodicals. Mrs Kyd lived a few years in Kenilworth and London, until, in the early winter of 1886, she again returned to Dundee—a widow for the second time, and leaving behind the remains of a husband and two children buried in St Mary's Cemetery, Battersea.

It has been frequently remarked that "Deborah" in her writings is sad, but when we have thus made known the fact that she has been led through deep and dark "waters of affliction," it will readily be understood why her thoughts are so often in a subdued and reflective strain Home and the affections are to her genial themes, and all her utterances are full of pathetic sympathy, and are consequently pervaded by a spirit of gentleness.

DO YOU REMEMBER.

Do you remember how the roses bloomed
  Beneath the nursery window wide and low,
And how, all day, the chamber was perfumed
  With their rich fragrance—many years ago?
And how we woke to greet the morn's first smile
  Blythe as the birds on the old apple tree
Beside the door?—no wish to rest awhile
  With our young pulses dancing in our glee.

Do you remember how the mid-day sun
Came streaming in through the wide lobby door,
And how bold garden sparrows oft would run,
And chirp and peck upon the polished floor
And how we used to sing and run and laugh,
With never thought of trouble that might be?
Surely the days were longer then, by half,
Than those the passing years now bring to me!

Do you remember the soft soothing song
From the broad river, and its quiet flow?
And the fresh breath of seaweed borne along
Which filled our garden in that long ago?
Our feet ne'er seemed to tire or weary be,
No winter seemed to come with frosty dew;
But now it's ever winter cold—ah me!—
And sore I lag ere half the day be through.

There seemed no haste, no busy bustling hours,
No jarring words, nor bitter pushing ways;
But now there's never time for wayside flowers,
Work, heavy work, so fills my hands and days.
Ay, far in olden years are those sweet times,
Worn, now, my frame, my hair is white as snow,
Yet, like the soothing sound of Sabbath chimes,
Come memories of the days of long ago.

THE SEA.

"The foaming waves are fair to see,"
You say; but I know they're cruel and deep;
If you were a fisher-wife, same as me,
Maybe you'd smile on 'em then—I weep.

See how they sparkle along the shore,
Wooing and kissing the golden sand!
As tho' they ne'er rose in an angry roar,
And dashed our boats on the rocky strand!

Smooth and smiling they chime so sweet,
And the children, laughing, dip with glee
Their little brown hands and little brown feet
In the dancing sheen: my heart's i' that sea.

O there be many o' mine at rest
Deep down where the sun can never shine,
And the black, cold water laps over their breast,
And their hair is hard with the cruel brine.

Sometimes they call on me "Come!" so shrill,
That I rise and loosen the latch o' the door,
But soon as I open it all is still,
And the night-wave breaks on the shrouded shore.

The neighbours call me "soft" and "queer,"
I know my brain gets mazed at night,
But I've lived so lonesome this many a year
Wi' only my dead and drowned i' my sight.

I'll see them again, but the time seems long—
Yes, all of them, father, husband, son,
And my mind'll be clear, and my head not wrong,
And none'll be missing, no, not one.

He knows the way o' the boundless sea,
His path is among the rocks and the foam:
Surely he'll think o' them all, and me,
And bring his poor fisher children home.

NEAR HAME.

The gloamin' wind is pleasant,
The sun has westered far;
The licht that shines upon my road
Comes na frae moon or star;
The music soundin' in my ears
Comes frae nae earthly string,
It's the harpin' and the singin'
In the city o' the King.

The cup the Father's gi'en me
Hasna aye been fu' and sweet,
And the path His hand has led me
Aft has wearied my weak feet;
And the soughin' wind o' sorrow
Aft has killed life's dearest thing—
But there'll be nae sighin'
In the city o' the King.

The friends that wi' me started
Strong, at break of day,
Have a' gaen in afore me,
Alane I take my way;
And the skies shine na sae brichtly,
And my heart it winna sing,
But He'll tune my lips to praise Him
In the city o' the King.

Ane after ane! my dear gudeman,
The kindest and the best,
And twa dear little bairnies
That hung aboot my breast,
Till I thocht my very heart would burst
Or brak its secret spring—
But they're waitin' a' to greet me
In the city o' the King.

O pleasant is the gloamin' oor
To them that's needin' rest,
And to the weary traveller
The nicht's a welcome guest.
The flicht is nearly ended noo,
And weary is my wing,
But new strength will be gi'en me
In the city o' the King.

My pilgrim shoon are a' outworn,
The dust cleaves to my dress,
But there is Ane has bocht me
A robe o' righteousness;
Nae hands on earth could fashion
Sae fine and fair a thing,
And He will put it on me
In the city o' the King.

It's no the gold-crooned angels
That will mak' the place sae sweet,
As wi' viol, harp, an' singin'
They throng the shinin' street;
The Lamb will be the pleasure,
And kent faces He will bring
To smile on me a welcome
In the city o' the King.

ONE MORE RIVER.

I hear the boom and the rushing
Of a hundred rivers behind,
The voice of their song and gushing
Comes borne on the breath of the wind
The rivers of this world's pleasure
That have caused us sorrow and loss,
And they sing in their flowing measure
"There's one more river to cross."

We have traversed valleys and meadows,
The mountains and hills are all clomb,

Now, far thro' dim mists and shadows,
We catch a glimmer of Home—
Of glories that flash and quiver,
And the pearly gateway's gloss,
But "there's one more river,
One more river to cross."

Courage! Christ will deliver,
The grasp of His hand can save,
His feet have crossed the river,
Have dipped in its cold black wave;
He hath redeemed us, sought us,
Purchased us, not with dross,
He'll not let us sink—for He bought us—
In the "one more river to cross."
The ark of His love is our guiding,
Among us is Israel's God,
The waters will burst at His bidding,
And we will pass over dryshod.

I hear the boom and the rushing
Of a hundred rivers behind,
The voice of their song and gushing
Comes borne on the breath of the wind;
The rivers of this world's pleasure,
That have caused us sorrow and loss,
And they tell in their flowing measure,
"There's one more river to cross."

MARJORIE'S TRYST.

"O tryst me, luve, by the castle yett,
At the lane mirk hour when starns are set;
Nane sall be there oor joy to mar
Wi' words o' rebuke, or strife, or war."
O the moonlicht shimmers on tree an' stane,
An' the owlet screechs i' the tower alane.

"It's I will come, my luve, sae true,
An' plight i' the greenwood my troth to you,
Whaur the rockin' branches wave sae green
Aboon the wimplin' burnie's sheen."
O the moonlicht, &c.

The tryst was fixed, the kiss was gien,
Fond luvers they; what ill had been?
O the moonlicht, &c.

But deep i' the shade o' the ruined castell
Stood ane in whose breast flamed the fires o' hell;

He swore—till the great trees shuddered an' shook,
An' the licht o' the starns the place forsook—
That the blude o' man wad rin like rain
Ere thae luvers should meet an' pairt again.
O the moonlicht, &c.

She sall be mine, fair Marjorie,
Come weal or woe, my bride maun she be,
For what is Donald? A shepherd mean!
An' I am the laird o' Eaglesdean.
An' what owns he? Some sheep! a gray plaid!
While my coffers rin ower wi' the gowd sae red.
Yet what is my gowd if it canna gie
This Marjorie sweet my wife to be?
Sae I swear it again, come weal or pain,
Thae twa shaunna meet in peace again.
O the moonlicht, &c.

When the still starns gleamed on the castle green,
When the breath o' nicht was on the scene,
Then Donald blythe and Marjorie fair
To keep their tryst to the place repair.
O the moonlicht, &c.

Afore the first sweet kiss was gien
(O the moonlicht shimmered on tree an' stane),
A sharp licht flashed i' the bricht moon's sheen
(An the owlet screeched i' the tower alane).

Wi' a curse an' a shout, great Eaglesdean's lord
Leapt on young Donald wi' unsheathed sword;
Dumfounded and wordless the shepherd gazed,
But Marjorie saw the hand upraised,
She saw the gleam in the laird's black een—
The death-gleam o' anger an' bitter spleen.
O the moonlicht, &c.

Wi' never a word, ere the sword could fa'
She flung her fair bodie atween the twa,
An' the stab that was meant to be Donald's pairt
Has twined the life frae sweet Marjorie's heart.
O the moonlicht, &c.

As tho' hounds o' hell were at his back
Fast flew the laird ower bush and brack,
Wi' never a hindward glance for fear,
Awa he flew ower bracken an' brier.
O the moonlicht, &c.

An' never again near Eaglesdean
Was the swarthy face o' the laird ance seen,
But waste lie his lands, an' his mansion gray
Is the howff o' ilk fiercesome beast o' prey.
An' the moonlicht, &c.

But Donald young, the shepherd lad,
Laid his ain sweet luve in his auld gray plaid,
An' bore her awa ower moss an' fen
Far, far frae the haunts o' women an' men.
O the moonlicht, &c.

But brocht her back—when days were past—
An' buried her deep whaur the burn rins fast,
Whaur branches sigh her requiem hymn
An' the mavis lilts i' the gloamin' dim.
O the moonlicht, &c.

Yet never a word to man nor maid
Frae that nicht to this has Donald said,
An' never a word—alas an' alack!—
To a' their speerin' gae he back.
O the moonlicht, &c.

But like a speerit lost he gaes,
An' moans to the gloamin' wind his waes;
An' ever an' aye he sabs an' sighs,
Till the castle echoes back his cries;
An' aye, i' the gloamin', ye him may see
Still seekin' the grave o' his Marjorie;
An' they wander thegither ower moss an' fell
Till ower the fields chimes the matin bell.
O the moonlicht, &c.

Tho' mass for fair Marjorie's saul has been said,
An' the priest has chaunted, an' preached, an' prayed,
Aye yet i' the greenwood her white ghaist strays,
An' we daurna gang there after gloamin's rays,
Whaur the moonlicht shimmers on tree an' stane,
An' the owlet screechs i' the tower alane.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

"EDWARD GARRETT."

QUITE recently the genial and talented writer of "Literary Notes" in the *Glasgow Mail* satisfied a natural curiosity as to the personality of a well-known writer, and revealed the fact that "Edward Garrett" is the *nom-de-plume* of a Scottish authoress, whose maiden name is Isabella Fyvie. Although she had the *misfortune* to be *born* in London, she has not a drop of English blood in her veins. When a child her delight was to sit in the "gloamin' firelight" on her father's knee and listen to the legends of Buchan, and the stories that he brought with him from his father's farm, where his ancestors had been settled for three hundred years. His people were staunch Scotch Episcopalians, one of them being the Dean of Moray and Ross. Our poet's mother's ancestors, on the paternal side, belong to the Border country, and have been, and are, all of the nonconforming religion—among her near relatives being the late Rev. A. Hislop, Free Church, Arbroath, author of "The Two Babylons," &c., and the Rev. S. Hislop, missionary and scientist in India; while, on the maternal side, her mother's people belong to an old and respected Aberdeen family of Established Kirk persuasions. In her own person she thus unites the three lines of argument on which her countrymen have sharpened their intellects for so many centuries.

Mrs Mayo was born in 1843. Younger by many years than the rest of the family, she was educated at a day school, where she took many prizes, not perhaps because she was particularly fond of study, but because she had set her heart on succeeding, and was willing to work. That she was strenuously conscientious even in childhood will be

readily believed by any one who is conversant with her writings. Her first impulse to literary work, as we are informed by the writer of the "notes" referred to, came from a relative, then a student at King's College, who saw promise in her school essays and occasional poems, and threw out the suggestion of a literary career. For seven years she worked with literally no pecuniary return; and it was not till her "Occupations of a Retired Life" appeared in the *Sunday Magazine* that such encouragement came as fixed her for life in the guild of letters. She was only seventeen when her life became severely practical, the dreamy girl-period over and gone, the future lying in a thick mist before her; and the next few years were full of severe discipline, for which, however, she now feels devoutly thankful, as to that discipline she owes the best part of her power to-day. It has enabled her to make her books helpful in the highest degree to others, and especially to those who are harassed by doubt. At eighteen she made the acquaintance of Mrs S. C. Hall, whose encouragement and practical help were of great use to her, and who became the good genius of her early womanhood. In 1870 she was married to Mr Mayo, a young London lawyer. He was in delicate health, which made travel imperative, and this led to a Canadian tour, followed by much residence in Surrey, of which we get bright glimpses in more than one of her stories. In 1877 she became a widow, and in the following year she left London, which had then grown unendurable to her. At first she was in danger of lapsing into hopeless invaldism, but from this she was saved by fixing her home in Aberdeen, and also by devoting herself to the interests and needs of others. An adopted son and young friend have shared her Scottish home. She is best known, as we have already stated, by her *nom-de-plume*, in the pages of the *Sunday Magazine*, *Good Words*,

The Quiver, *Sunday at Home*, *Girls' Own Paper*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, &c. From several of these magazines we are privileged to give the following selections from her poetical productions. These, like her very popular tales and sketches, are always charming and natural in detail, and show that her sympathies are wide, while her narratives are ever drawn with power and accuracy. Her ballads are remarkable for quaint simplicity and those lightly marked rhymes peculiar to that style of verse. She also takes easily to the artificial measures of the sonnet, and all her utterances possess not only directness of thought, but also much depth of imagination and artistic finish.

THE FATHER'S HAND.

I'm only an old wife now, sir, and I've time to sit on the strand,
A-watching the boats come in and the children at play on the sand.
Seventy years, sir—all of my days—I have lived beside the sea,
And it has been meat and money, and joy and sorrow to me.

Father and husband and boys, sir, there was not a man of them all
Could have lain still in the house, sir, when the winds and the waters call,
My father and husband sleep in the graves of our folk by the shore,
But both of the boys who left me—they never came back any more.

I've often felt ready to sink, sir, but one thought would keep me afloat,
Something I learned as a little lass, going out in my father's boat.
Do you know, sir, it's often struck me the lesson of life is writ
Plain out in the world around us, if we'd but give our minds to it?

My father hadn't a lad, sir, so he paid the more heed to me,
Would take me with him in summer, far out on the open sea,
And he'd let me handle the oars, sir, and pull with my might *and main,*
But if I'd been left to myself, sir, we'd not have seen home again.

"Pull, little maid!" he would cheer me, but still kept his hand
on the oar,
So though I might try to turn us to some pretty bay on the
shore,
Still straight went our boat to our harbour—and I grew stronger
each day,
And found that the only wisdom was in rowing my father's way.

And I think, sir, that God our Father keeps hold of the world
just so,
We may strive and struggle our utmost, that thus we may
stronger grow,
Stronger and wiser and humbler, till at last we can understand
The beauty and peace of His keeping the oar of our life in His
hand.

For our Father knows what we really want is labour and rest
with Him,
So He bears us straight over joy and loss and discontent and
whim,
Though oft it's not, till we sit like me, a-watching life's sinking
sun,
That we feel our best is our latest prayer, and that is "God's
will be done."

A PARABLE.

Far up the quiet country side
Near lonely farm and ancient kirk,
Where neighbours stroll at eventide
With homely talk of love and work,
A silver stream flows soft and fair,
And any hand might turn it there.

But from the heights of pathless hills
A thousand streamlets join its own,
Until its voice the echo fills
And shakes the bridges o'er it thrown,
And startles awestruck hearts of men,
And woe to aught would stay it then.

Now, still once more, but mighty grown,
To God's great sea it finds its way,
Which laps the shores of lands unknown,
Where our dark night is brightest day.
O quiet stream beside the kirk,
Who could foresee your way or work!

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

(WRITTEN DURING WAR IN THE SOUDAN.)

Old wrongs and new go rampant o'er the time,
In Christ's own house the money-changers sit,
And none are found His whip of cords to knit.
None dare to strangle slander in its slime,
Or grapple sin before it grows to crime—
The men whose wealth is plundered from the poor
Are praised for feeding beggars at their door!
So rushes on the world to clutch and climb
Smiling on martyred saints as out of date—
Yet where the desert sands are dry and hot
Our soldiers fight—the wherefore asking not,
Stern, as their Moslem foes who rest on Fate,
They perish, patient—one man facing ten.
Only God's battles lag, for lack of men!

DOWN WHITECHAPEL WAY.

O, don't I wish I was ill again,
That I might go where the ladies sing,
And tell one about the lovely fields,
Where they gather the nosegays they always bring.
For down in our court 'tisn't hymns we hear,
Save sometimes trolled as a drunken song;
And if some of us gets a bit put out,
We pitches our language pretty strong.

Why, father himself—but to speak the truth,
And yet be fair to the poor old dad,
If he isn't so very, very drunk,
He isn't so very, very bad.
Mother gets out of his way those nights,
Or he'd beat her till she was black and blue;
But she only says it is all all because
The London pubs sell such fiery brew.

An' she owns she's sharp o' the tongue and cross;
But if she is, is she much to blame?
There's no fine clothes for her, as there is
For the girls that she calls by the awful name;
And she's no nice room like our nurses had,
With flowers and pictures and friends to call,
But a three-pair back where the washing swings,
And father must work and the babies squall.

I wonder sometimes how mother'd look
In a clean white cap and a lilac gown?

Yet I'll never see her in such, I guess,
  Though the parsons promise us robe and crown,
And silver gateways and streets o' gold—
  And I hope the angels can keep them clean,
An' that folks won't crowd into heaven so thick
  As not to leave us a bit o' green.

But there's some don't believe what the parsons say—
  And one's the tailor who lives downstairs,
Who uses the Bible to light his pipe,
  And scoffs at prayer, though he always swears;
And there's Long Dick, too, of another sort,
  Sober and decent and kind and fair,
Who thinks that the world could not be what it is,
  If there was a Father above to care.

And he's so sorry to fear there ain't,
  That he tries to care for the world himself;
I've known him give to a starving boy
  All the food he had on his little shelf—
(I was that boy, so I ought to know);
  And though he isn't the sort that fights,
Women and children—and cats and dogs—
  Know to look to Dick when they want their rights.

Says I to Long Dick this day last week,
  "I believe there's a God, because there's you!
Where do you come from, Dick," says I,
  "If the best that they tell of Him isn't true?'
But now Dick's going abroad, he says,
  To seek some place where the sunshine's free;
Perhaps he'll find God in the far, far West,
  And I trust God will still keep an eye on me!

I'd go myself, but I'm just too old
  To be taken out as the children are,
And the gentlemen folk that I've spoken to,
  Say I'm not the sort that should travel far;
They pinch my muscles, and shake their heads,
  "There's no farm-labour in him," they say—
So there's nothing better in store for me
  Than a coster's barrow Whitechapel way.

. . . . . .

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT M

Ance I had a wife o' my ain,
  An *ingle* warm and bright,
A candle in my window set
  To cheer me hame at night

che view of be-
er, ignominiously
ue counter, at which
After experiencing

But now the wife's in heaven above,
An' through its opened door,
Heaven's glory's haudin' up my heart,
Across earth's lonely moor.

Ance I had a bit bonnie farm,
An' watched for rain and shine,
But noo I look on a' the land,
An' a' the land seems mine.
In the vera sun i' the ift
I feel to have my share—
There's something in me sib to all
That's living anywhere!

An' thochts come ben, I canna tell—
In words they'd only look
Like butterflies wi' pins stuck through,
An' fastened in a book;
I'd rather let 'em flutter out
On God's own bonnie trees—
The eyes may often hae a sight
O' what hands shouldna seize.

There's depth in life man canna sound,
There's height he canna reach,
But there's a Light that shines for all,
And there's a Way for each;
And turning to the right is joy,
And to the wrang is hell,
Yet there's one thing man canna miss,
An' that is God Himsel'.

THE ELDER SISTER.

Sis and I were alone together:
Our mother had died before I knew;
Sis remembered her dying whisper—
"Baby, Sis must be good to you!"
And every morning she kneeled and prayed
To keep the trust which was on her laid.

Sis learned the lessons I'd have to learn,
She read the books that I liked to read,
She kept my cash, and she darned my socks,
And fed the pets I forgot to feed!
But a three-pleasure, and that was true:
And father likes what it ought do!

I wonder sometimes, my loyal Sis—
In a clean white ch, though it brought me blame.

"Who learns to blush for himself," said Sis,
"Is saved from the bitter outer shame."
Sis loved enough to have used a knife
On a loved one's limb, to save his life.

So she loved me all through, my Sis,
As only the strong hearts dare to do
Who fears the truth is afraid to love,
And cares for himself and not for you!
For Love has ever to pay the cost
To save the sinking, and find the lost.

And when life broadened before my feet,
And faces turned to the far, far west,
Sis rose to follow. "No land on earth
Is meant," said she, "for our lazy rest.
When loved ones go, it is time to move;
The best of living is work and love."

Hardships she bore with ready laughter,
Never a word had our shifts but praise:
Life will be richer ever after
For thoughts of those dear old roughing days;
While Sis has now her own home to grace,
And I know someone to fill her place!

FRANCIS BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR of "The Crusader and other Poems and Lyrics" (1848), and "Sparks from Sheffield Smoke" (1882), is a native of Perth, where he was born in 1825. He was educated at Kinnoul School, and, much against his own inclination, was afterwards (at the age of seventeen) apprenticed to a draper. His dislike to this occupation was then so strong that he at length ran away from home with the view of becoming a sailor. He was, however, ignominiously brought back to the drudgery of the counter, at which *he continued until* recent years. After experiencing

many changes throughout the United Kingdom, he settled in Sheffield, where he still resides.

Mr Buchanan, at a very early age, evinced a love for the Muse. He was always happy in the solitude of wood and glen, embracing every opportunity of communing with Nature, and even frequently "playing truant" from school to attain that object. When twenty-two years of age he was elected Bard of the Worshipful Brotherhood of the Royal Arch Free Masons of Perth, and has the honour of being enrolled amongst "The Modern Yorkshire Poets," a work of much interest and ability, edited by Mr William Andrews of Hull. He still occasionally writes for several magazines, and also to the local, and a number of the Scotch and Australian newspapers. Mr Buchanan is a versatile writer, ever smooth and melodious; and though he has found a home in England, his heart still turns fondly to Auld Mither Scotland, his poetry showing how deeply the scenes and recollections of his early days are engrafted in his memory. In the words of a writer in the *Dundee Weekly News*, to which he is an occasional contributor, "Though his lot has been cast in the midst of the din and smoke of the great manufacturing town, he finds leisure amidst the rushing and crashing of machinery to evolve some bright poetic "sparks" to illumine the murky, stifling atmosphere by which he is surrounded." Mr Buchanan is evidently of a reflective and philosophic turn of mind. He loves to muse on things past and present, and treats his subjects in a clear and lucid manner, his lines having a smooth, pleasant, and healthy ring about them. Many of his poems are beautifully descriptive, and all of them indicate that the author is possessed of a cultivated and refined taste.

THE DYING POET.

He is sitting at a table, and a tallow candle's sputter,
As it crackles to exist amidst the gloom,
Throws a baleful sort of glimmer, and the shadows dance and flutter
On the wretchedness that floats around the room,
And a pallid face within that dusky room.

Thro' the attic's dusty lattice streams a midnight glory, beaming,
And it struggles to alight upon the floor,
Just beneath the chair and table, where the poet in his dreaming,
Is enshrined amongst the treasurings of yore—
The lovings that are dead, and gone before.

Far from that squalid garret, where the fever-hag is breathing,
He is soaring, upward soaring, thro' the vast,
And the king is busy gnawing, as the garlands are enwreathing
Round the shadowy memorials of the past—
The far off gleaming—duskness of the past.

The batter'd clay is shrinking, and the candle's wick is blinking
As it moves the dreary shadows on the wall;
And nearer to the table, the impressive face is sinking,
He is dying of starvation—that is all—
Jostled, from life's busy cycle—that is all!

"Home, home," the poet murmurs; "they are beckoning and waving,
And I see beloved faces all a-smile;
And the tassel'd broom is golden, where the summer brook is laving,
By the stepping-stones beneath the rustic stile—
It is but," he whispers softly, "but a mile.

"Ah, the flowers of May their tribute to my weariness are bringing,
For they loved me, as they loved the golden light;
And I hear the dear old voices, as they welcome me with singing."
'Twas the tempest singing dirges to the night—
Singing death songs as his eyes were meeting light.

He is roaming, in his fancy, where the mountain straineth higher,
Bonneted with snows of ages in the blue,
And he looks upon the emblem, as his soul is getting nigher,
To the purity that streameth on its view;
To a something that is gladdening and new.

And the silver ray is creeping, tho' it seemeth to be sleeping,
On the coldness of the bare and boarded floor;
And the poet's soul ascending is amongst the golden reaping,
Which they're garnering within the mystic door,
Where the weary are at rest for evermore.

LABOUR.

Labour, labour, labour,
In workshop and in field;
Labour with a willing heart;
Earnestness will yield;
And if a gloomy adverse comes,
He's a coward who succumbs.

Labour with thy brains, man,
Labour with thy hands;
Shew the talent God hath lent;
Stand by His commands;
Strike through the rock; the purest gold
Is not found above the mould.

When thy country wants thee
Give her all thy might,
Or in council or in craft,
Or in deadly fight;
Sacrifice upon the shrine
All the strength that may be thine.

Raise her flag, if trodden
Down into the dust;
'Tis a sacred symbol given
Sacred to thy trust.
Ah, resist ignominy—
Ye are still the mighty free.

Raise the banner royal;
Will ye have it risen
At the fore peak and the main,
And the lofty mizzen?
It hath flaunted there before
In the brave old days of yore.

Labour, Britain, labour;
Rest not with thy fame;
Duty wants thy strong right arm
To protect thy name;
Thy escutcheon dimmer grows
With the breaths of inborn foes.

THE AULD THING OWER AGAIN.

When I was young—a careless loon—
My mither used to say to me,
"Afore you lift your parritch spoon
Ask God to bless the things ye hae;
An' when ye grow to be a man—
In lichtsome pleasure or in pain—
Be sure 'twill be the wisest plan
To do the auld thing ower again."

My mither's words I've kept in view,
In plenty or in waesome doon;
An' conscience aye the lichter grew
When mindin' o' my parritch spoon.
Eh, sirs! I've been in mony a splore
At hame an' yont the stormy main,
An', as they did in times afore,
I try the auld thing ower again.

When gowks fa' oot, like heidstrong fools,
An' scart an' crack ilk ither's croons,
I'm fear'd they've tint the gowden rules,
An' clean forgat their parritch spoons;
It's better let sic quarrels be,
Help ane anither on like men;
Hoo pleasant if we could agree
To do the auld thing ower again.

Come, stir your stumps, the warld's fine,
December's just as fair as June,
Try as they did in auld langsyne
Afore ye lift your parritch spoon;
Ae drap o' dew cheers up a weed,
It's sent by Nature to sustain—
God bless the charitable deed,
An' bless the auld thing ower again.

O STAY WI' ME.

O stay wi' me, my lassie dear,
Until the moon peeps ower the hill;
The burnie murmurs saft an' clear,
An' sangs o' luve the woodland fill;
O stay ye by the rashies green,
An' when the starnie opes its e'e,
An' nicht *is busk'd* in siller sheen,
I'll whisper tales o' luve to thee.

The laverock seeks her lowly nest
Amang the clover's scented bloom,
The dewdrap weets her speckled breast,
The lintie bends the yellow broom,
My truesome luve I daurna tell
Before the blush o' day will dee;
When gloamin' creeps around the dell
I'll whisper tales o' luve to thee.

Thy glancin' e'e, sae bonny blue,
Is clear as yonder lift sae hie,
The whiteness o' thy lily broo
The spotless snawdrift canna gie!
An' oh thy cheeks an' cherry mou'
Invite to rest the honey bee—
Whate'er betide I will be true,
An' whisper tales o' luve to thee.

Dear lassie, come, the sun's gane doun,
An' ilka grassy howe an' knowe
Is glintin' 'neath the gowden moon—
O come an' hear my true luve's vow;
I couldna wi' deceit beguile
For a' the walth the world can gie,
If I was king o' Britain's isle
I still wad whisper luve to thee.

MAGGIE LYLE.

My lassie sits by yonder burn,
Singin' a' the while,
Saftly blaws the westlan' wind
Round sweet Maggie Lyle;
Oh, there's nane like Maggie,
Winsome Maggie Lyle;
My luve's the queen amang the flowers—
Bonny Maggie Lyle.

The gowan on the summer mead—
Whiter than the snaw—
Glints like yonder bonny star
That's sae far awa,
But it's no' like Maggie,
Wi' her silvery smile—
My luve's the queen amang the flowers—
Modest Maggie Lyle.

My Maggie's fairer than the rose
Enfram'd in vernal green;

Wot ye whaur my wild bud grows
In the brake unseen;
Oh, list, ye slumbering flowers,
Fairy notes beguile,
'Tis your queen that warbles there—
Gentle Maggie Lyle.

The dewdraps glance in summer's morn
Like my Maggie's een,
On the blaworts in the corn
Brichter arena seen;
An' they droop to Maggie,
Trippin' ower the stile—
My luve's the queen amang the flowers—
Blythesome Maggie Lyle.

READY AND WILLING.

Ready and willing our fathers of yore
Fought like true Britons for Queen and renown,
We, their descendants, are still to the fore,
Ready and willing to die for the crown.
Up with the banner o'er ocean and plain,
It hath protected the slave and the free,
Under its shadow we'll conquer again—
England, old England, is queen of the sea.
Sailors be ready—steady, boys, steady—
Pull altogether our rights to maintain;
Plant the broad standard—first in the vanguard
England, old England, will ever remain.

Ready and willing with help for the weak,
Glorious our mission and proud our command,
Quarrels with neighbours we never will seek,
But we'll be ready with heart and with hand—
Ready to succour the nations afar,
England's proud banner floats over the sea,
Noble in commerce, terrific in war,
The terror of tyrants, and joy of the free.
Soldiers, be ready—steady, boys, steady—
Pull altogether our rights to maintain;
Plant the broad standard—first in the vanguard
England, old England, will ever remain.

REV. DR KENNEDY MOORE.

ALTHOUGH William Kennedy Moore was born in India, he spent his boyhood and received his University training in Scotland. His father was in the service of the Hon. East India Company, having been first attached to the Bombay Native Infantry, and afterwards promoted to the Commissariat Department. He had his early education from some missionaries of the London Missionary Society at Belgaum, and afterwards he came under the care of the Scottish missionaries in Bombay, who at that time were Dr John Wilson, Mr Robert Nesbitt, and Dr Murray Mitchell. On retiring from the army his father returned to Scotland, and subsequently went out to Melbourne, taking all his family with him except the subject of this sketch, who had commenced his attendance at the classes in the University of Glasgow. Here he had a brilliant career as a student, winning prizes in every branch of study which he pursued, and attaining the highest rank in classics and the mental sciences. After taking his degree of M.A. he removed to Edinburgh, and studied at the New College. He afterwards became assistant to the Rev. Dr Stewart, of Leghorn, Italy; and, on his return to Scotland, he acted for a short time as assistant to the well-known Dr Begg, of Newington, Edinburgh, with whom he always continued to be on very friendly terms. He was subsequently ordained as minister at St George's Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, in 1864, and in 1876 he removed to Portsmouth. For the last few years Dr Moore has resided in London, and given himself mainly to literary work. He is editor of the *Presbyterian Messenger*, the organ of the Presbyterian Church of England, and also of *Evangelical Christendom*, the organ of the Evangelical Alliance.

Dr Kennedy Moore has written three or four volumes, besides his very numerous articles—his principal work being entitled "Proverbial Sayings of Our Lord." He is, however, perhaps most widely known by the "Holy Supper," a little volume which has met with a very favourable reception. His miscellaneous articles are marked with considerable humour, but his poetical pieces deal mainly with sacred subjects. These are unmistakably the product of an attentive eye and a thoughtful and reverent heart—breathing genuine poetry, and full of true Christian feeling.

WITH THEE.

"When I awake, I am still with Thee."—Ps. cxxxix. 18.

Fresh sunbeams herald in the new-born day,
And chase oblivious clouds of sleep away;
Sweet thought that fills me ere the shadows flee,
When I awake, Lord, I am still with Thee.

With Thee beside me slumber sealed mine eyes,
Thy smile of welcome gladdens me to rise,
Even while I slept my heart yearned longingly,
Till I awoke and found myself with Thee.

Through sternest toils and thronging shapes of fear,
Thy hand shall lead me and Thy love shall cheer,
Till day is done and night comes peacefully,
To bid me sleep again and wake with Thee.

When life's long changeful day is near an end,
And I must part from kinsman, home, and friend,
In last farewells this hope shall comfort me,
That still, my Jesus, I shall rest with Thee.

Thy constant eyes shall watch my narrow bed,
Thy voice shall rouse the unforgotten dead,
From the *cold couch* of breathless sleep set free,
To wakeful years of endless bliss with Thee.

SCOTLAND.

Stern land of mist and mountain,
  Rough nurse of stubborn sons,
Within whose fervid patriot veins
  The blood of freedom runs;
Thy craggy wilds are hallowed,
  The sainted great were there—
Sweet incense-breath of solemn vows
  Has balmed thy holy air.

Wide sweeps of purple heather
  Robe the broad mountain's breast—
'Tis the imperial winding-sheet
  Of martyrs laid to rest.
The plover pours her wailing,
  The mournful breezes sigh,
And rude-built cairn or mossy stone
  Marks where the godly lie.

Their heads fell on the scaffold,
  They perished in the sea,
Were hunted down by men of blood,
  Died on the shameful tree.
Grey sires and tender maidens
  Faced bullet, flame, and steel—
Their truth to Him who died for them
  They gave their blood to seal!

Three hundred years of conflict
  With ruthless tyrants' rage
With crafty priest and grasping lord,
  Have won our heritage.
From Knox's lion spirit
  To Chalmers' soul of flame
Brave heaven-girt guards have watched our ark
  In Christ's sole-kingly name.

"For Christ, His crown and kingdom!"
  Our fathers toiled and died—
That banner is our birthright now,
  'Twill be our children's pride.
We stand for Christ's free gospel,
  His Kirk's pure company,
From prelate, priest, and statesman's rule
  God keep our Zion free.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

"Say, watchman, comes there yet no beam of morning,
With tender light to bless our aching eyes?"
"I see no lucid gleam the east adorning,
But all enwrapt in deepest midnight lies."

O weary times of wickedness and wailing;
O wretched prisoners bound in death's black shade;
O fruitless prayers and hopes that now are failing;
Great God! when will Thy mercy send us aid?

No more the stars their twinkling watch are keeping;
The stormy clouds are gathering thick and fast;
I hear the raving tempest onward sweeping,
I feel the terrors of the shuddering blast."

O brother men, what means this dread upheaving?
Whence are thy piteous agonies, O earth?
War, fever, famine—is it past believing
These are thy throes before a better birth?

"The storm is past, and morning winds are blowing
A song of joy o'er darkness chased away,
The radiant east with golden flame is glowing
To herald in the orb of glorious day."

Farewell, ye times of sadness. Every nation
Lift up your eyes and let your sorrows cease;
Adore the Sun whose light is your salvation,
The eternal Lord of Heaven and Prince of Peace!

EXILE.

Beside these alien streams we pine,
And think of Zion far away,
That sacred home whose dwellings shine
In cloudless Love's eternal ray.
On sighing boughs of willow trees
We hang our harps in silent woe,
Or give their murmurs to the breeze
In mournful cadence sad and low.

Yet oft an impulse fires the soul
To bid a vaster anthem ring,
And thanks and adoration roll
From tuneful voice and dulcet string;
For though we brook in exile here
The scoff and scorn of many a foe,

Faith sees beyond the starry sphere
The golden city's blissful glow.

And if some plaintive chords that tell
Of trial with the music blend,
Transfused in joy's harmonious swell
They speak of sorrows soon to end,
When willow glooms we haunt no more;
But walk where leaves of healing grow,
And, far from Babel's fretful shore,
Life's crystal waters calmly flow.

THE CANDIDATE.

"Ye tuneful masters of triumphant song,
Before your circled thrones I bow with awe;
To you eternal fame and power belong,
To rule the ages with melodious law.
I dare not ask your lofty seats to share,
Nor round my brow your deathless laurels twine;
To dwell within your halls is all my prayer,
A humble follower of your art divine."

"We love thy modest plea, O gentle youth,
And fain would call thee to the sacred choir,
Hast thou the vision of diviner truth?
And glows thy bosom with celestial fire?"

"I know sweet Nature in her every mood,
The pomp of earth, and glory of the skies;
The summer fragrance of the shadowy wood,
The crash of thunders when the tempest flies.
And with this reed that grew by mountain stream,
Each charm of Beauty I can well declare,
Whate'er endows the world with rich esteem,
Sublimely great, or delicately fair."

"Thy woodnotes sweet are full of rapture wild,
Well dost thou pipe thy simple rustic lay;
But nobler tasks await the Muses' child,
And ripened genius crown with glory's ray."

"With men I mingled, roaming far and near,
In scattered hamlet, and in crowded mart,
Where rang the shout of joy, where flowed the tear,
That brought some faint relief to breaking heart.
This trumpet, full of rich and varied tone,
On a proud field of victory did I gain;

Well can it breathe the sorrow-laden moan,
Or sound the martial valour-kindling strain."

"Yes, man is more than Nature, and we praise
Thy sympathy with every birth of Time;
Yet can'st thou not a grander anthem raise,
To wrap the soul in ecstasy sublime?"

"Once by the western sea-marge did I stray,
Where surges broke beside a hallowed cell,
Beneath whose shade an aged hermit lay
And listened to the billow's requiem swell;
His withered finger sought the sacred string,
A radiance strange lit up his failing eye,
This harp was his, and well its chords can ring
The hymn of Faith and Immortality."

"Above the frail and fleeting dost thou rise,
The true ethereal spark we hail in thee;
Those are the favoured children of the skies,
Who look through Time to great Eternity."

REV. GILBERT CLARK, M.A.,

A YOUNG minister of rich promise, was born at Auchenlongford, Sorn, Ayrshire. His father was farmer there, as had been his father before him in the united tenancy of it and the adjoining farm of Merkland, famous in covenanting times. The farm is situated on the uplands of the Ayr. From it can be seen a very large tract of country—of hill and dale, of moorland and lea—and in the near neighbourhood is Aird's Moss, the scene of Richard Cameron's last struggle. Shortly after Mr Clark's father's death the family removed to Catrine, in sight of the "Braes o' Ballochmyle." Here, amid beautiful surroundings, they lived for two years—the youthful *poet and his twin sister* attending a lady's private

school. Both made rapid progress, but scarlet fever and measles soon laid them low, and while his life was despaired of, the little sister was taken to the "land of the blest." This event made a deep impression on his mind, for she had been his constant companion. Shortly after the sister's death they removed to the beautiful village of Sorn, on the banks of the Ayr, his mother having purchased a small property there. Here he attended the Parish School, where he was an apt scholar, and generally was able to be dux of his class. He was always fond of books, and punctually did his lessons when he got home from school. An ardent lover of Nature, he was then free to rove in the woods and fields, or wade and "guddle" in the Ayr. He informs us that at this stage he especially loved the English and Bible lessons. The story of the Cross deeply affected him, and now he determined by all means to be a minister of the gospel. It was between the age of twelve and sixteen that he began to read for himself, and even thought of rhyming. He had been taught to think that "a poet must be born not made," and went the length of expressing this in his own words. There was even then a burning, inexpressible hunger in his soul for the lofty, the pure, the loving, and the beautiful—a hunger that increased with the years.

After his course as a scholar was finished, he taught for some time in the same school; but the confinement soon affected his health. At this period his mother was bereaved of her second husband—his much-loved stepfather. Arrangements were made shortly after for our poet preparing to enter the University. He removed to St Andrews, studied at the Madras College, enjoying greatly his residence in the venerable city, with its sacred memories. He spent his *leisure hours* amongst its hoary ruins, or in walking *by the sea, which*, we understand, always appeals to

his feelings in a mysterious way. Mr Clark made good progress at the Madras College, chiefly in Latin, Greek, and Mathematics; and we next find him at Glasgow University—he and a younger brother lodging in the same room. He was very diligent, and took a good place in several of his classes. The eloquent lectures of Professors Veitch and Nichol stirred up his poetic feelings, and these were strengthened by his ramblings during summer in his native vale, studying and roaming in the fields or by the beautiful Ayr. He had previously visited Loch Doon, and sailed over its limpid waters—having first passed up through the the romantic glen of Ness. The scenery impressed him deeply, aud set him dreaming with a strange fervour; but yet he was dumb as far as poetry in its usual form was concerned.

On completing the usual course, Mr Clark took his degree of Master of Arts at Glasgow, and then went to Edinburgh to study divinity. After the first session, he pled the cause of the Edinburgh University Missionary Association, which enabled him, in the summer months, to see more of the beauties of the country. But by far the greatest event of his divinity course was the spending of two summers in Germany. His first season was at Heidelberg, and having made some acquaintance with Schiller and Goethe through Carlyle, he longed to make friends with them in the vernacular. Having no one to speak to but foreigners, he for a time felt homesick, longing for his native land, and realising how much he loved dear old Scotland. But he soon made many friends, studied hard under Professor Otto, and visited many enchanting and romantic places. Next summer he proceeded to Leipsic University, attending the lectures of Luthardt and Delitzsch, and visiting Dresden and its art galleries, the Hartz Mountains and Thuringian Forest, and doing *homage at the shrines* of Luther, Goethe, and Schiller.

In December, 1878, Mr Clark was licensed as a preacher in the Church of Scotland, and successively assisted for a short time the ministers of Portobello, Penninghame, Newton-Stewart, and for longer periods the ministers of Prestonpans, and Buittle. It was while at Prestonpans that he began to pen some lines of religious verse. The beauties of Nature in this picturesque and historic part of Scotland were duly appreciated by him, and when he removed to Buittle—a quiet pastoral district, with lovely combination of hill and sea and wood—he found many fitting subjects for his Muse. While here his poem entitled "Auld Buittle Kirk" was printed in the *Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser* and reprinted in the *Scottish American Journal.* This encouraged him to tune his harp in his leisure moments. Passionately fond of music, too, he has composed tunes to one or more of his songs.

In 1884 Mr Clark was called to the charge of Haywood Chapel, parish of Carnwath. Here, although the surroundings are somewhat bleak, the Pentlands and the Lowthers picturesquely stand around, redolent with the name of Ramsay; to the south are the Tweed and Clyde—the one with its classic memories of Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd, the other with its romantic and beautiful falls, and the name of Wallace, as it were, blended in their roar. As a minister, he has the love and esteem of his flock. His wealth of imagination and poetic nature is seen in his vigorous, earnest, and devout discourses—the result of minute observation, extensive reading, and of sound thinking; while as a poet, we consider his most marked characteristics are—keen and tender susceptibilities, warm love towards humanity, and for Nature not only in her quiet but also in her more sublime and awe-inspiring aspects. All his utterances possess a sweet sincerity, like the artless notes of the bird that

sings because she cannot help it; although he is humble enough to feel, in the words of Byron—

> "Friendship and truth be my reward—
> To me no bays belong."

Early in 1888, he published in a neat volume (Brechin: D. H. Edwards; Edinburgh: Jas. Gemmell) a selection of his verse, bearing the title "Home, and other Poems and Songs."

THE DYING MOTHER.

A happy place lies yonder, dear, beyond the bright blue skies,
In splendour greater than the sun, when he at morn doth rise,
And death is but the darkened door, that opes to let us in,
That frees us from our load of care, and shuts out all our sin.

And there the mountains stand around in awful majesty,
Enrobed in dazzling whiteness seen as thrones of the Most High,
While far around lies glimmering the sea of glassy sheen,
That sings eternal harmonies, 'mid bowers of fadeless green.

And thousands of bright angels there do flit on golden wing,
As through the balmy atmosphere they hie with love, and sing
Of Him who dwells in rainbow light, and smiles on them with love,
Who sent His Son to die for men that they might reign above.

And thither I am going, dear, if God will take me in,
For His dear sake Who died on earth, our golden crown to win.
And oh! I pray our Father that He may bring thee too,
That He may keep thee from all sin and give thee life anew.

Oh! keep in mind, my darling, the place of happy bliss,
Where never entereth anyone with stain from world like this;
And if you're tempted to do wrong, ask for the snow-white robe,
That you may walk the golden streets with them who never sob.

Kneel down beside me, darling, and I will pray for thee,
Ere yet I go with angels, who are calling now for me,
And I will bless thee from my heart, and ask the Lord to keep
The lamb within His bosom who cares for all His sheep.

(She prays.)

Our Father in the heavens, we cry, our portion, Lord, art Thou,
When in the needs of life and death we low before Thee bow;
Look down in mercy on my child, to Thee I her commend,
And when no mother is anear, Thy guardian angels send.

The streets of gold, our Father, the streets of gold are Thine,
And Thine the peaceful river that radiantly doth shine;
Thine too the golden city thro' which it e'er doth flow,
And Thine the pearly walls and gates that sainted ones do know.

And if Thy mercy take me in to walk with Thee in white,
I pray Thee round my darling shed an aureole of light,
That o'er the desert path of earth she may in safety go,
And stand at last before Thy throne in robes as white as snow.

I lift her on my heart to thee. O! keep from sin and shame,
That from this day she may be Thine in word and deed and name;
I weep for her, but rest in Thee, let me depart in peace:
Again the angels call on me; let all my troublings cease!

SPEAK SOFTLY.

Speak softly to me, for the day is done,
And silence fits the restful hour of night;
Speak calmly to me, for the fight is won,
Though much be lost in trying to do right.
And when the weight of armour is laid past,
And the tired body racked with pain or fret,
I need the softly-spoken word at last,
To take away vain worry or regret.
Speak softly to me, and bring angels near,
From out the blue heaven wafted silently,
And let our converse be 'tween souls so dear,
As fitting beings of eternity.
Speak softly, then, for heaven is in the air,
And I would breathe the atmosphere of pray'r.

MORNING.

Fresh springs the morn from out the saffron east,
And blushes, like a maiden in her prime,
Chasing away the vapour and the rime,
That night doth spread as banquet cloth at feast
Of star-gods, and spirit-nymphs of yore,
Who start to life in ancient Grecian lore;
And sparkles on each blade of grass the dew,

As countless pearls upon the youthful breast
Of fairest lady on a couch at rest,
While flow'rs awake to greet the morn anew;
And hark! within the grove are heard the notes
Of myriad choristers whose liquid throats
Pour forth a flood of song. The peasant hears,
When fresh from sleep for labour he appears.

TWO TINY BURNIES.

"Union is strength."—*Old Proverb.*

Two tiny burnies
Tinkle down the hill,
Frisking like the lambkins
With a gleeful will:
Unite in their ardour
To form a bigger stream,
And sing a fuller song,
Like music in a dream.

And their wedded currents
Glance and gleam along,
Happier and sweeter
For their union strong.
And the world seems fairer,
Imaged in their breast,
And flowers bloom fresher,
While heaven is at rest.

In their ample waters
Troutlings are at play,
And the little birdie
Comes to bathe each day;
Sprouts the sea-green herb,
In their crystal clear;
Each pebble is a diamond
To little children dear.

And thus on and onward
They glide in joy away,
Tasting all the freshness
Of the happy May:
Till in the ocean placid
They fall asleep at length,
Happy in their sweetness,
Happy in their strength.

O gentle reader!
Read the riddle here,
In the brooklet's union,
In their gladsome cheer;
In the happy union
Of two souls and true,
Felt is more of heaven,
And earth is happier too.

And the gladsome music
Swells as on they go,
Down the vale of sorrow,
To their rest below;
Till the mighty music
Swells around the throne,
And two lives are ended
In heaven to be one.

SOMEBODY'S FUNERAL.

Hear the tramping of marching feet,
Echoing hollow along the street,
While heedless passers hurry and meet
Somebody's funeral!

How slowly, slowly they move away
To the churchyard, in the twilight grey
Of a dark and dull December day,
Like a natural pall!

Is it the babe from its mother's breast,
Away from its soft and downy nest,
Away to take its long, long rest?
Somebody's funeral!

Or is it a maiden in her prime,
Nipped like the bud before her time,
To bloom in a calm and softer clime?
And was it a *sudden* call?

Or haply the mother is silent there—
Those fervent lips oft moved in prayer
For her loved ones in motherly care?
Ah, somebody's funeral!

Or 'chance it may be a father strong,
Or the little lad who would ere long
Have sought to fight with evil and wrong
Pays the common debt of all.

Whoe'er it be, there are hearts that grieve,
Who sob and cry on this winter eve,
Who bear a sorrow with *no reprieve*
For somebody's funeral!

THE BROOK.

I bubble, bubble from the rock
To see the blessèd sun;
I trouble, trouble at the shock
As o'er the fall I run.

I prattle, prattle as I go,
I sing and never stay;
I battle, battle onward to
The ocean far away.

I tinkle, tinkle o'er the stones,
As by the lea I flow;
I twinkle, twinkle round the thrones
Of fairy folk I know.

I glitter, glitter in the light,
As through the glen I glide;
I fritter, fritter in my fright
And o'er the mill-wheel ride.

I tremble, tremble at the gate
Of mill-maid fair and kind;
I grumble, grumble all too late,
When she is left behind.

I tumble, tumble to the sea
And loose myself therein;
I stumble, stumble all the way,
But would again begin.

I'D RATHER.

I'd rather be a lark and sing
Far up upon the wing,
Than man, who crawls upon the sod,
And never praises God.

I'd rather be a butterfly
And fall when night is nigh,
Than be a giddy son of time
To reel at midnight chime.

I'd rather be a dog, and bay
The moon at shut of day,
Than creeping, unchaste, subtle thief,
Who steals out virtue's leaf.

I'd rather be a mole and scrape
'Neath earth for grub or tape,
Than miser 'mid his heaps of gold,
With heart all frozen cold.

I'd rather be a cuckoo bird
To be by lovers heard,
Than he who never keeps his word
To man or to his Lord.

JANE CATHERINE LUNDIE.

(MRS HORATIUS BONAR.)

THE gifted authoress of the well-known hymn, "Pass Away Earthly Joy," which has taken a place in many collections, and has been reprinted in America with other names appended, was born at Kelso in 1821. She was a daughter of Robert Lundie, minister of Kelso, who was a man of great piety and amiability, was possessed of remarkable literary accomplishments, and, besides being acquainted with Sir Walter Scott and other literary celebrities, was an early contributor to the *Quarterly Review*. Her mother, Mary Grey, was a native of Northumberland. She was a woman of much intellectual power, earnest piety, and marked individuality. Her influence was such as to make itself felt on all around her; and besides being the authoress of several volumes, she was the active helpmeet of her husband in all matters pertaining to the welfare of his flock. Mrs Bonar's grandfather,

Cornelius Lundie, had also been minister of Kelso, and had preached in the venerable Abbey before its ruined condition required the erection of the unromantic building occupied by her father. Our poetess was born in the old manse by the Tweed, and the larger part of her life is associated with the lovely little border town, where she rambled

> "Beside the waters' meeting,
> The fairest Scotland knows."

Her childhood's home nestled closely under the Abbey's shade—her dead lay in its cloisters. On her father's sudden death she left Kelso when nine years of age, and returned to it as the wife of the Rev. Horatius Bonar, the author of many of our sweetest hymns. Married in 1843, she was the first Free Church minister's bride. The intervening years were spent partly in Edinburgh and partly in Ruthwell—her mother having become the wife of the Rev. Henry Duncan of that parish. These were years of very chequered experience. Her elder and much-loved brother, George, went with a missionary band to Samoa, in the all too fond hope that the climate might restore his failing health, and enable him to lead the useful life he longed for. In those days of slow travel, the suspense was harder to bear than any possible certainty; and it was only after about three years that this agonising suspense was ended by the tidings that the cherished brother had died long ago among strangers. Close upon this blow followed the unexpected death of her sister, Mary. Sorrows such as these went near to break her heart, and for a long time life on this side the grave seemed to have lost its charm for her.

The brightness of her marriage followed—her twenty-four useful years as a country minister's wife; her removal to Edinburgh with her husband and family

in 1867. But in the midst of much blessing and joy, bereavement ever followed her. Of nine children she lost five; her naturally bright and elastic nature was almost borne down, and her lyre seemed only tuned at her children's grave. Those who knew Mrs Bonar in early life describe her as a perfect sunbeam for brightness—radiant, impulsive, terribly sensitive to joy and pain. On such a nature sorrow could not fall without developing a very peculiar and deep power of sympathy. Her unselfish sympathy and love were marked by all. Not only did she cling to her own with a rare intensity, but it seemed to be her mission to seek out lonely people for whom no one cared. With health never very strong, she often wore herself out for others. Yet such ministrations were her delight, and she continued them till within a week of her death, which took place at Edinburgh on 3rd December, 1884. "He giveth me Salvation," were among her last words, and many times she asked for "Songs of Praise" from those around her.

Mrs Bonar's poetry, like the hymns of her gifted husband, possess a deep spirituality of tone that gives them a double force as they enter the feelings and penetrate the heart. In her gravest mood there is a hopeful, submissive "glint" of true, warm piety. The hymn we quote—"Pass Away, Earthly Joy,"—was written in 1843, and shortly after printed in "The Bible Hymn Book" (Nisbet & Co.). The others we give are from manuscripts kindly supplied by friends. Mrs Bonar's elder sister—the Mary Lundie Duncan, of the favourite and well-known "Memoir," was also a poetess, and it might be added that two of her brothers still survive—Cornelius, engineer and railway manager of an important branch in South Wales, and Robert, minister of the Presbyterian Church, Fairfield, Liverpool.

PASS AWAY EARTHLY JOY.

Pass away earthly joy,
Jesus is mine;
Break every mortal tie,
Jesus is mine;
Dark is the wilderness;
Distant the resting-place;
Jesus alone can bless:—
Jesus is mine.

Tempt not my soul away,—
Jesus is mine;
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine;
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine.

Fare ye well, dreams of night,
Jesus is mine;
Mine is a dawning bright,
Jesus is mine;
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine.

Farewell mortality,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome eternity,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome ye scenes of rest,
Welcome ye mansions blest,
Welcome a Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine.

THE EDGE OF THE RIVER.

I have been to the brink of the river,—
The cold, dark river of Death,—
And still in the valley I shiver
Where my child yielded up his breath.
Chill, chill was the touch of the billow
As it closed o'er my darling's head,—
Then left him asleep on his pillow—
My beautiful, beautiful dead!

Oh, dark was the day when the token
  Was sent from the palace on high,
That the sweet, silver cord must be broken
  And the pitcher all shattered must lie!
Oh, that midnight was starless and dreary
  When he fought the last fight with the foe;
At length, of the conflict a-weary,
  Love loosed him, and sobbed "Let him go!"

Great Father! receive the sweet spirit
  That is bursting its fetters of clay!
He slept! He was gone to inherit
  The crown and the kingdom of day!
That smile—like an infant's, escaping
  From danger to mother's own breast—
Told the moment the angels were taking
  Our weary one home to his rest.

We pressed to the edge of the river,
  And caught but one vanishing gleam,
As he entered the portals for ever
  That oped the bright city to him;
And still on the borders we linger,
  And gaze on the pathway he trod;
We hear not the voice of the singer,
  But we know he's at home with his God.

And silently still—while I wander
  'Mid wrecks that are left by the tide,
Repeating the tearful surrender
  Of the life that with Christ must abide—
I hear a soft whisper of pardon,
  And promise of wiping all tears,
A meeting beyond this dark Jordan
  To last through unchangeable years!

And oft in my solitude musing,
  Sweet breezes my soul seem to stir,
Such balm and such fragrance diffusing
  As come from the mountains of myrrh;
The hills—past all sin and all weeping—
  Where our lost ones are watching for day!
Soon, soon in Emanuel's safe keeping,
  We shall meet where e'en death's fled away!

Green, green are the pastures, tho' lowly,
  Where the mourners are led by their guide,
And the ground wet with tears should be holy
  Where we for a time must abide.

Oh, green be the fruits from such sowing,
Of patience, of faith, and of love ;
Thrice precious this season for growing
More meet for the kingdom above !

NURSERY FLOWERS.

Mother ! in thy nursery ground,
Guarding well and fencing round
Thy sweet flowerets day and night,
Happy while they bless thy sight !
Summer passes ! Ah, remember,
June is followed by December !
Train them well for Him who lent them ;
Seek in beauty to present them
When He comes again to claim
All the flowers He knows by name !
Toiling in the nursery plot,
Mother, thou art not forgot !
Precious in the Saviour's eyes
Are these flowers of Paradise.

SING TO ME.

Oh, sing, my children, sing to me,
Tho' low and sad the strain may be,
Oh, sing some ancient melody,
To soothe this breaking heart.
Ah ! often in youth's shining hour,
When life was rich with many a flower,
A simple strain with magic power
Would melt my eyes in tears ;
Come, then, and with some heavenly lay,
Perchance your simple art to-day
May help to chase these clouds away,
And raise my thoughts to heaven.

Oh, sing, though there are voices gone
That used to swell the joyous tone—
No more will they your chorus join,
They swell the heavenly choir.
Sing soft and low when mem'ry brings
Too keenly unforgotten things,
And wildly sweeps the trembling strings
Of each young tender soul.
Sing loud and free when you can rise
In thought to God's bright Paradise.
We cannot hear *their* melodies,
But we shall join them soon.

Oh, sing, in sorrow's darkest hour,
Sing sweetly of the Spirit's power
To calm us 'mid the tempest's roar,
And whisper "Peace be still."
And if you stand beside my bed
When earth's last, sad, farewells are said,
And death draws near with silent tread,
My children, *will* you sing?
Oh, sing, though heart and flesh may fail,
Sing of the joys within the veil,
Sing "Christ our Conqueror will prevail"—
Soon all shall sing at home.

THROW OPEN THE WINDOW.

Throw open the window to wait for the day,
The cage is deserted, the birdie's away;
Guard it no longer from danger or pain;
In its own cherished home it will ne'er sing again.
No longer to tempt with what's sweetest and best
Need you lovingly bend o'er the desolate nest.
Throw open the window, for safely you may,
The tender one's gone, little birdie's away.

Throw open the window! no more can the storm
Hurt a hair on the head of that still, sleeping form!
Gaze up through the darkness—away from thy dead!
Let the chill of the night bathe thine own fevered head.
Upward! look up through the deep midnight sky!
Keep down the heart-throbbings and utter no cry!
Angels are winging their way through the air,
And a sweet ransomed spirit is safe in their care.

Throw open the window! the angels are singing!
Couldst thou but hear them, the joy-bells are ringing
Let not a murmur, nor even a sigh,
Cross the faint echo of music on high!
These eyes might see glory, except they were holden—
Oh for one glimpse of sweet Salem the golden!
Oh for one strain from the gateway of day
To make me forget that my birdie's away!

Throw open the window! the dark clouds are riven,
Thy darling has entered, a dweller in heaven.
Couldst thou wish more, had he lived to grow old,
Than a harp, a crown, and a sceptre of gold,
And a right with his Saviour for ever to stay,
And sing the old song that is new every day?
His poor earthly cage is exchanged for a throne,
To his God and his Saviour thy baby has gone.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN,

ELDER sister of Mrs Horatius Bonar, the subject of the preceding sketch, was born in Kelso manse, in 1814. In a pleasing account of her life given in a volume of deep interest—"Personal Reminiscences and Biographical Sketches," by the late Rev. James Dodds, Dunbar, (Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace, 1887)—it is said that from her infancy she was surrounded with all the elements of a healthy physical and moral training. Her fine natural parts were gradually developed under judicious parental care, and she early manifested great sensibility, uncommon imaginative powers, and a quickness of perception that was full of promise. Gifted with a delicate musical ear, and a sweet voice, she soon began to sing the "Songs of Zion," as well as some of the old lays of her native land. She also composed, even before her twelfth year, some beautiful verses, which have a place in her much-valued and widely-read "Memoir." Born in a lovely part of Scotland, and brought up in an atmosphere of poetry and piety, she revelled in the exquisite enjoyment of Nature, and soon learned to relish the higher pleasures of religion, and early became the subject of that divine grace which strengthens the mind while it purifies the heart.

When sixteen years of age this child of the manse was sent to school in London, where she completed her education. At this time she attended some of the anniversary meetings of the great religious societies, and with intelligent enthusiasm described the characteristics and speeches of such philanthropists as Wilberforce, Brougham, and others, whom in her father's house she had early learned to admire. Shortly after her return to Kelso her much-loved father died suddenly, and alone, while sitting in the garden. As the

eldest of the family of three sons and two daughters, she most largely shared her mother's grief, and greatly helped to comfort her brothers and sister. On "leaving the manse," they took up their abode in Edinburgh, where Mary enjoyed ample opportunities of intellectual improvement. In 1836 she was married to the Rev. W. Wallace Duncan, of the parish of Cleish, Kinross-shire, youngest son of the Rev. Dr Henry Duncan, of Ruthwell. She entered heartily into the duties of a minister's wife—visited the poor, taught classes of young girls, and carried sunshine with her wherever she went. Her literary tastes and studies were still followed, and she wrote numerous poetical effusions. But if the life of Mary Lundie Duncan was beautiful, it was also brief. Here we give merely a slender outline, and not a filled-up portrait. From the sketch we have already alluded to, and to which we are indebted for the details here given, we learn that towards the end of 1839 she returned home from a religious meeting she had attended at the neighbouring town of Dunfermline—spiritually refreshed, but with the germs of disease in her somewhat debilitated frame. She was soon prostrated with fever, and as her constitution in childhood had been rather feeble, it now proved to be unable to struggle against the perilous ailment. Her dying hours, so full of tender feeling and brightest hope, are pathetically described by her mother in that work which has long kept the highest place in the Christian biography of Scotland, and which has comforted and instructed so many in different lands. "Wonderful peace," "The Cross is my hope," were amongst the last words that escaped the lips of the young mother on leaving her husband and two babes. She calmly fell asleep on 5th January, 1840, aged twenty-five.

The sweet Christian character of Mary Lundie Duncan, and her fine talents, were widely known and

admired by many who had never seen her; but "The Memoir," first published in 1841, made her name known wherever the English language is spoken. Nine editions have been published in this country; and the work has been at least equally popular in America. Her "Rhymes for My Children" were published in 1853, in a neat form, with several beautiful illustrations. "Her sweet little poems or hymns, written for her children," says Mr Dodds, "are deservedly the delight of numberless English nurseries. Her poetical genius is further evinced by the numerous beautiful effusions scattered over the pages of her biography; and this suggests the thought that, had her life been spared, she would have taken a high place among the female poets of her time. But as a refined and devoted Christian, a loving, generous daughter, wife, and mother, she will long be held in dear and honoured remembrance."

THERE IS A SPOT WHERE MEMORY LOVES TO REST.

There is a spot where memory loves to rest,—
A scene whose image, pictured in my breast,
Is twined with all that's beautiful and dear,
With all that weeps affection's mournful tear—
My home!—By the soft sunshine of thy glades,
Thy daisied pastures, mixed with forest shades;
The gentle breeze, that fans thy waving tree;
By thy sweet wild-flowers, I'll remember thee!
And thou, my native stream, whose waveless flow,
Whether thou laugh'st in morning's roseate glow,
Or spread'st thy bosom to the noon-tide beam,
Or smil'st in beauty at the sunset's gleam,
Is lovely still.—Bright stream, farewell to thee!
Thy silvery waters flow no more for me;
No more for me the music of thy play,
When lengthening shades proclaim the close of day.
One hour there is, I've prized above the rest,
One halcyon hour, when thou wert loveliest;
'Twas when the day of rest was well nigh sped,
And its sweet influence o'er my heart was shed;
When courting solitude, at balmy even,
I sought for peace, in communing with heaven.

'Twas rapture then, to gaze on thee, fair stream,
All sparkling in day's last and tenderest beam;
While the rich trees that graceful o'er thee wave,
Were trembling in the golden light it gave;
And breezes stirred the incense of the air,
As tho' some spirit kept his Sabbath there;
It seemed, as if those deep and spacious skies,
That kindled earth with their celestial dyes,
Shot rays of glory from some heavenly clime
To bless the Sabbath of the sons of time,
And raise the soul, on contemplation's wing,
To the pure source whence endless pleasures spring—
A foretaste of that glorious land of light,
Where those who love the Lamb shall dwell in robes of white.

A HYMN.

O Thou who hear'st the contrite sinner's mourning,
And meet'st the trembling soul to Thee returning,
Bow down Thine ear, and grant me answer speedy,
For I am needy.

Thou know'st the sacred vows so often broken,
Thou hear'st the words forgot as soon as spoken,
Thou seest earth's chains, of fatal lustre, twining
This heart, declining.

From the fair paths of peace too often straying,
I wander far, my Saviour's love betraying;
Till, wounded by the thorns that mercy scatters,
I seek life's waters.

My gracious Shepherd, in Thy pasture lead me;
With living streams, with heavenly manna feed me;
With Thine own voice of love, oh! call me, guide me;
From evil hide me.

Be Thou my first, my best, my chosen treasure;
Delight my soul with love that knows no measure;
Filled with Thyself, can earth's delusions charm me?
Can Satan harm me?

From strength to strength, my Lord will lead my spirit,
The purchased crown in Zion to inherit;—
Mine eyes shall close on time, shall cease from weeping,
In Jesus sleeping.

Then, clad in robes made white by love redeeming,
I'll veil my sight, before His glory beaming,
And ever sing His praise in accents lowly,
Whose name is holy!

EVENING.

Oh ! is there a time when enchantment descends
  Like light from a sphere that is brighter than this ?
When the soul's warm emotion so dazzlingly blends,
  That they seem but as one,—the sensations of bliss !

'Tis the hour of the evening when daylight is fled,
  And with it the toils that awakened the day ;
And the tapers, that glow in the drawing-room, shed
  Their reflection on faces still brighter than they :

When the man from his desk, and the boy from his book,
  And the lady from thousands of matronly cares,
And the maid from her work, and her lone little nook,
  Have cast to the wind every trouble of theirs :

And he to whose genius a senate might bow,
  The champion of right, to humanity dear,
Forgets the proud laurels that wave o'er his brow,
  And gilds like a sunbeam the moment of cheer ;

And eye answers eye, in the sparkle of mirth,
  Reflecting the dance of the heart in its ray,
And the chorus of laughter swells loud round the hearth,
  And the past and the future are lost in to-day.

IMAGININGS.

I've imaged a land where flowers are growing
  In pristine sweetness all the year,
And purest crystal streams are flowing,
  And sunbeams kiss the waters clear.

Where music's voice, the hours beguiling,
  Comes floating on the summer air ;
Where beaming suns are mildly smiling,
  And cloudless skies are ever fair.

But darkness here the daylight closes,
  And storms obscure the sunlit sky ;
And thorns are mingled with our roses,
  While joy is round us, grief is nigh.

O ! were I in that land of gladness
  I've imaged fair within my breast,
Then farewell to grief and sadness,
  Welcome soul-refreshing rest.

Within the leafy grot reclining,
While balmy breezes round me played,
I'd gaze on scenes all brightly shining,
With nought to make my heart afraid.

My heart should rise, with Nature blending,
In one sweet song of harmony;
Each lovely object round me tending
To make my soul all melody.

THE LAMBS' LULLABY.

CHILD.

The pretty little lambs that lie
To sleep upon the grass,
Have none to sing them lullaby
But the night winds as they pass.

While I, a happy little maid,
Bid dear papa good-night;
And in my crib so warm am laid,
And tucked up snug and tight.

Then Annie sits and sings to me,
With gentle voice and soft,
The Highland song of sweet Glenshee,
That I have heard so oft.

Or else some pretty hymn she sings,
Until to sleep I go;
But the young helpless lambs, poor things!
Have none to lull them so.

O, if the lambs to me would come,
I'd try to sing Glenshee;
And here in this warm quiet room,
How sound their sleep would be!

Haste, kind mamma! and call them here,
Where they'll be warm as I;
For in the chilly fields, I fear,
Before the morn they'll die.

MAMMA'S ANSWER.

The lambs sleep in the fields, 'tis true,
Without a lullaby;

And yet they are as warm as you,
  Beneath the summer sky.

They choose some dry and grassy spot,
  Below the shady trees;
To other songs they listen not,
  Than the pleasant evening breeze.

The blankets soft that cover you,
  Are made of fleeces warm,
That keep the sheep from evening dew,
  Or from the wintry storm.

And when the night is bitter cold,
  The shepherd comes with care,
And leads them to his peaceful fold:
  They're safe and sheltered there.

How happy are the lambs, my love,
  How safe and calm they rest!
But you a Shepherd have above,
  Of all kind shepherds best.

His lambs He gathers in His arms,
  And in His bosom bears;
How blest—how safe from all alarms—
  Each child His love who shares!

O! if you'll be His gentle child,
  And listen to His voice,
Be loving, dutiful, and mild—
  How will mamma rejoice!

Then, when you've done His will below,
  And you are call'd to die,
In His kind arms your soul shall go
  To His own fold on high.

ISABELLA ROBERTSON,

ERACY, thoughtful, and melodious writer, is an elder sister of William Robertson, who has a place in our Seventh Series. She, too, was born in Dundee, and for many years had a tobacconist and fancy goods shop in that town. Although she began to write verses when young, "these were now and again made a small bonfire of," and she does not think the world lost much in consequence. From the nature of her business, she had a number of smart young lads amongst her patrons, and, being a lady of some experience, she was often made the confidante of their little love affairs. Sometimes Miss Robertson would hit off their foibles in annonymous rhyme. They little thought that the lady behind the counter was the cause. "Tammas Bodkin"—the veritable "Tammas"—was one of her most genial and pleasant customers. Miss Robertson retired from business about five years ago, and has ever since resided in the village of Bankfoot, Perthshire, with her much-esteemed brother. Having now abundant leisure, she enjoys long and solitary walks in that beautiful and picturesque district. In this pleasant retreat she has, under the name of "Blumine" and other *noms-de-plume*, written much excellent verse, which has been published in the *People's Journal*, *Glasgow Weekly Mail*, and other newspapers. Her poetry shows the lover of Nature, her mirthful and sympathetic heart, and her hatred of shams and make-believes, especially in manner and conduct. Her felicitous home-pictures and sketches of child-life afford evidence of wholesome taste, and the faculty of noticing little things and simple joys, and of depicting them with graphic power.

DAVIE DAKERS.

Auld Davie Dakers, o' oor guid toon,
A wee fat carle, an' bald i' the croon;
What do ye think he ta'en in his heid?
To come courtin' me, an' his wife new deid!
He spier'd for me kindly, an' drew in his chair,
Tauld he had siller, an' was aye makin' mair,
Looked in my face wi' a blink in his e'e—
"My bonnie lass, will ye marry me?
I'll busk ye sae genty an' keep ye sae braw,
Ye'll haud up your heid wi' the best o' them a'."

"Gae 'wa' wi' your havers ye fule auld man;
Tak' ye to your heels as fast as ye can;
I've a lad o' my ain an' he's far ower the sea,
But he's comin' hame sune to marry me."

He grippet up his staff, while his pent-up ire
Glared in his e'en like a roarin' fire.
Quo' he, "Bonnie lass, as sure's a bawbee,
Ye'll get a fine jilt frae your lad ower the sea."

"Gae 'wa' wi' your cauld kail, dinna come here:
They taste o' the pat, an' aye smell queer;
Gae hame to your ain fire an' toast your auld taes,
It's winter wi' you noo the rest o' your days."

NODDIN' TO ME.

O I'm an auld carle o' threescore an' mair,
I never was married—ah, weel may ye stare;
I'm a bit o' a dandy, as ony micht see,
An' the glaikit young queans are a' noddin' to me.

I'm livin' my lane in a hoose o' my ain—
To be in beside me I ken they are fain:
But I want nae sic gentry—the jauds canna see
That they winna mak' muckle o' noddin' to me.

In the saft summer-gloamin' I sit at my door,
An' there they come troopin' I'm sure near a score,
A' oglin' an' daffin'—a fairley to see
The daft silly taupies aye noddin' to me.

I'm sure if they kent it, I want nae sic trash,
They soon wad hae a'thing an' me ca'd to smash;
It's my siller they're aifter I plainly can see,
An' sae they keep beckin' an' noddin' to me.

I was left twa-three hunner by auld Grannie Broon,
I was helpfu' to her when a young country loon;
She didna forget me, the body, you see,
An' that is the reason they're noddin' to me.

There's an auld widow body, she bides up the stair,
She keeps a'thing richt-like, an' draws in my chair;
Mak's a cosy bit dinner, an' pours oot my tea,
Sae they needna be fashin' wi' noddin' to me.

I will ne'er cheenge my life—aft my heart it is sair,
When I mind on the time I was left in despair—
When the love o' my youth was by death torn frae me,
Ah! I shall remember that day till I dee.

THE LANELY HAME.

I am my father's little loon,—
He says the best in a' the toon;
He wadna gie me for a croon—
His ain wee mannie.

He kaims my hair, an' dichts my mou',
An' gi'es me porridge till I'm fu';
Syne bids me rin an play me noo—
His ain wee mannie.

He says my hair is black as jet,
An' I am just his only pet,
That I will be a braw man yet—
His ain wee mannie.

He tak's me up upon his knee,
An' shares wi' me his drappie tea;
An' oh, sae guid he is to me—
His ain wee mannie.

My mammie she is dead an' gane,
An' I've to bide a' day my lane;
I weary sair till da comes hame—
An' greet for mammie.

They carried her sae far awa',
An' buried her amang the snaw;
The hoose is no the same ava—
For want o' mammie.

My daddie he is wae an' sad,
There's naething noo will mak' him glad,

An' though he lo'es his ain wee lad—
He greets for mammie.

He says she'll no come back nae mair,
She's bidin' noo wi' angels fair;
I'm wishin' da and me were there—
To be wi' mammie.

WELCOME, BONNIE SNAWDRAPS.

Welcome, bonnie snawdraps, sae bricht, sae fresh, an' fair,
Ye've come again to cheer me, an' lichten me o' care;
O weel I lo'e the summer rose, I lo'e the daisies fine,
Yet they gie me nae sic pleasure as thae pearly draps o' thine,
Peepin' oot sae modest-like frae 'mang the wreaths o' snaw,
I will be laith to pairt wi' ye when winter gangs awa',
Cauld winter's brocht to mony hames baith poverty an' mane,
But noo that ye are bloomin' rare thae ills will sune be gane.

Ye've come, my bonnie floo'ries, the waefu' hearts to cheer;
To anes lang ailin' ye proclaim that balmy days are near,
An' mair than a', ye tell us o' oor Father's love an' care,
An' sae oor hearts are lifted up an' keepit frae dispair;
My bonnie sweet wee floo'ries, ye're lo'ed by ane an' a',
Ye're welcomed by the lowly cot, an' by the lordly ha'.

OH THAE BAIRNS.

Sic gilravagin' an' din,
Rinnin' oot an' rinnin' in;
Sic a clamour an' a steer,
Rampin' there an' loupin' here;
My heid is like to rive in twa,—
Sall I'll up an' thrash ye a'.

Yet haud me here; my he'rt grows saft,
To see thae bairns wi' fun sae daft;
I maun look on an' let them be,
An' downa stey their noisy glee;
Sae loup an' fling an' dance awa'
My bonnie bairnies ane an' a'.

Happy let your gambols be,
Wi' rosy cheek an' laughin' e'e;
Bairnhood joys will sune be dune,
Warldly cares come aye ower sune;
May He wha watches ower us a'
Be guide to mine when I'm awa'.

There's my wee Jock—a perfect man;
He's sae ta'en up wi' little Fan,
Oor neebour bairnie, through the wa',
'Certy, you ne'er saw sic a twa;
She—the bonnie sweet wee doo;
He—the gallant leal and true;
He tak's her by the tiny hand
An' leads her gently ower the strand;
Syne sets her doon upo' the green,
As if she were a verra queen.
An' this gaes on frae day to day,
An' there they hae their little say.

Belyve he guides her hame wi' care
An' leaves her in her wee airm-chair.
My blessin's on ye, bairnies twa;
May nae ill on your wee heids fa';
The saut tear often dims my e'e
When thinkin' what your lives may be.

ROBERT TROTTER

WAS a son of the chief of the old Border Clan of Trotter, one of the most turbulent of the clans located on the Scottish side of the Tweed. He was born at New Galloway, Kirkcudbrightshire, in 1798, and was the fourth and surviving son of Dr Robert Trotter, the famous Muir Doctor of the Glenkens, who, as we have said, was the head or chief of the clan. They were originally chiefs of the aboriginal Pictish clan MacTrottar, and were at the close of the Brucian wars transferred from Carrick to Tweedside, where they received lands in the parish of Eccles, on condition of "herrying the English," a duty they performed with great assiduity. The clan suffered severely at the hands of Cromwell, who described them as a "pest of hornets," and blew up their peels

of Prentonan, Quickwood, and Charterhall with gunpowder. Shortly after the whole of the family estates were sold, and the proceeds sent off to support Charles II. when in exile—the merry monarch promising to replace them twofold from the lands of the rebels, and to confer a patent of nobility with them, when he came to his own again. But as usual he did not keep either promise. The dissappointed laird retired to Edinburgh, where his eldest son Robert entered the medical profession, and was one of the founders of the Royal College of Physicians there in 1681, and the second President in 1694. With one exception his representatives have been medical men ever since.

Notwithstanding their treatment by Charles II., the Trotters attached themselves to both the Pretenders, furnishing them with money, and receiving promises of lands and titles in return, and came to grief as usual in consequence. This famous "Muir Doctor," probably on account of his Jacobite propensities, had a very extensive practice among the nobility and gentry, and was noted in his time on account of having discovered a remedy for frambesia or yaws, then a very prevalent and dangerous disease, now almost unknown. He was a sporting man, and had one of the best studs of racehorses and pens of fighting cocks in the south of Scotland. Dr Trotter wrote a considerable amount of poetry, chiefly of a sarcastic nature, of which two specimens are here given. He died in 1815, in his 77th year.

TO A NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

O, gay deceiver! who can proudly boast
Of all the female conquests you have won;
Can make the subject of some ribald toast
The trusting maid your falsehood has undone.
Think you Heaven's retribution is asleep,
While your fond victims hopeless weep?

O, proud deceiver! while with sneering frown
You spurn the wretched you yourself decoyed;
How can you calmly with contempt look down
Upon the ruined virtue you destroyed?
Think you not vengeance only waits its time
To recompense such dastard crime?

O, vile deceiver! sneaking, perjured wretch!
What loving hearts your falsehoods have beguiled;
What fond affections your vile heart could watch,
Till through their love for you they sank defiled;
Think you that justice on the earth is dead,
And hangs not o'er your head?

O, curs'd deceiver! there shall come a time,—
And even you shall writhe beneath its force,—
When ruined maids shall come to cast each crime
To add unto the torments of your curse;
Your cries for mercy mix with every moan—
And mercy you'll find none.

THE LAIRD'S SOLILOQUY.

I'm Turkey Jock Miller, there's ne'er sic anither,
I'm laird o' Glenlee, a great man a'thegither;
Fifty fat wethers like rattons I'll smother,
An' eat them mysel' at the Mill o' Glenlee.

My body's sae big wi' the wecht o' my paunches,
The fat o' my back it hings over my haunches,
And makes me unable to kiss the brisk wenches,
When I lift my rents at the Mill o' Glenlee.

When I am dead they ll say—"Here lies a fat one;"
Ithers'll say—"He's a drunkard and glutton;"
They may say what they will, for I'll feast on fat mutton,
And die like a lord at the Mill o' Glenlee.

I've gorged and I've guzzled, I've worried and riven,
But once I am buried 'twill all be forgiven,
And they'll write up—"Of such is the kingdom of heaven;"
This famous fat laird frae the Mill o' Glenlee.

Dr Robert Trotter, son of the subject of the foregoing sketch and selections, was, at an early age, sent to Worsley Mills, Yorkshire, where he was apprenticed to his brother Dr John Trotter, his medical educa-

tion being obtained at Edinburgh. He practised for many years at Auchencairn, Galloway, and in the West Highlands, and eventually retired to his native Glenkens, where he died in 1875 in his 77th year. From notices in the newspapers of the time we glean the following :—

Dr Trotter was one of the last of a phalanx of authors produced by Galloway in the early part of the present century. For nearly two hundred years the family was connected with Galloway, and for several generations its members were distinguished for literary talent. It is a somewhat singular fact that his grandfather, his father, his brother, and all his five sons, entered the medical profession. Dr Trotter wrote numerous articles and *brochures*, his most popular work being "Herbert Herries : a Tale of Dundrennan Abbey." He was acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, and on one occasion published a book by his advice. He also contributed to "Notes and Queries," and other magazines and newspapers. From his boyhood he was an ardent collector of antiquities, and he succeeded in gathering one of the most valuable collections in the south of Scotland. He devoted the declining years of his life exclusively to literary and antiquarian pursuits, and left behind him in MS. an interesting autobiography, containing letters from a number of the most eminent men of his time, references to well-known literary men, and to many of the old Galloway families, besides local traditions, which would otherwise have been buried in oblivion.

STILL PROUDLY THRILLS THY WITCHING VOICE.

Still proudly thrills thy witching voice,
The sweetest of the sweet ;
And still the airy notes rejoice
Thy fairy hand to greet.

I knew thee when 'twas sweeter still,
Or sweeter seemed to be ;

When music echoed at thy will,
With magic witchery.

'Twas ere unmeaning flattery, free,
Had hung upon thy song;
'Twas when you wished for only me,
Nor sought th' applauding throng.

'Twas when thy notes for me alone
Their thrill of rapture sent;
'Twas when the magic of thy tone
With love alone was blent.

I care not that thy songs may swell
Like what I once adored;
If once the heart I had rebel,
I would not be its lord.

Thy heart so clear, thy faith so free,
These wove my spirit's net;
Thy beauty's radiance fades to me
When truth, its sun, is set.

THE TIMES ARE CHANGED.

How bright and how beautiful night cometh on,
When the steeds of the warriors to battle have gone
When banners are waving aloft in the breeze,
And helms gleaming bright in the shade of the trees
And claymores were glancing as morning arose
As bright as the sun on Cormilligan's snows.

But times are now changed, and religion hath laid
The mail-armèd knight by the gentle young maid,
For whom his right arm in his chivalry drew
The claymore, in battle avenging and true.

Religion hath come like an angel of light,
And blazoned our country all radiant and bright;
Those times are all changed, and the warriors at rest
And the grief-stricken heart is with happiness blest.
The orange tree yieldeth its blossoms of white,
And the maiden is blest with her gallant young knight
And joyously raises her thanksgiving song,
While sweet flowers are blooming her Eden among.

The times they are changed, and Religion we find
Makes man to his brother true-hearted and kind;

'Tis the friend of the friendless, of age the resource,
In eloquence strong as the stream in its course;
The joy of the righteous, the blessing which heaven
To earth in its merciful goodness hath given;
And seraphs are singing their thanksgiving song,
And Eden is blooming our valleys among.

ROBERT DE BRUCE TROTTER

IS the eldest son of the foregoing, and present "head of the clan." He was born in 1833 at Dalbeattie, in Galloway. When he was about four months old his father removed to the picturesque village of Auchencairn, in the Parish School of which our poet received his education. Although he left school when very young, he was, however, an excellent classical scholar. After some years' experience in a law office in Glasgow, and in civil engineering, he went abroad, and passed several years in the tropics. Having great aptitude in picking up languages, he acquired a knowledge of Spanish, Portuguese, Chinese, Hindustanee, Bengalee, Tamil, and Telegu, with a smattering of several others—writing Tamil and Bengalee fluently in their native alphabets.

On account of having suffered for four years severely with ague, caught in South America, he was reluctantly obliged to return to Britain in order to regain his health. As he had been much thrown in the way of medical matters, he resolved to enter the medical profession, and with that object in view he went to Glasgow, where he studied at the University and Andersonian University. He was a very distinguished student, passing the examination in general

education with special honours, and taking high First Class in Surgery, Practice of Medicine, and Physiology, and the Highest First Class in Materia Medica and Therapeutics. In the Andersonian Chemical Society he obtained the second prize (1861) for an essay on "The Chemistry of Sugar;" and in a prize essay on the "Chemistry of Fermentation," read before the same Society in 1862, he advanced the theory that cholera, typhus, scarlatina, smallpox, and diseases of a febrile character generally, were caused by the introduction and multiplication in the blood of micro-organisms, allied in many respects to those causing the various forms of fermentation, and argued that all fevers should be treated by the administration of such substances as should be found by experiment to be capable of poisoning the specific organism or ferment of each particular fever. For introducting this "absurd and ridiculous theory," as it was styled, although it is now in general acceptation, his essay was awarded the second prize instead of the first, to which it would otherwise have been entitled.

On becoming qualified, our poet commenced practice on his own account in the ancient town of Bedlington, Northumberland, where he rapidly took up a prominent position. Having in the course of professional duties successively contracted typhus, diphtheria, and scarlatina, he removed to Wigtonshire, where he married and remained for four years. Getting tired, however, of the inactivity of a country practice, he returned to Northumberland, where his four brothers were settled as doctors, and took up his former connection, acting for many years as surgeon and joint-surgeon to some of the largest collieries in England. In 1872 he originated the "Northumberland and Durham Medical Association," the largest medical society out of London, of which he was for a long period secretary. He went largely into politics,

and was for many years a prominent member of the Bedlingtonshire Sanitary Reform Association, and of the Bedlingtonshire Local Board of Health, by means of which the sanitary condition of the district was immensely improved, and generally he did much to advance the social, political, and moral condition of the people. In the midst of a busy life, he found time to lecture all over the district on political, social, and scientific topics, and in 1877 he edited and published a book called "Galloway Gossip Sixty Years Ago," a quaint collection of his mother's fireside tales and anecdotes connected with that district. It is embellished with quaint and very clever initial letters and headings, cut out with his penknife during his nocturnal vigils by the bedsides of his lady patients. This now exceedingly rare and much-valued volume contains a few specimens of his poetry. Most of his pieces were published in the *Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser* and the *Galloway Gazette*, to the latter of which he has been a frequent contributor from its commencement. A long series of descriptive articles entitled "A Voyage to the Glenkens" attracted much attention, as did also a series of about forty tales illustrating the prevalent superstitions of Galloway, a series which is not yet completed.

In 1880 Dr Trotter made up his mind to retire from practice, and emigrate to a warmer climate, but he was induced to go instead to Perth, in which city he is now settled, in as active practice as ever. He is President of the Perthshire Medical Association, and a Vice-President of the Perthshire Society of Natural Science, and is a member of the Ayr and Wigton Archæological Society. He is also a frequent lecturer on archæological, microscopic, ethnological, and medical subjects.

He began writing verses at school, chiefly sarcastic. Afterwards he attempted political and humorous

pieces, with the usual "sprinkling of spooneyisms." Although Dr Trotter has naturally a keen, sarcastic, and humorous vein, his later productions are noteworthy for their lively patriotism, and a warm sympathy with the finer feelings of our common humanity. Some of his racy pieces evince fine perception of the ridiculous, and a lively sense of incongruity, abounding in rich and fresh humour; while his more reflective poems are very fanciful and highly poetic, and show the scholar as well as the thoughtful observer.

THE IVY.

Low in a sheltered smiling vale,
Secure from every boisterous gale,
A lovely sapling grew;
The creeping ivy at its feet,
With soothing accents, calm and sweet,
Thus speaking, rose to view,
"To love you is my only joy."
It lied, it wanted to destroy.

"Oh! let me at thy feet recline,
Around thy graceful trunk entwine,
Along thy branches grow,
I'll shield thee from the raging storm,
I'll deck with leaves thy beauteous form
Amid the winter's snow.
Oh! let me thy support enjoy,"
And yet it meant but to destroy.

On sweet voluptuous joys intent,
The yielding sapling breathes consent,
The ivy mounted high;
At first with tender anxious care,
Distrust nor fear to waken there;
Insidious, bland, and sly,
To grace that sapling seemed its joy,
It graced it only to destroy.

The tree beheld with glowing pride
The graceful ivy deck its side;
And trusting, chaste, and young,
With pride its kind embrace receives,
With pride it views the glittering leaves,
That round it closely clung;

And dreamt not in its pride and joy
It clung so closely to destroy.

Alas! the ivy's gentle clasp
Changed to a close, a deadly grasp,
Around the trusting tree;
Too late it knew the treacherous lie,
It could but droop, and fade and die:
The ivy laughed with glee.
The sapling dreamed of love and joy,
The ivy loved but to destroy.

Even as some maiden, warm and young,
Trusts in her swain's deceitful tongue,
Her bosom glows with pride,
To think that loved one is her own;
Till virtue yielded, honour gone,
He only will deride.
The artless fond confiding toy
He loved—but only to destroy.

GENTEEL HOSPITALITY.

The Royal Bruce in ancient times when huntin' lost his way,
And wander'd till the cluds o' nicht had droun't the sinkin' day.
Worn oot wi' hunger an' fatigue, till he could scarcely stan',
He wauchel't to an aul' wife's cot—She speer't "Whaur are ye gaun?"
"Come rest ye; wull ye no come in?
Come, stranger, come awa,
Ye're welcome." Low she muttered then—
"Say Na, say na."

The Monarch glower't—the crone was deaf—she didna ken he heard,
But mutterin' toom't her porritch oot, and sair his comfort marred—
"I wish the supper had been by afore the dyvour came,
The hungry loon 'll eat us up, ay, oot o' house an' hame."
"Sit up yer wa's, kind sir," she says,
"Noo try an' sup them a',
My word! ye're welcome, come yer ways—
Say na."

Gentility has ne'er forgot the crone's delightful art,
Aye hospitable wi' the lips, but seldom wi' the heart.
A man still mak's an awfu' fuss when some aul' freen comes in—
"Jess, bring some whiskey frae the shop, an' mind you limmer, rin."

There micht be gallons in the house,
The shop a mile awa,
His heart was whisperin', though sae crouse—
"Say na."

Some neebour wife comes drappin' in ye didna want to see,
Your wife cries "Pit yer bonnet aff, an' stay an' tak' yer tea,
An' hoo is John, an' hoo's the wean? ye micht a' brocht them too,
Noo never say ye canna wait—pit aff yer bonnet—do.
The ribe! whatever brocht her here,
I hope she'll gang awa."
She wished she wud, to a' she'd speir,
Say na.

Oot o' politeness they'll invite a stranger to the house,
An' if he's fule eneuch to gang, they'll look sae grave an' douce,
They'll speer sae stiffly for his freens. "Ye'll bide a month or mair."
They'll say, while wonnerin' a' the time, what deevil sent him there.
"We'll be sae glad to pit ye up,
Noo dinna gang awa'."
Their hearts are quiverin' like a whup—
"Say na."

If some acquaintance or some freen should ask ye oot to dine,
He'll keep invitin' ye to eat, an' no' to spare the wine,
He'll heap yer plate—wi' bad champagne he'll want to fill yer bowl,
And grudge't as if each bite an' sowp was chirted through his sowl.
He'll ask ye to come aften back,
Ye'll scarce can get awa',
Though Truth still mutters through a crack,
"Say na."

If ye'll gang oot an' tak' yer tea, the minute ye begin,
The man cries "Bring some jeely oot," or "Fetch the honey in,"
Or "Set us doun some ham." The wife sits silent as a mouse,
They hae'na got, she kens fu' weel, sic things in a' the house.
He swears the wife'll fetch them ben,
"If ye'd like ane or a',"
Their hearts are whisperin' strong ye ken—
"Say na."

Sic freenly folk, a stranger thinks, they're kindly, can he doot?
Sae hospitable they appear until he fin's them oot,
He sune can see they offer maist thae things he canna tak',
An' [illegible] yields when they insist, they never ask him back.

The mair they seem uncommon kind,
Insistin', sweet, an' a',
The mair they're whisperin' in their mind—
"Say na."

WEE MARY.

Its blue eyes sparkled so clear and bright,
And it laughed with joyous glee—
It laughed and it crowed with mad delight
As it danced on its mother's knee.
How her heart rejoiced in its little joys
With a mother's fondest pride;
How she loved to hear its happy noise,
And she wept when her darling cried;
She kissed its little tears away,
And she blessed it when it smiled,
And she fondled it close to her doting heart—
Her first, her only child.

It danced and it crowed on its mother's knee—
It gave one fearful gasp.
She shuddered—its little face grew black
As it writhed in her shielding clasp;
It could not breathe, but it whispered "Ma"—
It was all her child could say,
And it closed its eyes in the sleep of death,
For its spirit had passed away.
A cold thrill shot through her sinking heart,
And her terror was deep and wild,
As she strained to her bosom the lifeless form
Of her first, her only child.

She is breaking her heart for her bright-eyed girl,
She is wretched and lonely now;
Her husband is trying to soothe her grief,
But how can he comfort—how?
For his eye still rests on her little cot
That is standing empty there,
And he looks on the toys of his dear wee pet,
And he weeps in mute despair.
The tears still stream o'er her thin pale face
When she thinks how her darling smiled—
How the cold clay covers her best-beloved—
Her first, her only child.

She is happy once more, and she smiles again—
She has found a comfort now;
She grieves no more for her darling child
With a gloomy and thoughtful brow,

For she dreamed that she looked on her dear wee wean
In the happy heavens above,
And it cried "Oh, mother! I want you here
To bask in our Father's love."
It smiled on her heart with its angel face,
And its eyes so sweet and mild,
And she models her life to join it there—
Her first, her only child.

HAIR

A tattered drunkard staggers along,
He falls in the melting snow,
The scorn and the jest of the passing throng
That scoff at his self-sought woe.
Ah! little they think that the withered cheek
That lies on the mud-stained ground,
Was a mother's pride and was soft and sleek,
And ruddy and bright and round;
That the lips now cursing the Powers above
Had been tutored to praise and prayer,
Or that tear-dimmed eyes still look with love
On a lock of his once bright hair.

He rises, he staggers along again,
He dashes against the wall,
He struggles to steady his steps—in vain!
He can only rise to fall,
Till a woman goes past, with a cold hard face,
But a heart still soft and warm,
For she turns and pities his dire disgrace,
And she leads him away from harm.
Oh! why in her eyes do the tear-drops start,
As she looks on the drunkard there?
Oh! she treasures in love on her once light heart,
A lock of his bright brown hair.

She shudders! she knows him! with heart distress't
She shrinks in the deepest shade;
What thoughts arise in her tortured breast
As she looks on the wreck she made!
For she loved him once, and his heart was hers
In her joyous and youthful days;
Oh! bitter remorse her heart bestirs,
As she thinks o'er her selfish ways;
Looking back to the eve when he told her his love,
That wretched outcast there,
When she took that token of endless love,
That lock of his bright brown hair.

What sweet sad thoughts of the buried past
Now crowd her accusing mind!
What clouds of sorrow her heart o'ercast;
For he once was good and kind.
She had told that wretched ruined man
That she loved him heart and soul,
Then threw him aside in a selfish plan
For a higher and brighter goal;
And he plunged in vices to smother his love,
And he drank to drown his care,
And she scorned him, yet treasured all else above
That lock of his once bright hair.

Deeper and deeper he plunged in sin,
Lower and lower he fell,—
Dropped like a star from the sphere she was in,
Where he lighted she ne'er could tell.
She had blighted his heart, and the one she prized
Had as cruelly spurned her own;
Though loved awhile, she was soon despised,
And her cherished hopes o'erthrown.
Oh! she lifted her tearful eyes above
As she sank in her dark despair,
And she treasured with deeper and purer love
The lock of that once bright hair.

Oh! it lights up a glow in her cheerless heart
As she looks on that keepsake now;
And the scalding tears from her blue eyes start,
As she thinks of her broken vow:
Reproaches rise in her aching breast,
As she treasures that token still,
And she kisses it fondly, and sinks to rest
With a sad but enraptured thrill:
Her dark lone heart it lies above,
Ah! fondly she keeps it there,
And her tear-dimmed eyes still look with love
On that lock of his once bright hair.

JAMES TROTTER,

BORN at Auchencairn, Kirkcudbrightshire, in 1842, is a brother of the foregoing, and fourth son of Dr Robert Trotter of Glenkens. He received the rudiments of his education in his native place, and at Southend, Argyllshire. His subsequent education was self-acquired. On removing from Kintyre he went to the Isle of Skye. He collected from oral tradition numerous legends and folk lore, some of which he afterwards published. He also employed himself in sketching from Nature notable scenes and antiquarian remains, several of which found their way into various publications. In 1872 Dr Trotter published "The Banks of Humford Mill," in verse, and in the same year was printed at Edinburgh his "Clachan Fair, a Descriptive Poem by Bartholomew Powhead, Esq.," a racy and humorous production that speedily ran through several editions.

On removing to the north of England he instituted "The Bedlingtonshire Sanitary Reform Association" for improving the dwellings and surroundings of the Northumberland miners and the working classes of that district. He also became one of the founders of the school of "Bedlington Radicals." In 1872-73, along with Thomas Glassey and Robert Elliot, author of the "Pitman gan te Parleymint," Dr Trotter, editor of "Galloway Gossip," and others, he originated the famous "Franchise Movement" in the Borough of Morpeth. Our poet was appointed Secretary, fought the franchise question through the law-courts, and established the right of the borough miners to political citizenship, eventuating in the return of Thomas Burt, a Northumberland miner, as the first working-man representative in the House of Commons. Dr Trotter

is joint originator of "Fraser's Blyth and Tyneside Comic Pictorial Annual," in which for several years many clever productions in prose and verse have emanated from his pen. He first began to write in the *Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser*, in the form of songs and ballads, and numerous songs, poems, and ballads have been composed by him from time to time and published in "The Border Counties Magazine," "North of England Household Magazine," Richardson's and Metcalf's Almanacs, "Fraser's Poet's Album," &c. One of Dr Trotter's productions—"The Song of Freedom"—has been widely popular. It has been translated into several languages, and is still recited in the theatres and music halls in the United States on the anniversary of American Independence. All his subjects evince the true poetic faculty; and, while his humour is rich and rollicking, and his satirical vein such as to cause those who come under his lash to remember it, he has written many poems full of a natural sweetness and pathos that commend them irresistibly to the affections and the heart.

THE WEE BRUCKIT LASSIE.

The sun has set, the gloamin's come, the day has glided by,
The lassies liltin' through the broom are caain' hame their kye;
I'll dauner doun the clachan brae to meet the ane I lo'e—
My wee, wee bruckit lassie that milks her mammie's coo.

Wha wadna lo'e this wee bit thing, sae winsome and sae free,
The smilin' dimple o' her chin, her merry twinkling e'e;
Her hair sae artless hanging doun, but shaded frae her broo—
My wee, wee bruckit lassie that milks her mammie's coo.

Yestreen, when up the Mulloch Knowe, I set her on my knee;
Says I—"Wee Jessie, will you leave your frien's and come wi' me."
She lapdoun on the grass and cried—"I wadna gang wi' you"—
My wee, wee bruckit lassie that milks her mammie's coo.

And when I asked her for a kiss, she turned and looked sae shy,
Affected wonder in her face, sae modest and sae coy,
Then, wheelin' roun', she stamp'd her fit—"Sic tricks I'll no
aloo"—
My wee, wee bruckit lassie that milks her mammie's coo.

She gangs on Sundays to the kirk, sae bonnie and sae braw,
And haith my wee thing bears the gree, the belle amang them a';
But then she winna court wi' me, she's far ow'r young to woo—
This wee, wee bruckit lassie that milks her mammie's coo.

SONG OF FREEDOM.

Hail the dawn of Freedom breaking,
Clouds and shadows melt away!
Nations! from your slumbers waking,
Joyful greet the blessed ray!
Freedom's banner, soul entrancing,
Blazons wide its shrunken fold;
Manhood's charter still advancing,
Tyrants trembling to behold.
See yon motto proudly glancing:—
"Freedom neither bought nor sold."

. . . . . .

Not with sounding drum or tabor,
Seek we for a world's applause;
Rifled gun and burnished sabre
Lend no triumph to our cause.
Heart and brain our weapons ever,
Logic clear and reason strong,
Striving in one grand endeavour
Aiding right, repelling wrong;
Planning, scheming, to dis-sever
Conquered weak from tyrant strong.

Men are men the wide world over,
Kings and despots nothing more;
Man of man should be a lover,
Never shed a brother's gore.
Mark the fruits of mad ambition,
Grief and sorrow, want and toil,
Bound in chains of dark tradition,
Circling like a serpent's coil;
Linked by gloomy superstition,
Brooding o'er some wretched broil.

Who shall say our work is treason,
Truth and Justice by our side;

Wrong may triumph for a season,
Right is right whate'er betide;
Hail the march of Education,
Future history's guiding star,
Mighty friend of Arbitration,
Destined foe of hateful war,
Blending in one glorious nation
Tribes and peoples from afar.

CHRISTIAN ASPIRATIONS.

Oh for a heart!—one mighty heart!
To beat responsive to our own,
As hopes decay and joys depart,
To guide us to the realms unknown.

Oh for the power!—the magic power!
Those happy moments to recall,
Ere vice had nipped each budding flower,
Which after pleasure steeped in gall.

Oh for the task!—the blessed task!
Our wretched passions to destroy;
The snares of Satan to unmask,
And free the soul from guilt's alloy.

Oh for an arm!—a giant arm!
To succour all the virtuous poor;
To bear aloft 'mid wreck and storm
The gospel flag from shore to shore.

Oh for the time!—the hallowed time!
When all mankind shall brethren be;
When men shall learn the truth sublime—
That God's the Lord of Liberty.

Oh for the day!—the glorious day!
When men and nations all shall own
That heaven has lent its brightest ray
To light us to the Father's throne.

Oh for the hour!—the sacred hour!
When Nature's weary paths are trod;
To hail beyond the clouds that lour,
A refuge in our Saviour-God.

THE BEGGAR'S FATE.

O lassie dinna steek your door,
Nor turn frae me wi' cauld disdain ;
For pity's sake, oh, let me in,
And shield me frae the wind and rain !

I'm auld and frail, my claithin's thin,
My limbs are numb, I'm like to fa' ;
My heart is sick, I canna thole
The piercin' sleet and driftin' snaw.

Tho' pinched wi' hunger, frost and cauld,
This lee lang day I've wandered wide ;
But still I'm spurned frae ilka door,
And scorn and want are sair to bide.

I've stood where comrades focht and fell,
Beneath auld Scotland's banner blue ;
And shared their fame when glory led
The auld Black Watch at Waterloo.

But fourscore years hae thinned my blude
I'm doylt and donnart, worn and poor ;
And now that youthfu' vigour's gane,
I'm forced to beg frae door to door.

The nicht is wild, the muirland drear,
I've nane to guide me on my way ;
Ha'e pity then an let me bide,
I'll leave ye by the screich o' day.

Wi' tremblin' voice the auld man spak',
The saut tears tricklin' frae his e'e ;
He weened, at last, his ways had sprung
Some spark o' Christian charity.

And weel his wan and wasted form
Micht melt a heart o' granite stane ;
But lang ere half his tale was tauld
The lassie frae the door had gane.

The snaw had dimmed his aged e'en,
He cleared his sicht—nae help was there ;
Ae hopeless glance he cast around,
Then turned away in mute despair.

The mornin' dawned on hill and dale,
That circled roun' that stately Ha',
And fand the beggar stiff and cauld,
His windin' sheet a wreath o' snaw !

ISABELLA TROTTER.

BEFORE leaving this poetic and literary family, we might add that Miss Trotter, daughter of Dr Robert Trotter, who, as we have seen, practised as a surgeon in the Glenkens for upwards of fifty-five years, wrote several tales, poems, &c. Their relative, Lady Abercromby of Birkenbog, established her in a school at Moffat, procuring her many pupils. The school, notwithstanding this patronage, was unsuccessful, and Miss Trotter went into several families as governess. Extracts from her journal at this period, entitled "Leaves from the Journal of a Dumfriesshire Governess," appeared in a local newspaper. In 1822 she published a small volume, entitled "Family Memoirs," which was in effect a life of her father. It had a ready sale. Her tale "The Four Glenkens Ministers," was published in 1826 in Bennet's *Dumfries Magazine*, and from thence was copied into Nicholson's "Galloway Tales," and reprinted in "Gallovidiana." Afterwards the Rev. Dr Gordon procured her the post of mistress of Leven Lodge School, Edinburgh, where she resided several years and acquired some property. Her rigid adherence to Free Church principles during the height of the Disruption controversy is said to have caused her to lose this situation. She afterwards taught a school at Preston-holm, near Lasswade, where she died, after a short illness, in 1847. We are only able to give a portion from a single specimen of her muse.

HOME.

Home! happy home! thrice happy they who call
It such, and find it so. Thrice happy they
Who taste with feeling's zest its dear delights,
Its simple joys, and tranquil pleasure's flow.

Ye little birds! ye have a home! the shade
Your covert green, your shelter, and a calm
Retreat: but I have none—of all bereft.
My home! my home! where is my home! I cried,
And echo answered where. Worn with fatigue
And fainting weak, a humble cottage now
I reached, and trembling raised the latch: in vain
I tried to move, in vain essayed to speak.

Clad in the dark
Habiliments of woe, an aged form
I saw reclined upon a wooden seat.
Close by her well worn Bible, and a few
Decaying embers on a cheerless hearth,.
With fitful glare the glimmering light that on
Her pallid features shone, the ghastly hue
Of death disclosed. The lengthened sigh that from
My bosom heaved her fixed attention caught,
And as she raised her beamless eye, 'twas for
A moment lighted up, a transient gleam
Of mingling joy with recollected grief,
Which for an instant flushed her sallow cheek.
It was my mother, but how sadly changed
The deepening furrows told, the hues of woe
That marked her careworn face. It was, alas!
My mother, but 'twas not her wonted smile
Of glowing warm affection, it was not
The joyful glance of pleasure, or the grasp
Of cordial welcome, but a hand so cold
It chilled my heart, and life's warm current froze.
'Twas sorrow's apathy, and penury's icy grasp
With misery's saddened gaze, which dark despair
Had pictured there. I saw and felt it all,
Then saw and felt no more, but sought in sweet
Insensibility oblivion of my woes. And this was Home.

GEORGE NEIL

WAS born in 1858 at Whiteletts, a village distant about two miles from Ayr. His father was then employed in a colliery, but, through taking an active part in a great and lengthened strike, he was, on the resumption of work, discharged. As the house

occupied by the parents of our poet belonged to the Company, they had to quit it, and he was born on the morning of the day on which the factor came to perform the disagreeable duty of "eviction." They were, however, allowed to remain a few days on the father promising to "stay in the house, and keep the doors and windows closed." On the mother's recovery, they removed to Ayr, afterwards to Glasgow, and subsequently to Tollcross, a village three miles to the west of Glasgow. Here they remained about eleven years, and they are next found at Middlequarter, and, three years after, at Barrachnie, a small village on the Airdrie and Bathgate road. The cause of so many removals was doubtless the intemperate habits of the father, from whom they were ultimately compelled to separate. Their circumstances were very straitened, for the duty of providing for five children devolved on the mother, who strove bravely to bring them up.

George was the only one who received what might be termed "a smattering" of education. He was early at work, and his life has been full of varied experiences. On leaving school, he was first employed in a foundry, next in a baker's shop, and successively by a draper, and a carrier. He then worked in a coal pit, and afterwards served seven years in the army. While serving as a soldier he for a time embraced the excellent opportunities of mental culture afforded by a military life, and qualified himself for promotion. Although when a lad of thirteen he had made an attempt at versifying, it was not till with his regiment—the 13th Prince Albert's Light Infantry, then stationed at Bellary, East India—that he wrote "How can I leave my native land?" which appeared in the "Amateur and Singer's Journal." These were the first verses he had in print, and were followed by many other songs—principally on temperance subjects, some of which became popular. He also wrote news items

and prose articles for the *Madras Journal* and several Indian newspapers. On his return home, some four years ago, he was for a period traveller for a drapery establishment, and he is now in business on his own account as a tailor and clothier.

Mr Neil's productions have frequently a place in the poet's corner of the Glasgow *Weekly Mail*, the Dundee *Weekly News*, the *Hamilton Advertiser*, &c. His temperance verses have the true elevating ring about them, while his songs on love and home and country are tender, sweet, and patriotic, and such as find a responsive echo in all hearts.

HE'S COMIN' HAME TO ME.

I've had a letter frae my love, an' oh ! hoo glad to tell,
My bosom heaved wi' boun'less joy to learn that he is well,
For oh ! it's lang sin' he left hame to cross the angry sea,
But, thank kin' Providence, my love is comin' hame to me.
He's comin' hame to me—yes, me,
He's comin' hame to me ;
But, thank kin' Providence, my love is comin' hame to me.

I broke the seal wi' tremblin' han', for little did I ken
The joyfu' news that it did bring frae him, the best o' men ;
I read it owre an' owre before I could believe it true,
An' wept wi' joy owre the fond words, I'm comin' hame to you.
I'm comin' hame to you—yes, you,
I'm comin' hame to you,
An' wept wi' joy owre the fond words, I'm comin' hame to you.

I always thocht, though some said na, that he'd be true to me,
For ere he left he told me that he'd love me faithfully ;
His promise he indeed hath kept, his love I'll never tyne,
For noo he's comin' hame at last, to be for ever mine.
To be for ever mine—yes, mine,
To be for ever mine,
An' noo he's comin' hame at last, to be for ever mine.

O glorious love ! pure, undefiled ! that doth so touch the heart,
An' stimulate the lowliest to play a noble part ;
Thy poo'er hath here been truly felt in all its purity,
For hast thou not made Geordie say—he's comin' hame to me?
He's comin' hame to me—yes, me,
He's comin' hame to me,
For hast thou not made Geordie say—he's comin' hame to me?

MARRIED AN' SETTLED AT LAST.

Oh, lang I a bachelor was,
An' ne'er thocht o' weddin' a lassie;
But little I kent o' the bliss
When I ca'd a' the women folks saucy.
For e'er since I've ta'en to mysel'
A lassie, I never feel weary;
An' I seem to be under a spell
That mak's me keep singin' fu' cheerie.
Married an' settled at last,
I've got a wee wifie to cheer me;
Sae blaw, Winter, blaw yer wild blast,
I'll never again hae to fear ye.

My meals an' my claes are aye clean,
I'm keepit gey snod, an' I ken it;
The hoose is aye like a new preen,
Sae weel does my Katie atten' it.
An' at nicht, when I'm dune wi' my wark,
An' washed, an' my supper is owre,
I feel—oh, ye single men, hark!—
Transported to some fairy bower.
Married and settled, &c.

ODE TO DRINK.

Drink, thou wreck of human life,
Thou murderer, thief, thou cause of strife,
Thou separatist man and wife,
Thou cursed thing;
The source of discontent thou art,
Deep mis'ry's pictured on thy chart;
Thou ne'er hast played a manly part—
Death's in thy sting.

To thee we easily can trace
The abject want and haggard face
Of countless numbers of our race
In this fair land;
Yet, like the Upas tree, thou'rt found
Where'er the human race abound,
Spreading thy death-like fragrance round
On every hand.

Illusive joy they but receive
Who in thy pleasures do believe,
And thinking thou wilt not deceive
Them, but, alas!

The drunkard's grave doth plainly show
That pleasure's but thy name for woe,
Which takes that form, that it may go
The round, and pass.

Yet 'tis impossible for me
To picture thee, as thou shouldst be;
But, oh! may good aye keep me free
From thy fell power;
May I ne'er more thy craving feel,
Which deeper wounds than sharpest steel,
But see thee trodden under heel
Life's every hour.

Oh, soon may man the evil see
Of harbouring, and drinking thee,
And treat thee just as thou shouldst be—
What joy to tell!
From ev'ry home in ev'ry land,
Will rise triumphant, mighty, grand,
The thanks of those who could not stand
Thy crushing spell.

AWA' OWRE YON HILL.

Awa owre yon hill where the burnie sae cheery
Rins gurglin' an' singin' adoun to the Clyde,
In summer I've roved owre an' owre wi' my dearie,
An' felt life to be quite a heaven by her side.
An' oft 'neath the shade o' yon hawthorn hoary
That grew in the sweet floo'ery neuk i' the glen,
Enraptured we've breathed the sweet, sweet gowden story
O' love, an' there sealed it again an' again.

She's nane o' yer prood, haughty leddies o' fashion,
Wha dress up in jewels an' satins sae fine,
For sic gaudy grandeur she ne'er had a passion,
Oh, no! for her beauty does far them outshine,
The roses that bloom on yon brier-bush sae bonnie,
The wee crimson daisies on yon gowany lea,
Are charmin' to view, an' gie pleasure to mony;
But a glint o' my lassie's far dearer to me.

FANCY.

O, who can praise thee, gift divine! I feel
At times, though much fatigued and worn, when done
With work at night, as if that I had won
Admittance to some heaven as fair and real

As Scriptures prove; for sweet o'er me doth steal
Such bliss, as though the world had sorrows none
In store for me, but that there had begun
That glorious reign which God will yet reveal.
Such is thy power, O Fancy! such thy sphere;
Forgetful quite of all our woes on earth
We roam at will among those scenes so dear,
To which thou dost delightfully give birth;
And life's worst blows, worst stings, and deepest grief,
Thou givest for the while, sweet Saviour-like relief.

R. S. G. ANDERSON.

REV. ROBERT STUART GUTHRIE ANDERSON is a son of the Rev. Robert Anderson, D.D., St George's Road U.P. Church, Glasgow. He was born in the quaint old village of Ceres, about three miles from Cupar, Fife. There he received much of his early education, and for a short time he attended Ceres Public School. In 1873 his father accepted a call to the U.P. Church of Milnathort, Kinrossshire, and soon afterwards our poet entered as a pupil of Dollar Academy—travelling daily by rail a distance of thirteen miles for about four years. It was during this period that he first attempted to write verse. A ludicrous incident in one of the classes originated the effort. Some one suggested that he should relate it in verse, and he tried, and astonished himself by finding that he could rhyme. Here, however, the laws of heredity, so often seen in our experience as we have proceeded with this work, had another illustration, for a sister had already distinguished herself as a writer of verse, his uncle, the Rev. Matthew Dickie, has a place here amongst our poets, and there are few members of the family who have not given evidence of a similar talent.

Mr Anderson's life at Milnathort had a great influence on his writing. He frequently wandered out alone, and delighted to trace the burns to their source in the Ochil Hills, to climb the Lomonds, or to sit on the shore and listen to the murmurs of the waters that inspired Michael Bruce. The manse occupied a magnificent situation—the view of Lochleven, with its islands being beautiful in the extreme. Often he lingered looking at the glorious sunsets—the light playing on the waters, the castle standing out white against its green background of trees, and behind all, the noble Benarty rising up from the very edge of the lake. Amid such surroundings the poetry of Nature unconsciously took possession of him.

In 1880 his father accepted a call to his present charge in Glasgow, and soon after our poet entered its University. Ever sensitive to the influence of his environments, his contact with all sorts and conditions of men at once influenced him. He began to make mankind his study; but much of what he wrote at this time was merely of a nature peculiar to students and of class interest—squibs, parodies, &c. In the English literature (senior) class his poetical efforts were several times highly commended by the Professor. About 1882 one of his productions was printed for the first time. He always shrank from sending them to be published, and wrote only because it gave him pleasure to do so. His poem, "Lochleven," saw the light in the *People's Friend*, and others appeared in the pages of the "Dollar Institution Magazine." In 1884 he took his degree of M.A. at Glasgow University, and then went to the U.P. Theological Hall in Edinburgh. Here his studies at once influenced and coloured his writings. At the close of the session of 1887, Mr Anderson took his B.D. degree, and in the following July he was licensed by the Glasgow U.P. Presbytery (North) as a probationer. In November he received

the appointment of assistant in the North U.P. Church, Auchtermuchty, where he still remains, much esteemed for his varied gifts, his earnest and attractive ministrations, and his genial and kindly nature. The poet who has had the greatest influence upon his mind is Tennyson, whose chaste language, so full and sweet and round, has ever had great attractions for him. Evidently his delight is in apt, exact, and rich expression. Mr Anderson has seldom touched the native Doric. He considers that it "requires a giant's strength to beat music with this hammer from the anvil of the soul." All his productions that have come under our observation show that he is an exact thinker, and that he can deftly express his ideas in verse. He has clearly a decided poetic gift, rich fancy, and sweet lyrical power, and while his versification is always good, his sentiments are ever pure and ennobling.

THE YOUNG MINISTER.

LAIRD'S WIFE IN CHURCH, *loquitur*.

He's jist a bit callan' o' twenty,
And bran' new oot frae the collidge;
But they tell me wha ken that he's gleg wi' the pen,
And his heid's fu' o' book-lear' and knowledge.
And O but he's graun', graun',
And O but he's deep, deep.
Tho' I canna complain, for I never kent ane
That cud send me sae sune to sleep.

He's the nattiest man i' the pairish,
There's no anither sic bra';
Wi' his bonnie surtou o' the bluey-black hue
And his roond-aboot collar and a'.
And O but he's spry, spry,
And O but he's sweet, sweet,
Wi' his "how d'ye do," and "guid mornin' to you,"
When he passes ye oot in the street.

He's a wise-luikin' chiel' i' the poopit,
For he's no sic an ill-faurit loon;

And the specs on his nose gie a look o' repose
When they've riggit him up i' the goon.
And O but he's graun', graun',
And O but he's bra', bra',
He has sicna a po'er, he can daud oot the stour,
Owre the buikboard, and choir, and a'.

He's the gleggest bit laddie at preachin',
Wi' his staurs and the rummlin' spheres;
There's no ane cud hear it and ever grow wearit,
We're aften a' meltit to tears.
And O but he's glib, glib,
And O but he's canty, canty,
Were he ca'd on to speak either Latin or Greek,
He'd jist spiel owre yer Shakespir and Danty.

He's maybe a wee bit conceitit,
Tho' I winna jist say that's a failin';
An' he's apt to forget we've oor dinners to het;—
Eh? what! It's the ither kirk scalin'!
O, O, but he's dreich, dreich,
O, O, but he's lang, lang,
If he dinna stap preachin', I'll sune tak to fleechin',
I wish he'd gae aff the fang!

LOCH LEVEN.

Softly 'neath the western Ochils sinks the slowly setting sun,
Casting shadows on the hillside where the babbling brooklets run;
See its radiance kiss the waters, follow in the brooklet's wake
Till the brooklet joins the river, and the river joins the lake.
There the purple radiance lingers o'er Loch Leven's fairest isle,
Lingers 'mid the nooks and crannies of the castle's mouldering pile.
In a little dungeon chamber—thro' a window frameless now,—
Falls a ray of sunlight flashing from the distant mountain's brow.
Steals into the mouldy chamber, creeps along the earthen floor,
Seeks, in silence, the departed glory of the days of yore;
Silence, shroud of fleeting ages, wraps the old and mouldy cell,
While the ruins tell the secrets mortal tongues can never tell.
Mary! thou art not forgotten,—thou, who perished in thy prime,
Graven is thy name for ever on the circling wheel of time!
Mark the sunbeams tint the waters rippled by the evening breeze,
Flinging ever-shifting colours over ivied walls and trees.
On the bosom of the waters floats this calm and peaceful isle,
Proudly conscious of her beauty, radiant with her happy smile;

Boldly sends she forth a challenge out upon the water's track,
Till the towers of Burleigh Castle from the northward answer back.
There, where high o'er clash of armour loud has rung the battle cry,
Prattling children gambol gaily while the autumn days go by.
Gloomy shadows, evil spirits, round the silent ruins brood,
Spirits that had seen the lover do his ghastly deed of blood.
Nay! thy ruins cannot cover secrets of such woeful crime,
Ever rolls the story onward thro' the endless aisles of Time.
Now the sun sinks softly downwards 'neath the distant Ochil's height,
While like bird from tree to tree the sunbeam wings its western flight;
And the shades of night come drifting slowly down the narrow glen,
Seeming in their onward movement like the ghosts of armed men.

THE OLD STORY.

In the waning of the summer,
At the gloaming of the day,
By the washing of the ocean
In the yellow-sanded bay;

She and I, in lonely splendour,
Trembling on each other's arm,
Felt the heart its deepest secret
Beating out in faint alarm.

In the moonlight's silver showers
Streaming down the silent skies;
In the brilliancy of glory
Lighting up those wondrous eyes;

All my longing found expression,
As her lips returned my kiss;
And my soul in heavenly rapture
Crossed the rubicon of bliss.

Now my life grows bright and better
And the world not half so sad,
And the German band plays sweeter
On the dusty promenade.

DROWNED.

O sleep, sad sea, in thy shell-strewn caves,
And silence that shivering sigh;

Ye wild fowl, rest on the ocean's breast,
And stifle your wild, weird cry;
Ye winds, breathe softly over the waves—
Sleep on, sad sea, in thy shell-strewn caves.

Sleep on, my love, 'neath the sobbing sea,
It never will cease its sorrow;
As it moans to-day thro' its restless spray,
It will moan again to-morrow;
And the wind for ever will sigh at sea,
And the sea-gull's shriek be a dirge for thee.

O sleep, sad sea, in thy shell-strewn caves,
Where the beams of the setting sun,
O'er the crystal caves and the mimic waves,
Like ripples of laughter run;
And the winds breathe low as the water laves
The silver walls of the sunlit caves.

THE JAUNTING CAR.

Some poets have sung of the gondolas gliding
Thro' the whispering waters of Venice the Fair;
And some of the glories of snow-sledges sliding;
And sworn that with these there can nothing compare.
But I'll sing of a pleasure surpassing them far—
'Tis the rattle and jolt of a jaunting car.

American Saxe sings his rhyme of the rail,
And Irishman Moore tunes his harp in the hall,
And others have wrested a song from a gale;
But I sing of sweet music surpassing them all—
In the twilight you hear it, when roaming afar,
In the rattle and jolt of a jaunting car.

Some poets have warbled of love in the bowers,
And others of love on a lake in the gloaming;
While many have sung of a love 'mong the flowers;
And love on the bank of a rivulet roaming;
But I sing of a love that surpasses them far—
There's nothing like love on a jaunting car.

For love lost his way as he flew to the bowers,
And fell from the boat in the star-spangled lake;
O'ercome by the scent, he was smothered by flowers;
And fell from a rock 'mid the mountain brake;
But who ever heard—be it near or afar—
That love ever fell from a jaunting car.

Let poets, then, sing of the silvery motion
Of gondolas gliding in Venice the Fair,
Of sledges or trains, or of ships on the ocean,
And shout that with these there can nothing compare;
We know of a glory surpassing them far—
'Tis the rattle and jolt of a jaunting car.

DAVID BREMNER,

YOUNGEST son of the village baker of Aberchirder, was born at that place in 1813. His parents being in comparatively humble circumstances—the making of wheaten bread in a small country village in those days being anything but a lucrative calling—he received little schooling, but was at a tender age hired as a herd to a neighbouring farmer on Deveronside. He had a great taste for reading, however, and soon made himself familiar with the limited amount of literature that came within his reach. It was his duty to read aloud of an evening to his fellow-servants round the farmer's kitchen fireside the weekly newspaper, which in former times was passed from house to house till it had attained what would now be regarded as quite a respectable antiquity. On the death of his father, which took place while he was still a youth, he, along with an elder brother, continued to conduct the bakery business; but the concern being too small for the support of both, David, when a little over twenty years of age, commenced business on his own account as a general merchant in the village of Stuartfield. This venture he conducted with a fair measure of success till 1845, when he married a widow who was proprietrix of a flourishing business at Lanabo', some four miles from Stuartfield. Here, in 1850, he suffered his first great bereavement through the death

from fever of his wife and her two daughters by her previous marriage within a few days of each other. In 1855 he married Anne, daughter of the Rev. David Allison, of the U.P. Church, Stuartfield. For the benefit of his family he, in 1874, removed to Aberdeen, where he opened a grocery shop. This, however, turning out a losing concern, he disposed of the business after some two years' occupation. Town life was less congenial to him than that of the country, and about this time his health began to show signs of breaking up, and in May, 1878, he passed away.

As a man, Mr Bremner was of a very sensitive and retiring disposition, of sterling principle, and deeply sympathetic; and, although ever shrinking from public appearance, he was the very life of a private gathering. Always a reader, he was specially familiar with modern poetry, and took great pleasure in reading aloud of a winter's evening to his family from his favourite authors. In his younger days he was an enthusiastic botanist, and his acquaintance with the wild flowers of his native district was very considerable. As a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, his son, Mr M. A. Bremner, published a memorial volume consisting of a selection of his poems and essays contributed to Aberdeenshire and other newspapers. His prose productions are thoughtful and elevating, and show that, of broad and generous principles himself, he was strongly opposed to all manner of narrowness and bigotry. His poetry is mainly reflective, with an occasional glimpse of quiet humour. It evinces considerable power of expression and rhythm, and abounds in not a little that is fresh and vigorous.

WAIL OF THE WEARY.

Wearily, oh! wearily,
From morning's dawn till dark,
This spirit floats on life's rough sea,
Rock'd in a crazy bark,

Without a sail to woo the gale,
  She falters, falters ever,
With wind and tide to chafe and chide,
  Till Death the freight deliver.

Wearily, oh! wearily,
  From dark till morning's dawn,
The long, long lapse of sleepless hours
  By feverish pulse is drawn;
Or when some interval of ease
  In soft eclipse falls o'er me,
The spirit through its thin veil sees
  The cold sea-waste before me.

Wearily, oh! wearily,
  From June till warbling June,
The seasons in their marches breathe
  No gladness in their tune;
For vainly, vainly summer glows,
  Or birds their matins pour,
When by the snows of thawless woes
  The heart is wintered o'er.

Tediously, oh! tediously,
  The hours with hours are meeting,
As if the pulse through Time's hoar heart
  Were slowly, lowly beating;
And heavily, full heavily,
  Of joys no more returning,
I sit and sigh till morning's eye
  Upon the wave is burning.

Mournfully, oh! mournfully,
  Chime forth the spirit bells,
'Mid halls where keen-eyed Joyance dwelt,
  Where now her spectre dwells;
A low, a soft, tho' dying note—
  A fall, a rest, and fall—
The sounds, like ling'ring farewells, float
  O'er Hope's dim funeral.

Gloomily, oh! gloomily,
  The forlorn Fancy pines,
Like some sad bird, complainingly,
  O'er Love's deserted shrines;
While moon-eyed phantoms, in pale hosts,
  Hatch'd 'neath her wizard wings,
Glide forth, as from the dance of ghosts
  A grizzly radiance springs—
Dim meteors looming from afar—
The soul herself a wandering star.

COME, HIE TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Come, hie to the mountains! 'tis Nature that calls,
The banquet is set in her mystical halls;
The minstrels have woke, and their jubilant hymn
Is away over woodland and wilderness dim;
Nought living is mute, from the lark high-up borne,
To the insect that hums through its infantile horn,
While the flow'rets, I ween, in joint chorus are singing
Round the moss-tufted cairn where the harebell is ringing.

Come, hie to the mountains! 'tis Nature invokes,
With the life-dew of heaven on her redolent locks;
And the blush of the earth and the tints of the sky
Woo the weary and worn to her dwellings on high,
Where, love and life-fraught, a bright healer she stands,
With the chalice of health in her ministering hands,
And a skill far surpassing professional schemes,
She cures with her winds, and her waves, and her streams.

Come, hie to the mountains! drink glory and gladness,
The rush of their streams is the requiem to sadness;
The care-killing blasts round their foreheads that play
Will chase the soul's sickness, like vapour, away—
And the hopes which have lain like young love in a tomb,
Will be found, with the heathbell, to brighten and bloom;
While the pleasures you dream of as perish'd or flown,
On the mountains, like manna, the angels have strewn.

Then away from your homes, and your prison retreats,
Ye dwellers in alleys, ye hedge-bound in streets,
Allow the free spirit, from exile withdrawn,
To soar and to sing with the bird of the dawn;
With the dew on her wing, and the fire in her eye,
And the pulse of her hopes beating fearlessly high,
While her dream of wild gladness, of freedom, and mirth,
Takes the sunshine of heaven with no shadow from earth.

SONG OF THE SICKLE.

Sweet moon of the dear harvest sky!
Inspire by thy mellowing beam,
The song that the sickle would try;
For of song e'en the sickle may dream,
Since all objects around, on the wide earth or near it,
Have a voice to be heard if you only could hear it.

At the peep of the struggling dawn,
Ere the grey mists have mounted again,

From my sheath of the night I am drawn,
By full many a stalwart swain;
And the glance of my lance in the rising sun
Proclaims that the feasts of the day have begun.

And away o'er the field, right away,
'Tis a merciless onslaught I wage—
Not a stalk of that nodding array
But must yield to my pitiless edge—
As I sweep, as I steep my bright blade deep—
As I smash, as I dash in my rage.

From the sea of the wide waving corn
My song like a timbrel ascends,
While an echo from Plenty's full horn,
Along the green uplands extends;
And the beautiful sheaves spring erect from the wreaths,
And dance to the music it lends.

To the sound of the song and the laugh—
To the smile of all bounteous Heaven,
I leap upon life's saving staff,
While my dower is the bread that is given;
Thus careering I flash—thus exultant I dash,
By the strong arm of industry driven.

I sing of the blythe harvest home,
When around the warm ingle, all gay,
Not the pæan in palace or dome
Bears so gleesome a chorus as they—
A banquet more rich than of revelling squires,
'Tis the *heart* brews the bumper true gladness inspires.

Of stackyards and granaries replete
Is the burthen and gist of my lay,
With the swift-turning mill at my feet,
Rolling bass to the tribute I pay;
While around the bright hearth chimes the requiem of dearth,
And of want cowers the ghost all away.

Then hurrah! for the sickle so keen—
For its trophies, its booty, and spoils;
A fig for your reaping machine—
From its rude grasp the victim recoils;
But the sickle, impelled by the sinewy arm,
Is of manhood the glory, of motion the charm.

Tho' harsh be my song, and tho' shrill,
It wings joy to the innermost core—

Kindles hope at its magical will,
Till the heart, like a spring welling o'er,
Pours its gratitude forth, not penurious and fickle,
But in answ'ring acclaim to the song of the sickle.

WILLIE WARD.

Some seventy winters now ha'e sped, since one grey drizzly dawn,
Within a shieling, rudely reared, my first wee breath was drawn;
With no fond greetings was I hailed—no joyous natal morn
Was mine, but like a thing unsought, poor Willie Ward was born.
A widow'd mother, sickly sad—a father's grave not green—
Dread poverty outspying want with weeping woe between;
I shall not wait the tale to tell—no sister I nor brother
Had e'er to bless, nor friend at all, save that poor sickly mother.
I grew as grows the sapling wild—a gaunt but wiry form,
My small feet rooted in the rock, and fondl'd in the storm.
I grew in spite of adverse fate—'twas God that bade me grow—
Till, by His seal, He struck the stamp of manhood on my brow.
My childhood, could I picture it, was wild as wild might be—
Child of the river and the cliff, the mountain, and the sea;
All bonnetless and barefooted, uncollar'd and uncomb'd,
Dweller in unknown dwelling place—unsheltered and unhomed.
A wandering wight—yet all the while, the urging stream within
Gave omen that the chase of life had some bright goal to win.
Thus panoplied with sinew tough, and swift and lithe of arm,
I sped me to the river's bank—the ferry boat my charm.
Beneath my ever plastic hand, ere many moons did close,
A cottage, antique and unique, hard by the river rose—
Commodious to a very fault—apartments five to ten,
Where I should reign the happiest man of all the happiest men.
But now, the passion of my soul, the ferry boat, ah! where?
The cottage rears its curly smoke, but yet no boat is there.
I toiled with an incessant faith; Hope laugh'd away mistrust,
While still I laboured, still I prayed, as work and pray I must.
At length the heavens, in sympathy, for so I might have deem'd,
In answer to my bootless cry, or what such answer seem'd,
Hung deeply dark, and darkly deep—rain clouds on clouds up-
driven,
That to my spirit's after-thought proved sure an answering
heaven.
Along the uplands league on league, the dark brew'd torrents
gush'd,
Till rivulets like lambkins leapt, careering rivers rush'd—
A deluge wild—on swept the tide—a thousand fragments float
By my ha' door, and 'mong the spoil, a glorious ferry boat!
I caught her with my hook and chain, and moor'd her fast and
tight,—
My day-dream realised, my joy, my trophy and delight.

Unclaim'd she lay, day after day, nor search nor questioning ;
I'll flow the waters, as the wind, that good to no one bring.
My ferry boat ! my ferry boat ! I'll row and sing to thee ;
Mayhap some pilgrims, river-ward may swell the jubilee ;
Fortune may slumber in thy bow, as strength in this right arm,
As on we go, right to and fro, secure of *skaith* or harm.

. . . . . .

But pause, indulgent reader, pause ; pardon, should I digress—
The boatmanship soon proved to be a beautiful success.
Now untold troublings stirr'd my soul with other lads in common,
I vow'd a vow o'er my boat's bow, to wed some bright-eyed woman.
The love o' Lillie Allardice—the fond love o' langsyne,
Still clung around my bosom's core with witchery divine,
I felt it when a ragged boy, but how the *genii* wove
Th' enchanting web, I could not guess, nor knew that it was love ;
Suffice it that, one evening fair, I pull'd my peerless Lillie,
To plant her by the water's edge—the bride and queen of Willie.
Still on the days glide cheerily ; to lengthen out my *tether*,
I now bethought me of a farm by conquest on the heather ;
And on and on the higher steam—myself the engine steady,
Tho' still the deeper motive power *the fond love of my lady* ;
Till by and bye, as years on fly, by this my well-strung arm,
I conquer, like a mountain king, my subject a fair farm.
Hail ! poverty, nurse of the great, when dandled on thy knee,
Ah ! little deems thy starvling child how blest is poverty.
Through *feckless* years of infancy—no soul compassion stung
I own'd thee, as with shrivell'd arms, to thy cold breast I clung ;
And yet I love thee, poverty, stern mother of the brave !
The stubborn virtues which I claim are virtues which *you* gave.
From thee, the independent mind—from thee, the dauntless will
Drew aliment, from feeding fires, on which I banquet still.
Adieu, dear reader, and adieu, you've scanned an old man's ditty—
A truthful and an artless tale, though neither grand nor witty ;
Should it be yours to beard the storm, be strong, and press full hard ;
Down with impossibilities—remember Willie Ward.

WHAT IS HOPE?

Hope is a solitary star—
Lone sentinel in night of sorrow—
That points the weary soul afar,
To openings of a brighter morrow.

Hope is a taper lit in heaven,
That burns unceasing in the breast,
By God in love and mercy given,
To lead the wanderer on to rest.

Hope is the tree for ever green,
That in the soul's blest garden grows;
And happiness may rest unseen,
Like some sweet bird amid its boughs.

All meaner blossoms may decay,
And from the care-worn soul depart,—
Hope is a flower that blooms for aye,
And breathes young odours through the heart.

Misfortune's gloom may grow apace,
And sorrow for the time hold sway,
But Hope uplifts her beaming face,
And laughs the shadows all away.

Sad winter on the soul may fall,
And chill with care or blight with woe,
But Hope, like Spring, shall conquer all,
Till pleasure's ice-bound streamlets flow.

Hope is a bird that soars for aye,
Upborne as if on angel wings,
And looks abroad all wistfully
For what of bless the future brings.

Hope is the star that guides us o'er
Life's ever-changing billowy sea,
But when we gain the further shore
It melts into eternity.

WILLIAM M. SMART,

AUTHOR of a small volume of songs and poems, entitled "Some Tuneful Numbers" (Heath & Co., Forfar), was born at the village of Lunanhead, near Forfar, in 1854. On attaining the age of fourteen, he entered as a pupil teacher under the late Mr

James Smith, noticed in our First Series. Having served his apprenticeship, he went through the usual course of two years' training in the Established Church Normal School, Edinburgh, where he proved himself a distinguished student, entering eighth of the first class, and standing first of the first class at the final examination in December, 1874. His first appointment as teacher was at Careston, four miles from Brechin, where he enjoyed the personal friendship and esteem of the parish minister, the late Rev. William L. Baxter, who bequeathed to Mr Smart a copy of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Having applied for a vacancy in the Arbirlot School, he, in 1878, received the appointment, which he held for about eighteen months, when his naturally weak constitution gave way, and he was compelled to resign his situation, and spend the summer at home. On recovering his strength to some extent, he proceeded to Glasgow University, and there attended the junior classes in Latin and Greek and the upper junior Mathematics. From the end of April, 1881, till November, 1885, he taught temporarily at several places, remaining, however, at Mey, in Caithness, from the beginning of 1883 till near the end of 1884. About three years ago he began business as a tobacconist in Forfar. Mr Smart is a great admirer of Milton and Burns, and the offspring of his own lyric Muse is frequently to be found in the columns of the local press and the Dundee weekly newspapers. His verse is very pleasing and smooth, and he is fertile in ideas, and has a good command of rhythm. He is of a reflective turn, and love of home, friends, and country is the distinguishing characteristic of his poems and songs.

THE BRIGHTEST SIDE.

When trial comes with bitter pangs,
And o'er your head misfortune hangs
  To humble low your pride,
You should not bend at Fortune's frown
But spurn her arts to bear you down;
  Look to the brightest side.

The threat'ning cloud that sails on high,
And gathers in the dark'ning sky,
  Does showers refreshing hide;
So what you blindly trouble call,
May helpful as a blessing fall;
  Look to the brighest side.

You should not look in hopeless gloom
At certain signs of future doom;
  Good fortune may betide,
When most you feel your course forlorn;
To darkest night succeeds the morn;
  Look to the brightest side.

You must not grieve at others' gain,
Mark their prosperity with pain,
  Though they your schemes deride;
The fickle favours of success,
May yet your modest efforts bless;
  Look to the brightest side.

You now as base and worthless deem
What once you held in high esteem;
  Nor should you vainly chide,
If what you wished with just desire,
In expectation must expire;
  Look to the brightest side.

Experience taught you in the past
That joy on sorrow follows fast,
  So they your days divide;
The future yet untried you know.
Will equal grief and pleasure show;
  Look to the brightest side.

The past may bear a gilded hue,
The future gleam with hope untrue,
  By present joys abide.
Yield not to treacherous delay,
The fleeting moments make the day;
  Look to the brightest side.

NEXT MORNIN'.

It's mornin' cauld an' early,
The air is damp and raw,
An' deed it's juist a ferlie,
Hoo I am here ava.
Last nicht the twal had chappit
Afore I left the toun;
An' doun i' ditch I'd drappit,
An' hae been sleepin' soun'.
Ochon! the whisky bottle,
The weary whisky bottle;
Ochon! my drouthie throttle,
Is there nae slockenin' o't?

My legs are oot o' fettle,
My heid is bizzin' sair;
But I maun up an' ettle
To tak' the road ance mair.
Thae fouk 'at miss nae clashes
Will see me stibblin' hame,
Their claik a bodie fashes—
They gie's an unco name.
Ochon! the whisky bottle, &c.

Gin I were richt an' siccar,
An' started to my wark,
I'll never mair touch bicker,
Nor gang oot after dark.
The best o' men hae hankert,
An' sometimes gane ajee;
But tho' the wye be cankert,
I'll lat the drink abee.
Ochon! the whisky bottle, &c.

A SONG OF SCOTLAND.

Come youths and maidens dear,
A song of Scotland hear,
Rejoice that mighty heroes fought and won;
Fame cherishes each story
That tells of Scotland's glory,
When victors cheered as gallant deeds were done:
Their dread renown your courage warms,
Their names possess enduring charms.
Scottish hearts are brave and true,
Scottish arms are strong;
Scotia's bonnie mountains blue
May never shelter wrong.

Hurrah ! the kilt and plaid,
Beloved by Scottish maid,
Hurrah ! the warpipe sounding o'er the plain;
The proudest foe has trembled
While in array assembled
Bold Scotland rushed to victory amain—
All lands have heard the rousing cry
Of Scots who ever do or die.
Scottish hearts are brave and true, &c.

The patriot bosom thrills
For Scotland's dales and hills,
That they may nurse the noble and the free;
That storm and danger braving
The sturdy thistle waving
May guard the home of love and liberty,
As sire and son by right and might
Maintain dear Scotia's honour bright.
Scottish hearts are brave and true, &c.

WORK.

Work, brother, work ; the common doom
With equal strength o'ershadows all ;
Work, that despair with dark'ning gloom
May never at the threshold call.

Work, brother, work ; a full reward
Repays the humble toiler's care ;
The inspiring smile and fond regard
Of priceless Friendship be our share.

Work, men ; the favouring gift of Time
Gives but occasion and is gone ;
Toil we Perfection's heights to climb—
Our day to darkness passes on.

Work, sister, work ; though mean or great
Bravely thy loving duties do ;
A deed of kindness soon or late
A tenfold worth returns to you.

Work, sister, work ; with influence sweet
To Virtue's path be thou the guide ;
The treacherous snares of Vice defeat :
Be thou the sorrowing friend beside.

Work one, work all ; harmonious chimes
Of Labour raise from earth to sky ;
With gainful work we lend the times
A lustre that will age defy.

JAMES MAINLAND MACBEATH, F.S.A.

ON both sides of the Pentland Firth have been branches of the Macbeath family, holding prominent positions, and traditionally known for strong individuality of conviction in politics and religion. The subject of our sketch, who was born in 1828 in the ancient and Royal Burgh of Kirkwall, Orkney, was happy in the circumstances of his home life, and in the high character of his parents. He was brought up in an atmosphere of literature and religion. In the father, culture was combined with Christianity of the sturdy Covenanting type; in the mother, that refined graciousness which marked the gentlewomen of the last generation. From James' earliest days, standard authors were studied under the paternal roof. His whole life was inoculated with classic speech and thought "from the well of English undefiled." The father was a lover of literature—preferring poetry, with its cognate subjects, music, painting, and statuary. The educational outgrowth of such a training is apparent in the son, whose receptive nature has done justice to it in more departments of literature than one. During the forty years of his business life Mr Macbeath, though shrinking from official work, preferring the congenial paths of study, was called by his fellow citizens to the Board of the Town Council, to the School Board, and other public positions of trust. As a man of pronounced Christian reputation he has long held some of the highest offices in the large and influential United Presbyterian Church of Kirkwall. Several years ago he purchased the property of Lymfield—a place to be coveted for its commanding view and other amenities. His library of rare books, and his collection of curious antiquities are worthy of inspection.

Mr Macbeath has the faculty of literary criticism in no small measure, and has used it largely in newspaper articles, and in papers read before various societies; a poetic vein, considerable in quantity, fine in quality, runs through his nature; while these and other strong instincts and aspirations are in sympathetic alliance with religion. The most casual contact of a kindred spirit with his reveals a man to be noted. Mr Charles Wood, editor of the *Argosy*, in articles in that paper descriptive of a trip to Orkney, pays a high tribute to Mr Macbeath. To find such a man so far north was a surprise to him. Mr Macbeath is a deep thinker on high themes. "Lux in Tenebris" shows how he is given to searching self-analysis. This is a dominant force in all he writes—at high pressure in "Lux," but not so as to destroy the descriptive and dramatic character of that piece. "Sir Hugh's Seat" evinces how he can embody in tripping dainty verse an intangible superstition, and give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. "Noltland Castle" is a specimen of that creative faculty which, "building the lofty rhyme," builds palaces and peoples them. "In Memoriam," on the death of a young sister, dear to the writer and family, composed when the heart was young and tender, is the "first-fruits" of his Muse, made vocal by the touch of death. It is in a minor key, soft and low, and goes straight to the heart. Mr Macbeath has written a number of hymns, which could take rank in any collection of sacred song.

LUX IN TENEBRIS:

A CHURCHYARD REVERIE.

Now does still autumn gather sombre round,
Night casts her dewy treasures on the ground,
She mounts her ebon throne 'mid clouds on high,
And spreads her dusky train athwart the sky.

I love to wander in this lonely hour—
When night comes down I pensive leave my bower,
And, well accordant with my shadowed mind,
Seek the dark glade. By the lone darksome wynd
Take my drear stand, beneath the ruined pile
Of Earl Patrick, and the ancient Bishop's Aisle,
I list to the wail of the dark-wing'd gale
As it sighs o'er the wall, with moaning tale
All through the leafy wood. With rustling noise
Resounds the midnight breeze's rueful voice.

Thrice welcome this lone hour of nightsome shade,
When thousands sink upon their downy bed!
Welcome this time; away from haunts of man,
I muse upon their ways, and seek to scan,
Through their own ceaseless acts, a boundless mind,
That seems to long till it be unconfined—
To satiate itself in pleasures pure,
Which in this world of woe it may not lure.
O Life! thou transient day of fleeting dreams,
How vain and worthless all thy pleasure seems!

Our fathers, where are they? Where is their home?
Beneath the turf around Saint Magnus' dome;
There low they lie, unconscious of the blast
That blows above, where their long slumbers last.
The grass grows rank around the turf that hides
The narrow cell where their loy'd dust abides.
Though there the show'rs descend, and tempests rave,
They heedless sleep within the restful grave.

And we, ere long, must lie beside our sires
When all our strength's decay'd and life expires.
There make our long, long home, and silent wait
Till death shall open wide his portal gate
And yield his ancient charge at day of doom—
His legal right o'er dwellers of the tomb.

Lo! what glorious vision bursts from heaven!
Before its beams the sombre clouds are driven.
The effulgence flung by this light divine,
On the moon's pale face, makes her feebly shine,
Or dwindle from the view, 'mid starry gems,
Nor right, nor wish to reign, at all she claims.
Splendour pours forth like that before the throne,
As when of old on Bethlehem it shone,
And made the wond'ring shepherds trembling fear
When the bright messenger approached near.

Hark ! how the loud tremendous peals abound,
While conscious earth shakes 'neath the dreaded sound.
Listen, the thunders roll in awful state !
Behold, the light bursts forth from heaven's own gate.

Bend low thy mortal form before the Lord,
For now thou'st seen His glory—heard His word,
Thus humbly laid in dust thou'lt hear begin
A still small voice—know thou heaven is in
The Holy sound :—
" Mortal, attend !
Why reas'nest thou in vain,
When thou should'st raise thy voice in grateful strain,
To bless Thy God, for mercies from thy youth,
And search with care His Holy Book of Truth.
There He has open'd wide a glorious plan,
In which heaven's joys are freely given to man,
And all thou'rt ask'd to do is to accept
God's gracious, proffered, heavenly gift,
Most freely, fully, offered to all 'mong men,
Who prize this greatest, richest, dearest boon
Which Heav'n can grant, and God himself bestow
On all 'mong men who seek Him here below.

Vain is the pride of man. His earthly power
But blooms awhile, like gaudy flaunting flower ;
For when the edge of Fate shall sweep the ground,
Long wilt thou search, but it will not be found.
Heaven is the portion which thy soul should claim ;
There shall the Christian of the lowliest name
Wear high in state, a crown of regal gold,—
And mortal tongue can ne'er the bliss unfold.

Arise, direct thine aim beyond those graves,
Believe in God, and dauntless stem the waves
Of death :- redeeming love thy only plea—
Then shalt thou safely cross the dreaded sea."

As when effulgent high the rising sun,
His splendid course by morning has begun,
And breaks the silent vigils of the night,
With all his orient glow of crimson bright,
Dispelling thus the vapours of the gloom,
And telling all the weeping flow'rs to bloom ;—
So, in my darken'd soul, these accents flow'd,
And filled my heart, while all my bosom glowed.

To sad repining thus I bade adieu
And to the arms of boundless mercy flew ;—

There may my spirit joy, when low my head
Is wrapt in dust, 'mong these my kindred dead,
And, O my soul, adore thy God,
A full atonement Jesus made :
My sins He's pardoned through His blood,
For all my sins on Him were laid,
And such a weight of woe He bore,
As ne'er on earth was known before.
He died for sin that He might win
The victʼry o'er Satanic King :—
Then burst his chain, and rose again,
Ascending high while angels sang—
Give way, yè everlasting doors, give way,
That Christ, now King, re-enter may.

Our fathers, where are they ? tho' now their home
Be 'neath the turf around Saint Magnus' tomb,
And though ere long we lie beside our sires,
When all our work is o'er, and life expires :—
Yet we shall rise to join Heaven's praise ;
And while on earth we shall in grateful lays
Of song rejoice :—for, confident in this,
Eternity is ours, with God in bliss.

A LEGEND OF SIR HUGH'S SEAT.*

Such wond'rous tales old people tell
Of what on Orkney's knolls befel !
They once believed these tales were true,
And say that fairies did renew
Their moon-lit gambols o'er the dew ;
For way-lorn travellers oft to view,
They saw them trip light o'er the grass,
And knew that fairies thus did pass !

Full oft they came on evʼnings mild,
With martial music crossed the wild,
In armèd squadrons, pigmy size,
On some heroic enterprise !
Their helms, the hollow-pea ; their plumes
Were softest down, of new blown blooms !

* Sir Hugh's seat was the name given to a "knoll" or grassy "hillock," formerly situate above Summer's dale, on the west side of and close to the public road, leading southwards to the parish of Holm. It was the spot from which the first glimpse was caught of that beautiful panorama which there presents itself to the view of the traveller, and which has long been considered one of great beauty. The knoll gave place to the march of agricultural improvements in that locality nearly a quarter of a century ago.

Their spears the brittle straw, with darts
Of thistle tops, for fated hearts
Of enemies! thus valiant, they
Marched forth in battle's proud array!

Or a more courtly train would come,
All through the knolls and vales to roam—
Then Fairy King and Fairy Queen
Would lead the dance in glitt'ring sheen,
Followed by maids of elfin form,
And worthy knights, that in the storm
Of fiercest war made good their claim
To glory, in *their* rolls of fame.

In green they came—their fav'rite hue,
With plumes of white—and belts of blue.
Their minstrels form'd a ring apart,
And each excell'd his former art.
Their music was of sweetest sound,
While knight with maid, and maid with knight,
Tripp'd lightly 'neath the pale moonlight.

But should the cock, with wakeful note,
Strain his ill-omen'd, fateful throat,
They're off—whether to plain or hill,
Or green-topp'd knoll, or silver rill!

If on the knowe near Sir Hugh's seat,
By Summer's dale, their old retreat,
Towards the south they then fast speed—
All light and swift as on a steed;
And ere their shadows reach'd the earth
Their barques were safe o'er Ronald's firth.
And when their minstrels stopp'd to sing
It made the neighbouring isles to ring!
And should their warriors form in line,
Their arms on Ronaldshay did shine—
Where many a fairies' feast has been,
And their fantastic gambols seen.

Orcadian lore has many a tale
Of how, full oft, the evening gale
Bore sounds of elfish music far,—
Of wanton mirth, or threaten'd war;
And how their leader wav'd his wand,
Thence to north isles or colder land
They all repair'd, 'mid jovial haste,
To foot the green or spread the feast.

Many the tales of these dark days,
That crowd the mind with strange amaze!
All nurs'd by cloud of Gothic night,
Man while in darkness to affright;
And shrouded close in Romish mist,
These superstitions did exist.

And though light shines brightly now,
Dark superstition, 'mid that glow
Of light, found out a lurking place:—
As on that morn when sun-beams chase
Away the darkness, night tries hard
To shield itself 'gainst fate unt'ward,
Behind some hanging rock or dell,
Or in a thick-set forest dwell;
Or when the wintry storm doth throw
Its covert o'er the earth of snow:—
The sun then darts his warming ray,
And melts the fleecy robe away;
Save in some dark, deep brambly den,
Which shuns his eager prying ken,
Then doth the snow, still freezing, lie
And slowly waste—then ling'ring die:—
So superstitions kept firm hold
On mind of man, and made him bold—
Until by rays of heaven's own light,
These were dispelled in darkest night.

NOLTLAND'S FAIRY QUEEN.*

FYTTE FIRST.

O'er Noltland Hall the moon shone fair,
And rolling in on banks near there,
With deaf'ning sound, the seas wage war,
And bring the many waves from far—
To dash on beach.

* The fine old ruin of Noltland Castle stands at the head of the bay of Pier-o-wall, at the north-east end of the Island of Westray, in Orkney. The edifice was begun in 1422 by Thomas de Tulloch, Bishop of Orkney, who was a Prelate of elegant taste and great munificence. The initial letters, "T. T.," with the figure of a Bishop in a kneeling posture, ornaments the capital of the pillar which supports the great stair-case. The main building is in the shape of an oblong parallelogram, having other buildings attached to its angles. There are remains of an extensive court-yard, with embrasures or port-holes in its walls. The windows are large, and delicately and heavily moulded and ornamented, while all around them there has evidently been a continuation of string courses of tablets, which gave greater effect and completeness to the whole. The

Wave after wave comes furious on,
Another comes, another's gone:
Yet stands the Hall in stately pride,
And scorns the onset of the tide—
Which rolls anon.

Why shone so fair the moon that eve?
Why furious pour'd the foaming wave?
Why bright those stars in ærial blue?
Why shone so bright that mystic hue—
O'er Noltland Hall?

That night she came, fair Queen she came,
Near Noltland's pile, with stately plume,
In fairy softness. Hark the strain
That issues from her bright clad train—
Upon yon knowe.

Quick round and round the dancers flew,
Timbrels sounded, and trumpets blew,
And tapers streaming forth soft light,
Add wonder to the wond'rous sight—
Of moon-lit dance.

They meet, they part, they join, they pair,
Now on the knowe—now in the air;
In silver-spangl'd robes was seen,
To lead the dance—the Fairy Queen—
With air sublime.

FYTTE SECOND.

Sudden they halt, and silent stand,
Then wav'd the Fairy Queen her wand,
And bright around her all appeared;
Anon the magic wand she rear'd—
Then all was dark.

The moon which lately shone so bright,

basement is stronger and more massive than the upper storeys, but there is a unity of design in these interesting ruins. The Castle and estate adjoining have been in the Balfour family for a considerable time. Vedder, an Orcadian poet, says, "Like castles of higher celebrity, Noltland had its brownie." The immediate neighbourhood has been found, during the past fifty years, to be rich in pre-historic remains, of great value to the archæologist. The knolls and grassy links all around were looked on with veneration and awe in the olden times. A drawing of the Castle, with a short history, will be found in "Billing's Views of the Ecclesiastical and Baronial Buildings of Scotland." Other works on the subject of Orkney contain references to the structure.

Forbears to lend her silv'ry light;
The stars which twinkl'd in the sky,
To far recesses seem'd to fly—
And hide themselves.

The waves which roar'd with dashing sound,
Were hush'd in silence most profound;
The grass round Noltlands hoary pile
With pearly dewdrops ceas'd to smile—
All round was dark.

Faint rising on the knowe so near,
A shining column doth appear;
And lambent light leaps round its sides,
With circling tongues the flame far glides—
In mystic glow.

Now shone the moon with beaut'ous light,
The stars appeared now doubly bright;
And all with golden radiance shone,
While high the column rose upon
Its base of light.

From out the knowe light murky shone,
With magic skill were arrows thrown,*
Of pale, and green, and yellow hue,
In numbers great the missiles flew
Both far and near.

The column rose, and in the clouds
Its fiery flaming crown enshrouds,
While thunder shook the knowe around,
And ev'ry mortal dread had bound
In strongest chains.

How black the clouds are in the sky!
Capping the column now so high:
Wasting its wealth—spoiling its might,
Throwing its beauty into night
With darkling force.

Quick down in fiery wrath it pours,
Like furious demon down it show'rs;
While o'er the spot from whence it sprang,
Its broken fragments seem to hang—
Then sinks amain.

* Flint arrow heads of the stone period, which, in former times, were so abundant all over Orkney, and were of the colours named in the text.

Black was the mist which hung around,
And dark that knowe of magic ground;
Till sounds melodious wake the ear,
Which banish'd ev'ry rising fear
From breast of man,

Again floats forth sweet music's strain,
The Fairy Queen with all her train,
Was seen in robes resplendent there,
With elfin maids to dance and pair
In lightsome step.

They meet, they part, they join, they pair,
Now on the knowe—now in the air;
Clad in her spangl'd robes was seen
To lead the dance—the Fairy Queen—
In regal state.

FYTTE THIRD.

She wav'd her wand, and silent all,
When from the ground arose a Hall,
The like for beauty ne'er was seen,
As that before the Fairy Queen—
A royal pile.

A feast she spread, the tapers blaze,
The fairies sang, the tabour plays;
The wine is quaff'd, and mirth abounds,
And louder wax'd the joyful sounds
Near Noltland Hall.

The gentle gale from northern seas
Attends at Fairy Queen's levees;
The East keeps up her train with mirth,
When blowing from wide west'rn firth,
Round green-clad knowes.

Boreas yields his martial strain,
And fills with glee the fairies' train;
But fatal to their mirth and spree
When blows the wind from southern sea
On Noltland's shores.

The wind which blew so soft of late,
Changing its course in bitter hate,
Bursts from the East with horrid roar—
Destruction lay all round the shore,
In dread array.

The beauty which so lately shone
Near Noltland's stately hall is gone,
And where the fairies danced around
There's nothing seen but grassy mound—
All, all is gone.

They meet, they part, they join, they pair,
No more on knowe—*no* more in air,
Nor any spangled robes were seen
To lead the dance as Fairy Queen—
With air supreme.

NO MORE, DEAR CHILD, THOU LIST'NEST TO MY SONG.

In Memoriam: A Loved Sister, who died 23rd October, 1840, aged 8 years.

No more, dear child, thou list'nest to my song,
For thou hast gone whither thou did'st belong.
Oft hast thou smil'd to my responsive look,
As we renewed the lay from Holy Book:
Thy sweet smile beguil'd full many a care,
For thou wast dear to me, and wondrous fair.

O say, dear child, where now thy happy home?
Is it where streams of purest pleasure come
From out the throne of God, in highest heaven?
And has the golden harp to thee been given
To strike thy great Redeemer's endless praise,
In sweet celestial notes, and heavenly lays?

Or does thy infant voice aye join that choir
Who chant sweet hymns, their Maker to adore?
Or high commission'd by the Heavenly King,
Mayhap thou hover'st near on seraph wing—
A guardian of the just—a witness true
'Mong that great throng, who know what good men do.

Be thou still near thy kindred, and attend
Their souls to heaven, when fleeting life shall end.
There shall thy lisping tongue, employ'd for aye,
And tender voice, thrill in the blissful lay.
May thine be sweetest in thy Saviour's love—
Then heaven will smile, and God Himself approve.

There may thy harp be sweetest tun'd to praise,
And loveli'st thy bright step in heaven's own ways.
There, pure meandering, glides that joyful stream
That raises high the soul to bliss supreme—

There shalt thou be, bless'd child, for evermore—
Nor sin, nor death, can reach that distant shore.

Thou sure was lent of heaven in favour'd hour,
And ah! we lov'd the beaut'ous borrow'd flower—
Lov'd it too much to wish it back again—
To this lone world of care, and varied pain.
Thou wast a heavenly plant, and could not grow
In this drear waste, where blighting tempests blow.

Spirit redeem'd! dear is thy mem'ry here,
Be thine, right oft, the tributary tear.
Whilst long we grieved thy early loss below,
Sweet hope now bids our glowing bosoms know
A heavenly joy—to meet in bliss above,
And spend eternity, with God, in love.

WILLIAM J. CURRIE,

SON of James Currie, author of "Wayside Musings" and "Poems and Songs" (see Third Series), was born in the ancient and royal burgh of Selkirk in 1853. At school he is said to have been very slow in the "up-tak'," the only "R" he had any delight in being reading, and he early manifested a special interest in the poetical literature of "the dear auld land." The family removed to London when he was in his twelfth year, and shortly after his arrival there he began the battle of life as a message boy. In 1866 the household again returned to Selkirk, where William soon found employment as a "creeshie"—that is, a worker amongst the carding machines—in one of the tweed factories for which the Borderland is so famous. He removed to another factory in Galashiels in 1869, and for the last seventeen years he has *worked* for his present employers.

Brought up where the power of poesy was felt, it could scarcely be otherwise than that, from his earliest years, the subject of our sketch has had an intense regard for poets and poetry. It was not, however, until 1873 that his first verses appeared in the *Border Advertiser*, and he has continued to write ever since, generally under such *noms-de-plume* as "Ettrick," "Peter Pirnie," &c., in the Hawick papers, *Weekly News*, and *League Journal*. His love of Nature is intense. He has pulled wild flowers by Yarrow's classic stream, and listened to the soul-thrilling melody of its mournful song; he has roved by Ettrick, and

> "Seen Tweed's silvery stream
> Glintin' in the sunny beam,"

and wandered over the battlefield of Philiphaugh and other places dear to the heart of every Borderer. Can it, therefore, be wondered at that Fancy, thus nursed, should wake to sing?

Mr Currie is a member of the Border Bards' Association, of which he was secretary for some time. He has long been a total abstainer, and has held important offices in connection with the Order of Good Templars. Many of his most successful songs and poems are on the subject of temperance, and are well-known and popular. In 1887 he published a small volume, entitled "Doric Lilts" (Galashiels: John M'Queen), being a selection of his verses on temperance and other subjects. Mr Currie's Muse is melodious and full of heart. He depicts with much tenderness and pathos the enjoyments and delights of home, the couthie fireside, the innocence of child-life; while his more reflective poems evince that his desire is to influence character by appealing to the moral sensibilities.

THE AULD FOLK.

Oh, the auld folk, the auld folk,
Are wearin' doon the brae ;
Their steps are gettin' slower noo,
Their heids are unco grey.
Fu' weel they've warsled through the past
Mid trials they hae ha'en,
An' sair we'll miss the dear auld folk
When frae us they are ta'en.

Oh, the auld folk, the auld folk,
Wi' muckle furthy glee
Hae seen around their cosie hearth
Their ain bairns' bairnies' wee.
They've seen them daffin' fu' o' mirth,
They've seen them blear'd wi' wae,
And aye their hearts lap hie wi' joy
To hear the bairns at play.

Oh, the auld folk, the auld folk,
Wi' hearts sae warm an' true,
While we are wi' them here oorsel's
We winna cease to lo'e.
We'll dae oor best to cheer them aye
While trudgin' owre life's road—
Wi' kindly words an' lovin' smiles
We'll make them feel fu' snod.

Oh, the auld folk, the auld folk,
When they are laid at rest
Within the grave, we'll plant braw flow'rs
Abune ilk dear lo'ed breast.
An' far abune yon bricht blue sky,
In heavenly mansions fair,
We'll meet the couthie guid auld folk
To pairt—no, never mair.

YET THERE'S ROOM.

Art thou weary of thy sin?
At the Cross there's room ;
If thou would'st be pure within,
At the Cross there's room.
Jesus died, dear one, for thee,
Bore the shame of Calvary's tree,
That thou might'st from sin be free—
At the Cross there's room.

Pleasures fade and pass away,
At the Cross there's room ;
Jesus' love will ne'er decay,
At the Cross there's room.
Truths to light the darken'd mind,
Healing for the sick and blind,
All we need in Him we find—
At the Cross there's room.

Linger not though tempest tos't,
At the Cross there's room ;
Linger not, thou might'st be lost,
At the Cross there's room.
Look from self, there's nothing there,
Look to Christ, His glory share,
He can save from sin and care—
At the Cross there's room.

Time is passing, death is near,
At the Cross there's room ;
Jesus calls, doubt not nor fear,
At the Cross there's room.
Angels whisper come away,
All thy cares on Jesus lay,
Life eternal have to-day,
At the Cross there's room.

WAE FA'S THE DRINKING O'T.

Auld Scotch whisky some folk lo'e,
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't,
Nor content wi' getting fou,
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't ;
They maun play the silly fool,
Sink themsel's in depths o' dool,
Act the part o' Satan's tool,
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't.

Laddies think they're daein' weel,
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't,
Gin some lassie's heart they steal,
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't ;
Then in pride they loodly boast,
And in drink their vict'ries toast,
Countin' not the after cost,
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't.

Jamie dwelt in yon wee toon,
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't ;

And wi' bliss his life to croon,
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't,
Jamie socht young Jeanie fair
Wedded joys wi' him to share,
Dreamin' not o' strife and care,
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't.

Jamie lo'ed the drappie weel,
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't;
Aft on pay-nichts hame he'd reel
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't;
Then he loodly stamp'd and swore,
Kicked the chairs and tables o'er,
Chased puir Jeanie to the door,
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't.

Want and care made Jeanie fail,
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't,
Then she took to preein ale,
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't;
Ruin'd soon, they lost their name,
Forth they wander'd frae their hame,
Begg'd and drank, nor e'er thocht shame,
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't.

Templars guid, their tale sune heard,
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't,
Gat them pledged baith heart and word,
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't;
Noo they're bien and crouse the twa,
Sin' frae drink they keep awa',
May they ne'er though tempted fa',
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't;

Freends, arise, there's work for you,
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't,
Gin oor brave auld land ye lo'e,
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't;
Lood the trump o' battle blaw,
On to action, ane an' a',
Drive the trade in drink awa',
Wae fa's the drinkin' o't.

IN OOR AIN GLEN.

Bonnie is the hawthorn bush
In oor ain glen,
Sweetly sings the blythesome thrush
In oor ain glen;

An' wi' joy oor hearts a' fill
When we hear the murm'rin' trill
O' the bonnie glintin' rill
In oor ain glen.

Oh, there's bairnies fu' o' glee
In oor ain glen,
Joy gleams brichtly in ilk e'e
In oor ain glen;
Happy is ilk cottar's hearth
At braw bridal or at birth;
There's no ae wee spot on earth
Like oor ain glen.

Purple blooms the heather bell
In oor ain glen,
Canty sangs oor bosoms swell
In oor ain glen;
Nature's gems that grow sae fair,
Flow'rets bathed wi' dewdraps rare
Seem to rob us o' a' care
In oor ain glen.

In the warld there's no a place
Like oor ain glen,
Perfect beauty we can trace
In oor ain glen;
Then contented we will be,
Baskin' in the joy sae free
Beamin' frae bricht skies on hie
'Bune oor ain glen.

AT YOUR AIN FIRESIDE.

Gin ye'd keep the sweets o' joy
At your ain fireside,
Let nae warld cares annoy
At your ain fireside;
Let the blythesome notes o' sang,
Tho' the nichts seem drear an' lang,
Tirl a' your heart-strings thrang,
At your ain fireside.

'Tis a bonnie scene, I trow,
At your ain fireside,
When the dancin' o' the lowe,
At your ain fireside,
Gars the bairnies loup wi' glee,
While the hours like meenits flee,

Oh, hoo lichtsome hearts may be
At your ain fireside.

When ye're hame frae weary toil,
At your ain fireside,
Oh! hoo sweet the welcome smile
At your ain fireside.
Frae auld Scotland's scaith abstain,
An' your hard-won siller hain,
Gin ye wish sic bliss to reign
At your ain fireside.

Though wealth o' gear be sma'
At your ain fireside,
An' your cleedin' be nae braw
At your ain fireside,
Keep your hopes a' set aboon,
Where the leal shall wear a croon;
Sae fear nae ye the warld's froon
At your ain fireside.

OOR BONNIE BAIRN.

Lay gently by that lock o' hair,
'Twas worn by ane o' beauty rare,
Sae dear we lo'ed an' made oor care—
Oor bonnie bairn.

Hoo winsome was ilk sunny smile
O' Bessie free frae earthly guile,
She won oor hearts wi' ilka wile—
Oor bonnie bairn.

But cruel death wi' noiseless tread
Cam' saftly ben an' snapt life's thread,
An' she was numbered wi' the dead—
Oor bonnie bairn.

Yet precious thought, sublime an' sweet,
We ken that ance again we'll meet,
Safe in the fauld at Jesus' feet—
Oor bonnie bairn.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

The widow's mite was mair to God
Than the rich man's siller croon;

The Maister ken'd in pride they gi'ed,
But the widow's heart was soun'.

He ca'd the twal' to Him an' said—
"The puir buddy's cast in mair
Than a' the lave, weel though they've gi'en,
For they had an' weel could spare.

But she, rare gift fu' rich an' sweet,
To God she's gi'en her a';"
Nae doot, when frae His hoose she turned,
Weel blessed she gaed awa'.

An' what to Him, freens, hae we gi'en?
Let's search oor hearts an' ken,
For noo's the time God's love to test
Ere comes to us life's en'.

OOR AIN WEE BAIRN.

Bonnie wee totikins,
Bricht as a bee,
Cheeks aye sae rosy red
Brimfu' o' glee.
Mither's sweet petikins,
Faither's wee joy,
Fillin' the hoose wi' bliss,
Free o' alloy.

Darlin' wee laughin' face,
Een bricht an' blue;
Kisses like hinny draps
Come frae that mou'.
In a' the warld wide
Nane crouser craw,
Goud canna buy oor bairn,
Bonnie an' braw.

Denty wee dauted bairn,
Twa spurrin' feet,
Kickin' wi' lifieness
Chubby hands meet.
A' thing maun pleasure thee,
King owre us a',
Oh, may nae blightin' blast
On thy life fa'.

THOMAS RAE

IS a youthful poet of bright promise, whose utterances, while occasionally gleaming with the brightness of ennobling thought, appeal to the tenderest emotions of the heart, and are full of keen feeling. He was born at Galashiels in 1868. He must have been very early brought into contact with music, for we are told that as far back as he can remember he was acquainted with some of the sweetest of our Scottish songs. These have ever remained with him, and they now and again spring up into his mind like the memory of an old dream. At the age of four he was sent to school, but being of a very delicate constitution, his progress was much impeded by frequent absence. The only things he excelled in were drawing and painting, which, with music, are still his delight. When strong enough, he spent much of his time in the woods, amongst the flowers and the birds. He loved the flowers with their varied hues and fragrant odours, and the birds with their sweet music. His delight was to listen to the purling brook and the humming bee, and his happiest moments were when he held communion with the spirit of Nature—her sights and sounds speaking to him as beautiful thoughts from the great mind of God, and telling of His wisdom and His love. Leaving school, in which he took no great delight, at the age of twelve, he was apprenticed to a draper, with whom he remained two years, when he entered one of the factories. Here his health very soon failed him, he was forced to leave, and ever since he has been so weak as to be unable to engage in any work for a livelihood. He has, however written a number of poems of much merit—penning his pieces generally in the silence of the night.

when unable to sleep, and for the purpose of soothing his heart when sad or weary. Although he first put his thoughts in rhyme when about fifteen years of age, it was not till about a year ago that he began to publish his pieces. "He only sang away to himself," we are told. He "could not look on his productions as having any poetry in them, and it was only after the urgent solicitations of friends that he ventured to allow any of them to appear in print. He has written many sweet and reflective pieces for the *Border Advertiser* under the *nom-de-plume* of "Dino." Indeed, his five years' illness and retirement has given him a thoughtfulness much beyond his years, and the witching Muse has beguiled many weary nights of sleeplessness. Like William Thomson, the gifted author of "The Maister and the Bairns," our poet "sings away his pain," and has taken to the "pleasures of the imagination," his books, his pencil, his music, and his "fiddle," in order to soothe his aching, feeble body. And the result is that the world is all the richer for his carefully thought-out verses, full of directness and natural pathos. Being artistically and naturally expressed in appropriate, musical, and pleasing rhythm, they appeal directly to the heart, and are liked the better the oftener they are read.

LEAD THOU ME ON.

Lead Thou the way, O Father!
Dark though it be;
Lead Thou my footsteps thither,
Nearer to Thee.
On through the darksome night,
On in the path of right,
On to the dawning light,
Nearer to Thee.

Dark is the path and dreary,
Wand'ring alone,
Sometimes I sink so weary;
Lead Thou me on;

Strengthen me day by day,
While on life's rough pathway,
And near me ever stay—
Guiding me on.

What though in weary pain
I journey here;
Thy love doth aye remain,
Ready to cheer.
With Thy sweet love divine
Calming this soul of mine,
Cheering through cloud or shine—
What need I fear?

Blend Thou Thy will with mine,
Day after day;
And may Thy love divine
Light my lone way.
On till the night is o'er,
Till life shall be no more,
Then on that fairer shore
With Thee I'll stay.

ONWARD!

Onward! let your soul be crying,
On, 'midst glorious truth sublime;
'Tis immortal, never dying,
Through eternity 'twill shine.

On through endless spheres in heaven,
On, with truth to guide aright,
For to man it has been given
To progress towards the light.

On amidst eternal glory,
There our minds will nobler grow;
Strengthened, purified, and holy,
Free from every sin and woe.

Live thou nobly for the future;
There is work aye day by day;
Strive to help your fellow creature
As you journey o'er life's way.

Help them as you journey onward,
Help those fallen 'midst the strife;
Lead them upward, lead them God-ward,
To a purer, nobler life.

Raise them gently, oh, so kindly,
Out of sin to thoughts above;
They have wandered downward blindly,
Raise them now to God's sweet love.

Onward, then, let us be marching,
In the paths of truth and love,
So that we may live in beauty
In that fairer land above.

A LULLABY.

Hush ye, my baby! lie snug in thy bed,
No danger shall harm thee here;
Mother will watch o'er thy wee tiny head,
And guard thee, and soothe thy fear.

Sleep then, my baby! thy Father above
Shall watch thee with love and care,
He'll cover thee with His mantle of love—
His presence is everywhere.

Softly the night-winds sigh 'mid the trees,
Murmuring sweetest lullaby;
Hush ye, my baby! list to the breeze,
Singing to thee its sweet melody.

List ye, my babe! to the spirit's song
Blending like zephyrs soft and mild;
Breathing of holy peace, so calm,
And hushing thee to sleep, my child.

Sleep then, my baby! oh! softly sleep,
And through the dark and silent night
Angels will round thee their vigil keep,
And guard thee safe till morning light.

"NANNIE'S" DEAD.

Closed those dear eyes of blue,
Gone their sweet light;
Silent the music too
Of laughter bright.
Hushed that dear voice of thine,
Which seemed like bright sunshine,
To light this heart of mine,
Both day and night.

But death hath chilled the flower
I held so dear,
And 'neath its mighty power
Life felt so drear ;
I miss the voice so sweet,
Which used my coming greet,
And the patter of her feet
No more I hear.

And now my heart is sad,
The loved one's gone,
That made my heart full glad,
Like some bright song.
And in my heart I fain
Would see that face again,
To ease the heart's dull pain,
I feel so lone.

But in that fairer land,
My darling free
With the sweet angel band
Will brighter be.
And though I long to hear
Her voice, I have no fear ;
I know that she is near
To comfort me.

WILT THOU REMEMBER ME?

Wilt thou remember me, when thou art gone ;
Will the past, like the wail of a distant song,
Steal over your mind with a gentle tone,
And waken a thought of your loved one then ?

Or wilt thou in the twilight's holy hour,
When birds sing low :—or the breath of a flower
May touch your soul deep with its magic power,
And waken a thought of your loved one then

And so, when a thought of the happy past
Steals over your mind, may its presence cast
An holy peace, that forever may last,
To comfort and soothe with its holy power.

ANDREW WOOD.

DR ANDREW WOOD, for many years a prominent medical practitioner in Edinburgh, belonged to the fourth generation of eminent men of the Wood family who practised that profession there. His great-grandfather, William, became a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1716, and his grandfather, Andrew Wood, joined the College of Surgeons in 1769. The latter was a cousin-german of "Lang Sandy Wood," whose appearance is so characteristically presented in "Kay's Portraits." William Wood, father of the subject of our sketch, was born in 1782, and was a bold and well-known advocate of medical reform. Our poet was born in 1810, and was educated at the Old High School. He held a high place in his class, and after going through the humanity course at the University, he began his medical studies, which he prosecuted with much zeal. The next stage of his career was his becoming a medical officer of the New Town Dispensary, which office was useful for the subsequent successful practice of his profession. He afterwards succeeded his father in several important appointments, and was surgeon to Heriot's Hospital, an office held by his family since the year 1755. He was surgeon to the Merchant Maiden and Trades Maiden Hospitals, and held the office of Inspector of Anatomy for many years. The *Scotsman* at the time of his death said that he was known as a man of "great professional zeal and activity, and for some time represented the Extramural Medical Corporations of Edinburgh at the Board of the General Medical Council. He was there a warm and earnest supporter of what he conceived to be the interests of the Scottish medical schools. Dr Wood was besides an active

member of the British Medical Association, at whose meeting at Cambridge he was one of the members of the profession whom the University authorities selected for the honour of the LL.D. degree. He held the degree of M.D., and the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, which he represented in the Medical Council." As a manager of the Royal Infirmary, he brought his business habits and sound sense to the assistance of that noble charity, and he took an active part in making arrangements for the building, and also superintended the progress of the new Infirmary.

The author of a loving and touching obituary notice in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, to which we are indebted for many of these details, says that when the University and Medical School of Edinburgh were attempted to be stormed by a small band of lady students, who insisted on their right to be taught along with their masculine brethren, "Dr Andrew Wood stoutly withstood the innovation, and shared with others the odium unjustly incurred for daring to assert that the introduction of such an element would go far to ruin the prosperity of the school. The promoters of the movement would not understand that it was not a jealousy of their fair rivals that prompted the opposition they encountered, but the feeling that it would not be beneficial to the morals of either sex for these young people to be associated together in medical classes."

Dr Wood's active mind was never idle. He was fond of literary pursuits, and being a staunch Conservative, he, for a number of years, supplied a series of political articles to the *Edinburgh Courant*. He also wrote on many social subjects under the sobriquet of "Timothy Dryasdust," and many a newspaper welcomed his humorous and racy verses. In 1870 he began a series of translations from Latin and German

authors, the "Satires of Horace" being the subject of his first effort, followed by the "Epistles" and "Art of Poetry." He next translated Schiller's "Don Carlos," "Lay of the Bell and other Ballads," &c. These were favourably received on account of their elegance as well as for the classical knowledge they displayed. Many of his songs, full of his happiest vein of humour, brightened the social gatherings in which he shone. We are, however, also able to give specimens of what few but his nearest and dearest of kin knew lay at the bottom of a calm and undemonstrative heart—strong natural affection and touching tenderness, blended with an unostentatious piety.

While at the University he joined the Royal Medical Society, and took a prominent part at the weekly meetings for discussing medical papers. Among his contemporaries were Sir Douglas Maclagan, J. H. Balfour, Charles Cowan, and others, so that it can easily be imagined how lively, and at the same time how full of promise were these student debates. It was at the re-unions of the medical officers of the New Town Dispensary that Sir Douglas Maclagan brought out his immortal songs, the *Nugæ Canoræ Medicæ*, and at a later period of his life Dr Wood discovered that he too could contribute to the enjoyment of the company by a topical song. Though he worked hard at his profession, he was fond of these social gatherings. He was a member of the Old High School Lindsay Class Club, the long-established and limited body of Æsculapians, and the Medico-Chirurgical Club, and during the later years of his life his prolific pen yielded many a vigorous song on current medical topics, which he sang at these symposia with a gusto peculiarly his own. It might be here noted that, in 1886, Messrs Maclachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh, published a very handsome volume, entitled "Lays of the Colleges," consisting of a selection of songs and verses by mem-

bers of several of these professional Clubs. The object of the publishers was to respond to the frequently-expressed wish of "outsiders" to become possessed of the songs and rhymes in book form, and so well was the work received that it soon became exceedingly rare and difficult to get. It contained a number of Dr Wood's effusions, as well as several by Sir Douglas Maclagan, Professor Blackie, and others.

Dr Wood's family consisted of six sons and three daughters. His eldest son, shortly after taking his medical degree, was cut off by consumption, just as he had given promise of being a valuable aid to his father. This event occurred not long after he had lost his eldest daughter, and it had been preceded, only a month previously, by the sudden death of his youngest daughter. These sad and touching bereavements produced a severe impression on his health, and doubtless fostered the disease that ultimately proved fatal. The end came with startling suddenness. On the 25th January, 1881, although for some days he had not felt well, he had gone out as usual in the morning on his round of visits. As was almost his daily habit, he called about noon at Messrs Maclachlan & Stewart's, medical booksellers, to have a "crack" with the surviving partner, when he must have felt something wrong, as he abruptly returned to his carriage and ordered his coachman to drive home. On his arrival at the house, this servant found his master lying apparently lifeless. He never regained consciousness, though he repeatedly muttered the first part of the Lord's prayer, "Our Father which art in heaven," showing that, though insensible to external impressions, he was aware that he was on a journey to a better world.

THE FEMALE DOCTORS.

That women of late have increased—are increasing—
In ratio that threatens to prove quite unceasing
  Is fact, painful fact, which can*not* be denied.
There are too many females—too little employment;
Then what's to be done to increase their enjoyment?
Some ladies have struck out a new proposition—
Why not the profession embrace of physician?
  A plan which in reason one should not deride.

When women have once taken up a decision,
Very hard 'tis to drive them from out their position.
  At the door for admission they steadily knock'd,
Importunate widow, importunate maid,
Unceasingly clamour'd, nor tired, nor afraid;
At *one* door rejected, they then tried another,
And Board after Board they continued to bother,
  Till *our* University *its* door unlock'd.

To teach them Anatomy first they applied
To Turner and Handyside, who both denied
  To lend them assistance *the subject* to learn.
As *they'd* not be tempted by love or by siller,
Despairing, these ladies went off to John Millar,
Who *boned* them at once, for *he* thought it correct—
Although I don't think so—that they should dissect
  The viscera, muscles, and joints in their turn.

Our *hearts* which with love for the ladies oft beat,
These ladies to cut up will reckon a treat,
  And explore their recesses, their valves, and their walls.
Hard-*hearted* they think Dr Phin—even rude,
And they're *heartily* glad they're now out of the *wood;*
'Gainst their foes I suspect that they cherish some *spleen,*
For them all their revenge has a stomach, I ween,
  And nothing their ardour e'er daunts or appals.

But somewhat discouraged and somewhat cast down,
A *crumb* of true comfort they've got from Crum-Brown,
  Who'll teach them affinities, atoms and all.
Professor Hughes Bennett they say, too, is busy
Preparing expurgated lectures on Physi-
Ological science adapted for ladies,
For which he ten guineas per head, they say, paid is—
  The honour is great—honorarium small.

Then Simpson, Sir James, is their friend strong as ever:
He's the boy who from pains and from toils can deliver
  These poor oppress'd females in quest of degrees;

He favours their crotchet—for he has no mind
That woman, dear woman, should still be *confined*
Within those poor limits which old-fangled fogies
For them would prescribe, whilst they conjure up bogies,
Sentimental humbug, not at all like the cheese.

In days antiquated the ladies did stitch,
And plied well their *needles*, but now they've an itch
To try *acu*pressure, which Simpson devised,
Needlework they think needless—pin-money they spend
On pins that are used hare-lip gashes to mend,
'Stead of *puddings* they poultices make with high art,
And if you should chaff them they'll answer you *tart*,
And show you that they'll be by no means despised.

Stay at home was the motto of women of old;
Ste-a-to-matous tumours are now, we are told,
Familiar to masculine-feminine *swells*.
To make the pot *boil* painful *boils* they'll incise,
Brooches set with *carbuncles* no longer they'll prize,
The jewels they love are these jewels of *peril*—
Carbuncles, the terror of peasant and earl,
On which one with horror, nay agony, dwells.

"Then here's to the ladies whose merits surpassing,
In eloquent phrases were lauded by Masson;
Who told us how wide—nay, how boundless their sphere."
Old maids we no longer need send to the attics,
Attic Greek let us teach them, and pure mathematics,
In science and classics they're more than a match
For men, as most clearly was proved by that batch
Of these fine learned women—regardless of fear.

"This fear of the ladies," our Principal cried;
"This talk of *their sphere*," sturdy Masson replied,
"Is nothing but rubbish"—and just like a whale.
As the *fins* of a whale rudimentary arms
Undoubtedly are; so mere groans and alarms
Are Phin's rudimentary arms 'gainst the women,
We well may consider, and think that he's dreaming,
And thus we shall bring to a *Fin*-is our tale.

"PEACE, PERFECT PEACE, AND LIGHT.*"

In Memoriam: W. T. Wood.

Dear Will! thy days were few on earth,
'Gainst sickness hard thy fight;

* He calmly gave up his latest breath with these words on his lips.

But God in mercy sent at last
Peace, perfect peace, and light.

How gentle, calm, unmurmuring,
'Midst pain and weariness!
Who would not fly to give thee ease
And lighten thy distress?

So quiet, thoughtful, and reserved,
So brave, so tender too,
So loving and so fondly loved,
So guileless and so true.

Oh, many a weary day thou pass'd,
And many a weary night:
At times 'twas dark; at last thou found'st
Peace, perfect peace, and light.

I thought my heart would break when I
Looked on thy pale, wan face,
And when I watched from day to day
Thy young life ebb apace.

But now 'tis o'er, the struggle's o'er;
From sin and pain released,
Thou'rt in that bright and glorious land
Where anxious cares have ceased.

Lo! at the gate an angel band,
Three sisters, thee surround,
To lead thee to that Saviour dear
Whom they had sought and found.

Joy, joy for them! Joy, joy for thee!
Put on thy robe of white;
Thou'st found on earth, in heaven thou'lt keep,
Peace, perfect peace, and light.

THE TIME IS DRAWING NEAR.

No longer through my veins the tide
Of youthful blood runs clear;
In dull and sluggish stream it flows:
The time is drawing near.

I once could breast the mountain steep
With vigour, without fear;
Now I must trembling totter down:
The time is drawing near.

The thin, gray hairs, the waning strength,
Remind me year by year
That this my home on earth to leave
The time is drawing near.

Fortune and health, e'en friends may fail,
And little left to cheer;
But why repine? for bliss beyond
The time is drawing near.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.*

The Professor of Botany eloquent waxed,
As he ran o'er the keys both of joy and of grief;
His theme to illustrate, his brains well he taxed,
But his climax, no doubt, was "the fall of the leaf."

In *natural order* his subjects arranged,
From his tongue glibly fell—how I wish'd he'd be brief;
Though calmly I listened, my countenance changed,
When sudden I gazed on "the fall of the leaf."

His *budding* oration expanded too fast—
So fast that in vain did I seek for relief;
He was nearing the goal—all the danger seemed past—
When envious fate brought "the fall of the leaf."

Yet no *stigma* on him might that accident bring,
Nor his *laurels* could *it* filch away like a thief;
His fame as a Botanist loudly I'll sing,
For *that* will not fade like "the fall of the leaf."

His *style* may be flowery, but *stamina* still
Will render him firm as a strong coral reef;
You may *petulant carp*, but you ne'er will do ill
To one who's unmoved by "the fall of the leaf."

I'll *pistol* that man who my friend dares *impeach;*
I'll shove through his vitals of arrows a sheaf;
Let him *pine*—let him *droop*—let him mercy beseech;
Let him *wither—decay*—like "the fall of the leaf."

* These lines were suggested by an incident of the capping of the Medical Graduates of the University of Edinburgh, 1869, when Professor Balfour, the Promoter of the year, whilst discoursing most eloquently, by a *tour de main* sent the *leaves* of his MS. flying in all directions, till the ground near where he stood was strewed with them in admired confusion.

No *Radical* he, for true-blue is his plume;
His *Con-serv-a*-TORY, it mocks all belief,
There his *palms* and his *orchids* are seen in full bloom,
In winter, spring, summer, and "fall of the leaf."

Then your chalices fill—fill with *nectar* so sweet,
A feast let us have of plum pudding and beef;
The worthy Professor with plaudits we'll greet,
And him we'll console for "the fall of the leaf."

Then long live John Balfour, and long may he teach
Those subjects of which *woody fibre's* the chief;
May the *fruits* of his labours maturity reach
Ere we're called to lament for "the fall of the leaf."

ANDREW HORSBURGH.

THE Rev. Andrew Horsburgh was born in Pittenweem, Fifeshire, in 1827, and was educated, first at the Parish School there, and then at the University of St Andrews. After taking his degree he attended for two years the theological lectures of Bishops Terrot and Russell in Edinburgh, and at the early age of twenty-one was ordained deacon in the Scottish Episcopal Church—a church of which his family had long been devoted members. In 1850 he went out to China, where he acted for nearly a year as chaplain to the Foreign Factories, Canton, and having been ordained priest by the Bishop of Hong-Kong, he remained there for another year, attached to the Cathedral staff. During this period Dr Macdougal, head of the Sarawak Mission in Borneo, visited China, and having spoken of the wide field of labour that was in Borneo, Mr Horsburgh volunteered to join him as a missionary. His offer having been accepted, he was appointed head of the mission for three years while

Dr Macdougal was absent in England. During this period he acted not only as chaplain to the English residents in the settlement and pastor of the small Chinese Christian congregation which Dr Macdougal had gathered together, but also as medical attendant of the settlement. Dr Macdougal, who had been a skilful surgeon and physician before he became a clergyman, had induced Sir James Brooke to establish an hospital and dispensary in Sarawak, of which he undertook medical charge. He had trained one of the missionaries to act under him, and this gentleman continued to do so alone when Dr Macdougal was compelled by ill-health to return to England. Soon after Mr Horsburgh joined the mission, however, the medical missionary went back to India, and there being no one to take medical charge, our poet, who had a fair knowledge of chemistry, undertook the duty. He thus acquired a knowledge of medicine and of the treatment of simple diseases, which afterwards stood him as a missionary in great stead. When Sir James Brooke returned to Sarawak from England he had a very dangerous attack of confluent smallpox, and the native doctor who was called in to attend him told his nephew, Captain Brooke, that the Rajah would certainly die. Captain Brooke, upon this, sent for the missionary, and asked his opinion of the case, when Mr Horsburgh said that he had seen as bad cases in Hong-Kong which recovered, and that if the treatment prescribed in English medical books was followed, he believed the Rajah would recover too. Captain Brooke accordingly asked him to take charge of the case, which he did, and nursed him carefully and successfully through the crisis of his disease.

When Bishop Macdougal returned from England and resumed his place as head of the Mission, Mr Horsburgh joined Mr Chambers, the missionary at Banting, and assisted him in founding a church among

the head hunting Dyaks there—a church which is now in a most flourishing condition, and which, in conjunction with Rajah Brooke's just and firm Government, has succeeded in weaning these otherwise simple and most interesting people from their bloody and shocking customs. He was soon after obliged to return to England, and in 1859 was appointed an Indian chaplain, and continued in the service of the Indian Government till 1881.

Mr Horsburgh has met with more adventures than generally fall to the lot of clergymen, but we cannot relate any of the stirring scenes through which he has passed. He has published a pamphlet, entitled "Sketches in Borneo," and also "Redemption," a poem in six books on the last days of our Lord. Since his retirement he has written a number of lengthy historical ballads. These are full of "auld-warl'" lore, and show much descriptive talent; while some of his less ambitious productions evince high reflective powers, and the true impulses of the poet's mind.

THE MOON-FLOWER: AN INDIAN LEGEND.

Why amongst the village maidens
Moveth Seeta now so shy?
Where have gone her pealing laughter,
Merry mood, and spirits high?

Why, when at the well they gather,
Sits she so subdued and still?
Hath misfortune overta'en her?
Aught of sickness, aught of ill?

She to Rama is affianced,
Friends of both have pledged their word;
Many fields and many oxen
Own his father as their lord.

Tall and handsome is the stripling,
Fit to please a maiden's eye;
Why doth Seeta shrink from marriage,
Why to meet him is so shy?

Dear she is to both her parents,
  She their blessing from on high;
But in vain are all their questions,
  Silence is her sole reply.

And the secret in her bosom
  Seeta guards with jealous care—
Guards it from her loving parents,
  Guards it from both light and air.

For one evening in the garden,
  As the moon shone clear and bright,
Stood a youth of wond'rous beauty
  Near her in the silver light.

Seeta was an Indian maiden,
  Gentle, timid, soon amazed,
Yet she sat with face uplifted—
  Full upon the stranger gazed—

Upward gazed until his beauty
  Had entranced both heart and mind,
Steadfast gazed until his image
  With her life became entwined.

And this youth of wond'rous beauty
  Stooped and kissed her lovely face,
Yet nor shame nor anger moved her,
  Still she sat in modest grace.

But by that soft kiss her spirit
  Evermore with his was blent,
Soul and life and will and wishes
  Instant to that stranger went.

Never more again she saw him,
  From her gaze he passed away,
But his form of wond'rous beauty
  Filled her thoughts both night and day.

And thence forward in the garden,
  In the moon's clear silver light,
Oft she sat with face uplifted
  As on that, her fateful night.

And her mind for ever brooded
  O'er the kiss that stranger gave,
Till she pined, a helpless victim
  Slowly sinking to the grave.

Then she prayed the Mahadeva
  Once again that youth to meet,
But to see his wond'rous beauty,
  But to sit low at his feet.

And Great Mahadeva heard her,
  Granted her her meek request,
Wafted up her soul to meet him
  In the regions of the blest.

Then he changed her lifeless body
  To the moon-flower pure and white,
Which at eve unfolds its beauty,
  Flowering in the clear moonlight.

In the garden lowly blooming
  Upward still its pure white bell
Turns spontaneous to the moonlight
  Which the maiden loved so well.

And at night, when o'er the garden
  Streams the pure and silver light,
Still it reigns the Queen of Beauty
  'Midst the flowers that deck the night.

And its unobtrusive perfume
  With its sweetness fills the air,
Like a maidens gentle goodness
  Rising in unspoken prayer.

For that youth of wond'rous beauty
  Was the Moon-God, who had seen
Her, the pure and lovely maiden,
  And had wooed her as his Queen.

And her soul on high was wafted
  By the Mahadeva's power,
And the Moon-God met and led her
  To his bright and heavenly bower.

There her spirit lives for ever
  Wrapt in pure celestial bliss,—
Such the story of the maiden
  And the Moon-God's loving kiss.

THE TEVIOTDALE BRIDE.

The moon shines bright on Teviot's banks,
  And dances on Teviot's water,

And blythe are they all in Minto's hall
At the wedding of Minto's daughter.

With flowers and with banners the castle is decked,
The bridesmaids have decked the bride,
And high beats the heart of that lady fair
As she sits at her true love's side.

Now in feasting and dancing the night has sped,
The last of her maiden life,
For to-morrow she leaves her father's hall—
Her young lord's wedded wife.

Her maidens convey her to her room,
And there they bid good-night,—
The loveliest she of that lovely band,
So joyous, and beauteous, and bright.

And now they have taken the last chaste kiss,
And have left her all alone;
The lamp scarce paled the bright moon-beam
That through her casement shone.

The taper she placed in the shade, and she sat
In a flood of silver light;
The moon-beam played on her clear blue eye,
Her soft rosy cheek, and her forehead high;
Her lips that opened so prettily,
And clustering ringlets of golden dye,
That shaded her bust so white.

Her bosom gave a gentle heave,
Like the aspen's leaf on a still summer's eve,
And a little sigh out stole;
And she thought of her love—"for ever I'm thine,"
When a low, hollow voice seemed to echo "mine,"
In a tone that thrilled her soul.

She started and looked; her flesh 'gan creep,
Like the worms that gnaw us in death's cold sleep,
And her cheek grew pale and wan;
For a few steps off, by her lamp which shone,
With a sickening glance on his eyes of stone,
Stood the corpse of a murdered man.

The blood seemed to drop from his mail to the ground,
And pattered the floor with a deep, heavy sound,
Like the boding death watch slow,
While a fiendish look both of joy and of hate
He darted from under his cleft bassinet,

Where a crest battered gore, but still borne elate,
Showed her house's ancient foe.

Her heart grew chill and her blood ran cold,
And she thought of the tale which her nurse had told,
That the young heir of Riddell in days of old
Loved secretly Minto's daughter;
And the grim old chieftian made a divorce
With a murderous band of twenty horse,
Left his child's wedded husband a lifeless corpse,
Then told her the tale with laughter.

She did not shrink, or faint, or start:
The tidings crushed her widowed heart,
And she sank into the grave.
But ere she was laid in her lonely tomb,
The doom was foretold, that a day would come
When the dead should appear at her noble home,
And in vengeance a bride should have.

Quick as light flashed the tale thro' the maiden's brain
When she saw that spectre dread,
And like molten brass sank the words in her heart
As the dreadful phantom said—

"Long I've waited this to see
Fate's unerring just decree,
When my vengeance shall be laid,
And my wrongs in full be paid,
And my soul in yon dread clime
Mingles gratefully with thine."

Then close to the lady the spectre came,
And his stony eyes changed to burning flame,
While shrinking in terror she fitfully clung
To the window seat as these accents rung
Through her quaking soul, "Behold I come
To claim thee, my bride, and to take thee home.
Thou shrinkest, girl, but vain thy power
To resist the fate of thy natal hour
When to me thou wast given. And how quickly could I
To my gloomy abode with thy slight body fly,
But if at so sudden a call thus to leave
Thy treasures and loves and delights thou dost grieve,
And if thou wilt promise one behest to obey
I shall leave thee in peace till a far distant day,
And will give thee a long life of wealth and of power
Till arrives thy fated natural hour.
When life must cease, then again shall I come
To claim thee, my bride, and to take thee home.

Thou canst not escape, yet a respite is thine
If thou wilt obey this behest of mine."
And her promise to extort his behest to obey
He stretched out his hand as to take her away.

Frozen were speech and life and thought,
Motion, blood, and breath;
But the hand he outstretched as to take her away
Unentranced her soul, and in thought she could say—
"No, none such as thou shall I ever obey.
O, save me, Lord, from skaith."

So a lambent light, like the milky way,
O'er the maiden's head is seen to play—
Forth it streams like the softened electric ray
That cheers the polar skies;
And the point whence it streams takes a form—the face
Of an angel beaming with heavenly grace,
And this beauteous being of celestial race
To the phantom fiend replies:—

"Avaunt, thou fiend! back to thy place,
Void of ruth and curst from grace,
Ever on the watch to find
Entrance to a guileless mind,
Back to thy place! must I compel!"
He spoke. The phantom sunk to hell
'Midst a fierce foul blaze of lurid light
In his own curst shape and black as night;
And then the angelic radiance shone
With a bright mild lustre all its own,
Which bade her fearful trembling cease,
And poured o'er her spirit its heavenly peace,
And soon she forgot in its cheering light
The horrors of the infernal sight.

Next morning the lady looked thoughtful and still,
But her beauty was fresh as the mountain rill,
For radiance divine and heavenly grace
Were beaming from her lovely face,
And she told not then of the terrible sight
Of horror and trial she endured that night,
Nor how in her terror to heaven she sought,
And the aid that her guardian angel had brought.
Long and happy she lived her young lord's wife,
And her son's sons marked in the eve of her life
That celestial glory and grace seemed shed,
As by angel hands, on her silver head,
Till that crown of glory in death she laid down
To receive from her Saviour the heavenly crown.

MOTEE'S UNCLE.

A TRUE STORY.

Luksmi going to the market
  Led her daughter by her side,
Decked with all her silver trinkets
  Fine as any little bride.

And as thus the child she guided
  With her face concealed from view,
Spoke a man's voice close beside her—
  "Ah, my Motee, is this you?

"Ah, my niece, my little darling,
  How I hope your heart is light;
How my brother, your good father,
  Must rejoice him at the sight."

Luksmi stopped to let the uncle
  Speak unto her little child;
Stopped, but, like a modest matron,
  Could but stand completely veiled.

And not only did she cover,
  But she turned away her face,
While the uncle, in his fondness,
  Prattled on at rattling pace.

And the kind, good uncle gave her
  Toys and sweetmeats more than one;
Talked and chatted gently to her,
  Ceased at last, and then was gone.

Then unto her little daughter
  Luksmi turned and raised her veil;
What has happened? Why does Luksmi
  Look so frightened, faint, and pale.

'Twas a thief who, as the uncle,
  Prattled on so false and fair,
And, while modest Luksmi listened,
  Stripped the child of jewels bare.

JAMES WHITELAW,

A POET of superior merit, and an essayist of real excellence, was born in Dundee in 1840. After receiving a common school education, he was sent to the office of the *Dundee Advertiser* to learn the trade of a compositor. Here he "served his time," and here he worked as journeyman till his appointment as sub-editor to the *People's Friend* in 1884. His genuine literary abilities had long marked him out for the first vacancy in the office where he had laboured so faithfully, and no appointment could have been found more congenial to his tastes, or suited to his abilities, than that of assistant to Mr Andrew Stewart, its genial and talented editor. Mr Stewart informs us that Mr Whitelaw had been for years an esteemed contributor of prose and verse to the *Friend*. His prose frequently took the form of essays or sketches on subjects generally of outdoor interest, such as walks in the country, hill climbing, botanizing in the fields and woods, &c.; and his poetry was for the most part of a reflective, spiritual, or didactic character, though at times a spirit of genuine humour pervades his verse. He was a quiet, thoughtful, earnest-minded man, and one who inspired love and esteem. He loved books and study, and had a keen pure taste in literature, and a deep enthusiasm in scientific research. Botany, geology, and microscopy were his favourite studies, and Ruskin was his favourite author, but reading and information had made him a man of wide culture. He cultivated music also to some purpose, being for a number of years leader of psalmody in the church he attended, and was also one of its most *energetic* and earnest Christian workers, so long as his *health permitted*. As a poet, he has distinct claims

to a place in this gallery, and to loving remembrance for his sweet and helpful utterances. He had an observant eye, a delicate touch, and an elevation of thought and feeling that make his poetry refreshing to read and pleasant to remember. His lighter mood is set forth in such pieces as "A Washing Day Episode," "Don't Care," and "A Vernal Rhapsody." That he was also a poet of true martial fire and descriptive vigour will, we think, be admitted, on a perusal of the spirited poem, entitled "Abu Klea."

At the time of Mr Whitelaw's appointment to the sub-editorship of the *Friend* he was suffering from the internal malady which cut him off in his bright and promising career, but though he endured much pain he was always able to attend to his duties, which he continued to discharge with marked ability up till the week in which he died. He was held in high esteem by the wide circle of friends he had drawn around him, quiet and retiring though he was, and he was sincerely mourned by all who knew him as a gifted poet, a meek and gentle spirit, and a true-hearted tender friend. He breathed his last at Whitehills, near Abernyte, on 17th April, 1887, aged forty-seven, and lies buried in the churchyard of Abernyte, among the hills he loved so well.

"A BITTIE NEARER HAME."

Some gowden streaks lit up the west,
  But gloamin' gathered gray,
Two pilgrims stopp'd awhile to rest
  Half up the lang, stey brae:
Ane fair as rose that glints wi' dew,
  Wi' her a white-haired dame,
Wha, sitting doon, said—"Ay we're noo
  A bittie nearer hame!"

Hame!—blessed spot to young an' auld,
  Whaur worn and weary rest:
Tho' up life's brae we climb twa-fauld,
  Wi' burdens sairly prest,

We warsel on—we're lichtsome too,
When thinkin' on Thy name,
An' strength returns ilk step—"We're noo
A bittie nearer hame!"

An'—blessed thocht!—when ower time's hills
Oor life-sun's sinkin' low,
When gruesome age creeps on an' chills
The heart—when frail an' slow
The fitstaps fa'—the ainee smooth broo
Shows mony a crookit seam,
'Tis sweet ilk nicht to feel—"We're noo
A bittie nearer Hame!"

A VERNAL RHAPSODY.

One fair spring morn I strayed in pensive mood,
Pondering o'er life and duty,
Till, rapt with Nature's loveliness, I stood
And cried—"Earth teems with beauty.

"Each phase of life—each season hath its charms,
Replete with grace and glory;
From childhood—laughing in maternal arms—
To age—though frail and hoary;

"From early springtide's first-born snowdrop bloom,
Through summer's glow of flowers,
And autumn's wealth; yea, 'mid stern winter's gloom,
Thou, Beauty, showest thy powers!"

I turned, while round me visions, fair and bright,
Of springtime's beauty hovered,
And, homeward wending, filled with keen delight,
There—chaos I discovered!

An earthquake's wreck there seemed, and from above
A deluge supervening!
Then through me thrilled the cry—"Come in, my love!
I've started our spring cleaning!"

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

(The striking incident narrated in the following verses was related to the writer by a lady who knew the facts.)

A baby lay 'mong pillows soft and white
As plumage of the wild swan's wave-washed breast;

Sweet were its slumbers ; smiles, as of delight,
Played round its features in its peaceful rest—
Smiles, sunny, bright as if, celestial born,
Its eyes should only ope in Heaven's eternal morn.

Unconscious nursling ! Thou hast not yet missed
The sweetest blessings childhood ever knows !
A mother's lips thine own have never kissed ;
No mother lovingly around thee throws
Her tender, sheltering arms ; nor to her breast
Hast thou, with fond caress, been ever closely pressed !

But where was she from whom sprang that sweet flower ?
Did Death, untimely, cut the parent stem
When Life's fair blossom reached its natal hour ?
Death came not : Reason fled—the brightest gem
That glistens, God-lit, in the glorious crown
Of human nature lost, and darkness settled down.

Night of the soul, uncheered by any beam—
Dark, doleful, spectre-haunted—brooded there ;
The joyous past had vanished like a dream—
Present and future hideous with despair,
Her spirit wandered on its weary way,
Nor orient streak appeared to herald dawning day.

Oh ! what a change had swept o'er that fair form !
A raving maniac—not a mother glad !
A home's whole happiness, in one swift storm,
Lay levelled low in desolation sad,
At that blest season when joy's well-spring flowed,
And Hope had forward looked along its flower-strewn road.

Watched, lest mischance befell by her own hands,
One day escaped, through several rooms she went,
Till a piano, open, by her stands ;
Silent she looks in stony wonderment,
Then, sitting down, her fingers touch the keys,
And melody awakes which might a master please.

For she was one by Nature richly dowered,
And Art had fostered gifts and made her skilled ;
Her fingers glide, her spirit seems o'erpowered,
As "Home, Sweet Home," with variations, filled
The chamber with a soul-entrancing strain,
Which summoned back the past, and made it live again.

Attendants, listening, mark, with eager eye,
The changes passing o'er the player's face—

Like sun-glints bursting through a cloudy sky,
When light and shadow o'er the mountains chase;
Then, as the clouds roll by, the peaks appear
In glorious sunshine bathed, all shadowless and clear;

So stood she up—all shadows passed away—
Dissolved her soul's deep, starless, moonless night!
Once more her spirit basked in reason's day,
As memory dawned, and shed its hallowed light;
For music's charm—"Home, Sweet Home's" blessed strains—
Had foiled the demon's spell, and burst the captive's chains!

ABU KLEA.

. . . . . .

Graceful palm trees often cluster by the sand-girt fountains clear,
But round Abu Klea glances many an Arab ranger's spear;
Keen-edged swords and deadly rifles by the thousand are in sight,
Till the darkness gathers round them, and the stars gleam through the night.

Ah! in that dread hour of midnight, while the rifle bullets whirred,
Fondest memories were quickened—Nature's inner depths were stirred;
And if love or filial feeling drew the tear-drop to the eye,
'Twas a seal of that true manhood which can love but bravely die.

Morning breaks: With Emirs prancing, standards flying, gather men,
Lion-hearted, eagle-sighted—hundreds ne'er to see again!
Sunrise in their native deserts—all impatient for the fray—
For would Paradise not welcome those who, fighting, died that day?

Now the British square is marshalled, and the foe, for battle fierce,
Surge around in savage bravery, spear in hand, its walls to pierce;
Mown by bullets, death despising, on the Arab legions rush—
"Allah!" and the "Mahdi!" shouting—every infidel to crush!

Strength of human arms is bounded, though the heart that nerves be bold,
And as thousands round the hundreds in their wave-like masses rolled,

Marvel not if, stunned beneath them—as if mortals fought with gods—
Inward bent the British column by the crash of fearful odds.

Yawning ruin seems there brooding, when the square a moment parts;
Carnage, gloating, plunged her sharp fangs into brave and loyal hearts;
But as down the gulf sprang Curtius, on—into that fatal break
Nobly rushed such men heroic—death to deal, or death to take.

Ringing cheers proclaim the victory—British valour, as of old,
Triumphs, and of Abu Klea shall the story oft be told;
For, when brave with brave men battle, 'tis a sight which ever thrills,
And the thought of British prowess every British bosom fills.

Bind the wounds with tender fingers—they are marks of duty done,
Nobly, loyally, and truly—honours bravely, dearly won;
Tear-eyed, cover up the fallen—Albion's boast and parents' pride,
Soundly sleep they in the desert—as they struggled—side by side.

. . . . . .

"LORD, WHAT IS MAN?"

When over Bethlehem's plains in splendour gleaming,
The starry hosts begemmed the midnight sky;
Or when the moon, full-orbed, in radiance beaming,
Rose over Judah's vine-clad hills on high;
The Royal Bard, in raptured meditation,
Looked up, and, as his eyes the heavens scan,
With their magnificence and revelation
Of power supernal, pondered—"What is man?"

Fragile as dewdrops, which at daybreak glisten;
Weak as the trickling of the mountain spring;
Transient as sound, which dies even as we listen;
Sentient as to the touch the quivering string;
Light as the spindrift tossed by ocean billows,
When tempests sweep in fury o'er the seas;
Swayed fitfully and easily as willows
Curve to the breath of every passing breeze;

Yet as the mighty sun in dewdrops glances,
So man may mirror his celestial source;
Weak as the trickling brook, which seaward dances,
By passion maddened, wild may grow his course;

Fleeting as sound, yet death itself surviving,
In immortality he stands arrayed;
Mobile and light, the mighty Spirit's striving
He may resist—defy God who him made.

Strength mixed with weakness—good with evil blending—
With aspirations and ideals high,
Yet prone to lowest depths of guilt descending,
In vilest sloughs of vice may weltering lie,
Drawn Godward, up heaven's toilsome steeps, truth-lighted,
Man's faltering steps may arduously climb,
But, losing faith, he falls, like one benighted,
O'er error's precipice from heights sublime.

Strange paradox—mysterious bond of union
'Twixt flesh and spirit—Deity and clay—
That with the Great Eternal holds communion,
Or grovels, sated with life's passing day;
By pleasure lured, to ruin blindly fleeing,
He who would wrestle with God's secret plan;
Heights, depths unmeasured in his complex being,
We turn from him and ask—"Lord, What is man?"

BELLA HOWATSON

WAS born at Tarbrax in 1863. Her father was then coachman to Mr David Souter-Robertson of Lawhead and Murlingden. She can still remember the rhymes she made when only a child of seven, but which no one was ever permitted to see or hear. Bella was sent at that age to school at Auchengray, a distance of two miles. She got on pretty well with her education there till she was in her tenth year, when her father and mother removed to Sidewood, a small farm on the estate of Westsidewood, and about two miles from the villages of Brachead and Forth. Her father at the same time became surfaceman for a section of the roads in the district. Here she was

sent to the village school of Braehead, where she continued until she was fourteen years of age—a time sufficient at least in which to have gained a fairly elementary education if justice had been done her. But, as it was, we have no doubt that she made better progress than she herself is willing to allow. She may have been slow, or apparently so, but very likely because she was deeply thoughtful. Even Sir Isaac Newton and Sir Walter Scott were accounted "dunces" at school, and most good minds are somewhat slow in ripening. The subject of our sketch left school at fourteen, but she did not yet leave home for other two years, and we cannot help thinking that home has been her true nurse and educator in the sense of drawing out all that was best in her—her parents (from the district of Annandale) being of the good old peasant stock of Scotland—of the same race as was Carlyle's father and mother, but apparently possessing more of the "milk of human kindness. From her mother, she says, she learned to love poetry and folk-lore. When very young she used to read aloud to her, and tell her stories of the spirit-world. Her early home is a quiet picturesque old-fashioned place, cosily situated behind a wood, but commanding in front a most delightful view of the Pentland and Lowther Hills. The entirely rural character of the scene did not fail to act powerfully upon a young, thoughtful, poetic temperament; and taking this along with the fact that she read and studied carefully her Bible, Burns, Carlyle, Dickens, Thomson, and Wordsworth, we do not need to wonder at the ripening of her thought and expression to the point of poetical effusion. It was not, however, until she was eighteen that she showed any of her productions to her nearest friends. Two years before she had gone into farm service. Her first "places" were by no means congenial or comfortable, but she ulti-

mately served for a period of "three very happy years" with a family near Linlithgow, where she was taught much to which she had hitherto been a perfect stranger.

After her experience of the world's rough and kindly ways she again returned home to help her mother in the dairy and domestic duties. Here it is that sometimes "musing the fire burns," and she strikes off a verse with the greatest ease—a whole poem being frequently composed and firmly retained in the memory perhaps for days or weeks before being written down. Under a sudden impulse, as in the case of her piece called "Dreamland," she will compose rapidly—giving a reply to some question or idea in another poem, and send it off to the *Hamilton Advertiser*, the *Annandale Observer*, &c. She continues quietly at home to do her simple household duties, and, along with her sister, to cheer and comfort her now invalid mother.

Several of Miss Howatson's prose writings, not as yet many in number, are full of rich promise. They evince not a little native genius, and make one feel that she only wants practice and encouragement. Her poetry is no mere idle tinkling of the lyre. It is redolent of power and sweetness, and we ever find the presence of fertile imagination—the fruits of pure and serious thought on the simple loves and hopes and aims and faith with which her heart is well content. Miss Howatson is altogether genuinely gifted, and one of the humble yet noble daughters of which Scotland has a right to feel proud.

ANOTHER BABY.

Another face to brighten
The circle round your hearth;
Another voice to lighten
Your home with joyous mirth.

Another heart to love you,
  Another link to bind,
Another care to prove you,
  Another curious mind.

Another plant to nourish
  And train with patient skill,
Another flower to cherish
  Another little will.

Another little traveller
  To tread this vale of care,
And sometime in the future
  To leave its footprints there.

An instrument—a treasure
  Whose chords, so finely strung,
Full oft will throb to pleasure,
  And oft with woe be wrung.

For none are free from sorrow
  Who tread the path of life,
And no one but may borrow
  Some pleasure from the strife.

Another deathless spirit
  Dear to a Saviour's love;
An heir meant to inherit
  The realms of bliss above.

THE DYING CHILD'S WORDS.

"Lay my head upon your bosom now, father, and tell me a long, long story."

Tell him a story, father, glad and long,
Let it be sweet as some triumphant song,
Your darling's spirit hovers on the wing,
But round you still his heart's fond tendrils cling,
Angels bend over him, to break life's cords;
Heaven's glories cover him, so let your words
Flow smooth and gently; let your story be
The glorious theme of immortality.

His pure young soul has plumed itself to rise,
His throbbing spirit pants to reach the skies,
He lingers at the very gates of glory
To hear his father tell another story.

Tell him a story, father, shrink not now,
For angels' shadows flit across his brow;
The rustling of their wings is in his ear,
And yet he lingers, from your lips to hear—
Your dear loved lips—a story glad and long,
To be remembered 'mid the heavenly throng.

Oh, father, use your wonted eloquence,
Tell him a story ere he goeth hence,
Tell him a story of the God who waits
To meet your darling at the pearly gates.

The dying head rests on the father's bosom,
Close to his heart he holds his fading blossom,
While from his lips in cadence soft and low,
Yet language eloquent, we hear the flow
Of words that, welling from a heart of love,
Seem to be echoes of the world above.

Heaven still uses Pain as a holy art—
A key to ope the temple of the heart,
And oft for him the dreaded veil is raised,
Into the inner glory he has gazed.
We know it, for we feel that none by pain untaught,
Could have such power to sway, such deep soul-searching thought.

But hush, Heaven's light dawns on the youthful brow,
O'er every pang he is triumphant now;
The pure young soul has issued into glory,
And his brief lifetime is a finished story.—
A finished story—and the stainless page
Is viewed with reverence both by youth and age.

DREAMLAND.

When earth's joys have seemed as follies
To your spirit bruised and sore,
Have you ever turned for solace
To fair Dreamland's happy shore?

Yes, my friend, I oft have wandered
In that glorious sunny clime,
On its joys I oft have pondered,
And beheld its scenes sublime.

I have turned from earth's sad sorrow
To that region of the blest,

If perchance my soul might borrow
Aught of heavenly peace and rest.

I have heard the strains of gladness
That its sweet musicians raise,
In their songs there's naught of sadness,
Naught of sorrow in their praise.

I have friends who love me ever
In that wondrous world of bliss—
Gentle friends who shun me never
In my joy or my distress.

Ah, we never turn in anguish
From the people of that land,
For the spirit has no language
Which they cannot understand.

Well our Father knew His children
Were too weak to comprehend
All the sighing and the crying
In the bosom of a friend.

So He stooped, and to each mortal
Gave a key of Dreamland's gate,
Where, whate'er the spirit seeketh,
We can for ourselves create.

There the sunbeams kiss the river
With a light earth hath not seen;
There the blossom fadeth never,
And the leaves are ever green.

There the stream of plenty ever
Through each fertile valley pours,
For grim want and woe have never
Set their feet upon its shores.

There we never wait in anguish
For a loved one's parting breath,
For no dear one there can languish
On a bed of pain and death.

Dreamland holds the richest treasures
That to mortals have been given,
And the sweetest of its pleasures
Is a foretaste, friend, of Heaven.

ONLY.

Only a human blossom,
  Pure and tender and mild,
Clasped to a mother's bosom,
  Only a lovely child.

Only a few fleet summers
  And the babe is a laughing boy,
The dear delight of his parents,
  The source of their deepest joy.

Only a few more seasons
  And the boy is a fearless youth,
Puzzled with life's hidden problems,
  Earnestly searching for truth.

A proud independent spirit,
  A generous and noble soul,
A gem of the rarest merit,
  Though impatient at times of control.

A step in the wrong direction,
  Then remorse and the bitterest shame,
And from those who should yield protection
  Only a torrent of blame.

Only a young heart aching—
  Aching in dumb dull pain,
For the want of that sympathy breaking,
  Which it sighs and longs for in vain.

Only a word kindly spoken—
  Spoken in tones of love,
Might have healed the chord that was broken,
  And pointed to light above—

Might have shown him by gentle persuasion,
  That the way of transgressors is hard,
And allured from the path of temptation
  Ere his life became bloated and marred;

But Love's gentle words were unspoken,
  And her message of cheer was unsaid,
For she wept o'er the laws he had broken,
  Till all hope of redemption had fled.

Oh, Father, restore us from blindness,
  Why, oh why, do thy children not think

That that soul has most need of their kindness
Whose feet tread temptation's dark brink.

The heart that is whole needs no solace,
The soul that is well needs no cure;
Thou did'st stoop to the weak in their follies,
Thou did'st yearn o'er the vile and the poor.

. . . . . .

Oh! remember, the chords oft throb wildly
That Nature most finely has strung,
And you scarcely can touch them too mildly
In the sensitive breasts of the young.

HIS LAST LOOK.

The hush of rest has filled the chamber now,
A silent angel watch above him keeps,
The rapture of repose is on his brow:
Our darling sleeps.

He sleeps. His lashes veil the eyes of blue
As though he'd lift them in a little while,
His cheeks retain their loveliness of hue,
The lips their smile.

And o'er his temple, like a sunny gleam,
His auburn tresses wander as of old,
Once to your dreaming fancy they did seem
Like waves of gold.

You used to part them on the sleeping brow,
And think the sleeper was surpassing fair,
Then with a full heart to the Father bow
For him in prayer.

Strange you should think him like an angel bright,
Yet never for a moment dream that he
Might spread his pinions for the heavenward flight,
Nor think of thee.

You used to gaze enraptured on the boy,
And feast your eyes upon his loveliness;
Think of him still, then, with a chastened joy,
A saint in bliss.

JESSIE MARGARET KING.

("MARGUERITE.")

MANY will be very pleased to find that this graceful, charming, and picturesque prose writer is entitled to a place amongst our poets. Miss King has hitherto been widely and popularly known under the *nom-de-plume* of "Marguerite," and we are glad to be able to reveal her identity. All readers of the *Dundee Evening Telegraph* admire her vivacious and thoughtful articles on dress, and her bright and clever descriptive papers on men, women, and manners at public gatherings. Her style is exceedingly attractive, terse, clear, and apt, while her original comments and reflections are judiciously and racily intermixed. She has a graphic pen, and possesses the enviable faculty of always being able to seize upon points of interest and importance, and of giving due proportion and symmetry to the various phases of her subject.

Miss King was born at Bankfoot, in the parish of Auchtergaven, Perthshire, in 1862, and received her education at the village school there. She was delicate as a child, but was very studious, and a great reader. Her father, a man of remarkable intelligence, encouraged her in her studies; and every now and then a box of miscellaneous reading—magazines, reviews, &c.—would come per carrier's cart from Perth, where her uncle, Mr James Sprunt, was editor of the *Perthshire Advertiser*. At school the subject of our sketch was a very apt pupil, carrying off many prizes and the girls' dux medal. Teaching promised to be her future career; but she had been only just entered at Sharp's Institution, Perth, when her father fell ill, and this altered all the family plans. After a long

illness he died, and Miss King entered an office in the village. While here, the Free Church "Welfare of Youth Scheme" came into existence, and in the "Essay Section" she found a congenial outcome for her dawning literary energies. The first year she was seventh on the list, the next she was first in the senior section and third in the junior. The following year she again competed for both essays, and then accomplished the unparalleled feat of carrying off the first prize in the junior and senior sections. She continued to compete in connection with this "scheme" up to 1885, and gained four first prizes—a medal accompanying each. After being two years in the Bankfoot office, Miss King received an appointment in the *Dundee Advertiser* Office, and shortly afterwards attained a responsible and important position on the staff of the *Evening Telegraph*, with which paper she is still connected.

It was not until about four years ago that Miss King began to rhyme; and she had the rare satisfaction of seeing her first attempt, a poem entitled "Cloudland," in print. For a year or two she wrote very frequently—most of her poems appearing under various *noms-de-plume* in the *Telegraph* and *Friend*. Miss King's poetry is highly imaginative, frequently lively, and sparkling and vivid in expression. We also find felicity in her choice of subject, and an elevating method of treatment peculiarly her own. Her poems are marked by a high moral tone and deep human feeling, and they evince power and facility over the difficulties of rhyme and versification, which prove that she does not court the Muse in vain.

"A MIDSUMMER NICHT'S DREAM."

Ae e'enin' I laid mysel' doon to sleep
'Mang the moss that cushioned a burnie's brim,

An' some eldrich pooer 'gan my senses steep,
An' the munelicht was thrangit wi' shapes fu' grim.

Frae 'neath leaves o' dockens an' ilka grass blade
Cam' unearthly bodies wi' coats o' green,
An' wee red Kilmarnocks on touzled head,
And the wizendest faces that e'er were seen.

Ilk warlock was hotchin' an' lauchin' wi' glee,
An' they paidl't aboot an' they wadna be still;
Till a fiddler loon, wi' his bonnet agee,
Was cannily stanced in his seat on a hill—

A cosy bit nook in the fair dingle side,
Whaur the mune glinted bricht on the dewdraps wat;
But the rest o' the company still cou'dna bide,
But waitin' the fays, by the burnie sat.

Some leaves o' last autumn cam' sailin' doon,
Ilk riggit wi' moonbeams an' helm o' fate;
An' steered wi' a stalk o' hemlock broon—
The barges o' fairies travelin' in state.

It was awesome to see ilk enchantit carle
Handin' oot a fair leddy wi' aul' farrant grace;
But the bonniest sicht I hae seen i' this warl'
Was the blythesome blink o' ilk fairy face.

Their goons were o' thistledoon, fa'in' like air,
An' their gems o' the dewdraps' glimmerin' sheen;
An' never a Queen, be she bonnie or fair,
Was drest like thae fairies this midsummer e'en.

They stude i' their places a' ready to reel,
An' the music struck up, an' the dance began;
An' they turned an' linkit an' trippit fu' weel,
Ilka fairy white wi' a warlock man.

I turned me aboot to see mair o' the fun,
But a wailin' *sough* ower the gatherin' fell;
I was fear'd they'd hae meltit like snaw 'neth the sun
Had they kent mortal een lookit doon on the dell.

Sae I keepit my breath, an' I lay fu' still,
Juist keekin' wi' ane o' my een at the ploy,
Till the fiddler wight frae his seat on the hill
Played up, an' the company fell tee wi' joy.

At last a great supper was laid oot at twal
On a patch o' muneshine aneath a tree,

A' deckit wi' wild flooers an' goblets tall,
An' sparklin' wi' red wine frae Normandy.

An' warlocks an' fairies, wi' daffin' an' mirth,
Sat doon to the feast an' the red wine quaff't;
I fairly forgot what my silence was worth,
An' clean lost my gumption an' roared an' laugh't.

Like the shadowy munelicht they meltit awa',
An' left nae a ribbon to tell o' their joy;
But I'll no be persuadit by ony ava
That I didna tak' pairt in a fairy ploy.

O, WIND OF THE WEST.

O, wind of the west, what bearest to me?
What message from those that I love the best?
Tidings or token from them to me?
Thou that art fresh from my home in the west.

O, wind of the west, what bearest to me?
Down by the river and over the hill—
Echoes of far-off memory,
Voices all silent, feet that are still.

O, wind of the west, what bearest to me?
From the fragrant gardens thou rovest by—
Scent of the briar and hawthorn tree,
And heather from hills against the sky.

O, wind of the west, what bearest to me?
Scents of fresh budding on every gale;
First notes of summer bird's melody,
And from brown moorlands the peewit's wail.

O, wind of the west, what bearest to me?
Echoes of children shouting at play—
Rising and falling like billówy sea,
Mingling with bells from the kirk on the brae.

O, wind of the west, what bearest to me?
What wrack from the misty shores of the past,
Old sounds and sights that I used to see
Like seaweed brown on the sea-beach cast?

O, wind of the west, thou bearest to me—
Often in sadness, sometimes in pain—
Thoughts that are sadder than thought should be,
And memories ending in tears like rain.

LIFE AND DEATH.

O, it is hard to die
When life is strong within the throbbing veins
And age with sombre retinue of pains
Lies in futurity!

O, it is hard to die
When every day new glowing visions ope
Before the spiritual senses, and fair hope
Foretells felicity.

O, it is hard to die
Before the eye is wearied of the sun,
While life's long blissful day seems scarce begun!
Then bitter is our cry!

Yet sweet it is to die
Before our lips are chilled by eld's cold kiss,
When the soul joys to leave its chrysalis
As doth the butterfly.

How sweet it is to die
When life becomes a guest that hath outstayed
Welcome and cheer, and leaves with moan unmade,
Sans farewell courtesy.

Sure it were sweet to die
To men world-weary, with their souls a-fret,
And cankered by dire toils and tears—and yet
How sad it is to die!

THE PERFIDIOUS SEA.

O fair and fause, like fickle lover,
Grey sea that pratest to the beach,
Say what dark things thy waters cover?
Dead lips that call and hands that reach.

About our feet thou creepest, gleaming,
With serpent grace thy surges glide;
High on the sand thy foam lies dreaming,
And all is calm from tide to tide.

But yesterday, by east wind driven,
Thy waves all white with fear and rage—
Defiant, cast themselves to heaven,
Like glove that's thrown in battle gage.

And many a bark that on thy waters
In joyous freedom used to roam
Went down, while trembling wives and daughters
Kept watch for those that ne'er came home.

O midnight dark! O parting vessel!
O human hearts all helpless then!
O drowning cry and dying wrestle!
Far from all aid of fellow-men.

O hearts full-breathed and full of ardour,
Engulfed in dark Lethean deeps;
To-day the sea, our island warder,
Rests peaceful as a child, and sleeps.

Ah, perfidy so cruel, common,
Its waters wooed them to its breast—
Played with them, like capricious woman,
Grew tired of them—and now they rest.

HELEN ACQUROFF.

A GREAT blank was caused in temperance circles throughout Scotland by the death, in September 1887, of Miss Helen Acquroff, the talented and popular blind lady advocate of their cause. She was born in Edinburgh in 1833. Owing to a serious defect in her eyesight, she was sent to the Blind Asylum School, where she subsequently acted in the capacity of a teacher. Her poetic spirit—which she inherited from her mother, who writes excellent verse—showed itself at a very early age. Her first piece was written when she was about nine years old. She was very quick and intelligent. At the age of eleven she became totally blind, and, under the circumstances, directed her attention to the study of music. She possessed a keen musical ear, and her thorough knowledge of

harmony caused universal surprise. Though her execution was not brilliant, it was very remarkable, when we consider the few opportunities afforded her for mastering the technique of the pianoforte. Like most of the blind, Miss Acquroff possessed a remarkably retentive memory. She would compose many a song and sing it without ever committing it to paper. Indeed, the MS. of her last volume was copied out without pause, straight from the treasure-house of her memory. She was always very diffident, both as a girl and a woman, about having her verses made public, and although she never tired carolling her songs about the house, or singing them in aid of any benevolent scheme, she very rarely consented to let her friends take them down from her dictation.

Much of Miss Acquroff's music, of which she composed a considerable quantity, is lost. Her hymns and temperance melodies, however, will live long in the memory of those who are striving to promote the cause of total abstinence, and to establish feelings of charity and goodwill among men. On more than one occasion she has been applied to, from distant parts, for a song, which she has composed, and thought no more about, although it had passed into the hearts of hundreds who have heard it and loved it, and made it part of their spiritual daily bread. Possessing remarkable rhythmical balance, quiet, sparkling humour, deep sympathy and tenderness, and the desire of brightening and ennobling life in everything she said or wrote, her songs will live in the hearts of many. With the temperance cause she early allied herself, and upon the introduction of the Good Templar movement into this country, she became a member of the Order. No social meeting was complete without her presence, and as she was "a host" in herself a soiree was regarded as a success *as soon as her* name appeared on the bills. As an

exponent of pawky humorous songs, she had few to equal her. Nearly all her songs were on temperance subjects, and sung to familiar tunes, and it was quite a common practice for her to adapt her contributions to the proceedings of the evening, introducing the local colouring in an amusing and almost inimitable manner. Her songs, which numbered many hundreds, were, as we have already said, composed without being committed to manuscript, as she had a wonderfully retentive memory. A number were, however, preserved, and published in 1873, in the form of "A Good Templar Song Book." Miss Acquroff's services were in requisition all over Scotland, and wherever she went her bright, cheerful disposition ensured her a hearty welcome. She had a keen sense of humour, as is attested not only by several leading contributors to our comic journals, but is proved by a number of her productions. She used to sing her most amusing verses at the beginning of the temperance meetings, with the view of imbuing the audience with a kindly *esprit* till the serious aspects of the question were brought before them. One peculiarity that may be mentioned was that her surname was very seldom used; she was known everywhere as "Cathedral," or, according to Good Templar usage, "Sister Cathedral," and she promptly checked any one who addressed her otherwise. This cognomen was given in consequence of an address she published, which represented the Cathedral of Glasgow warning the people of that city against the evils of intemperance. This tract, or address, which is written in a vigorous, racy, and chatty manner, was exceedingly popular. On the occasion of a Good Templar excursion to Glasgow in 1871 she was overheard by the Emperor of Brazil describing the subjects of the Cathedral windows to a relative, and His Imperial Highness expressed his surprise at the blind woman's ability. Miss Acquroff also wrote several tales in the

same homely style, and she published two small volumes of poetry. These are now very scarce, but we believe arrangements are being made for the publication of a selection of her pieces from these and several Good Templar and temperance song books, which will be issued as a memorial volume

POLLY HOPKINS.

Here comes Polly Hopkins, ever ready at command,
Bearing precious fruits and flowers, the fairest in the land,
Quite a travelling garden, cannot fail to please the eye,
Sweet and fragrant, fresh and blooming, will you please come buy?

Please come buy,
Oh, do try
Gather round me lads and lassies,
Please come buy.

Frenchmen praise the lily, and the English boast the rose,
Paddy loves the shamrock which in dear old Erin grows;
Scotchmen love the thistle and the grand old hills so high,
There I pulled this blooming heather, which I hope you'll buy.

Cowslips, tulips, violets, dahlias, daisies, evergreens,
Apricots, plums, peaches, melons, nuts, figs, dates, and geens,
Oranges and grapes, to cool your throat when parched and dry,
Pears and apples, ripe and mellow, which I hope you'll buy.

SABBATH SCHOOL SONG.

We love the Sabbath school,
We love to read and pray;
With joy each heart is full
Upon God's holy day.
How thankful we to God should be,
Let praise employ each girl and boy;
We'll prize the day, all days above,
Which calls to mind the Saviour's love.

May strife and envy cease,
Nor in our breast be found;
May love and joy and peace
Still more and more abound,
And may the rule thus taught in school
Through every day direct our way.

Our faithful paster's voice
We children love to hear ;
It makes each heart rejoice,
For we his name revere ;
He bids us shun the Evil One,
And points the road that leads to God.

THE SWISS GIRL.

I'm a little Switzer ; friendless here I roam ;
Pity a poor stranger, wont you help me home?
I am not seeking charity, I mean to earn my bread,
Once I had dear parents, but alas ! they both are dead.
Now girls, now boys,
Come this way and buy my toys,
I've lollypops, humming tops, and pictures rare and grand.

Children, you are hungry, I have cakes and buns ;
Who would be a soldier ? here are swords and guns ;
Cannon, powder, shot, and shell, with flutes, fifes, drums, and flags ;
Grand cocked hats, hoops, balls, and bats, balloons and travelling bags.

Scotch folks all read history, I am sure they do ;—
Here are famous pictures, quite well known to you ;
Castles, old cathedrals, chapels, mountains, rivers, lakes ;
Men who gave their life's blood for their dear old country's sakes.

Here are dolls and trinkets, come and take a view ;
Yes, you can't resist it, I shall sell a few,
For you love your native land, and have no wish to roam—
Every little toy you purchase helps this stranger home.

Now, my friends, 'tis time that you and I must part ;
Yet you'll always have a place in my warm heart ;
And I know I've pleased you all, and you'll remember long
Rosaline the Switzer, and her coaxing little song.

WHEN WE WERE BAIRNS THEGITHER.

It's forty years, my ain gudeman,
Since I was made your wife ;
An' nane in a' this warld can say
But we've led a happy life.
But ah, waes me, it's sixty year
Since we kent ane anither ;

For hand in hand we gaed to schule
When we were bairns thegither.
When we were bairns, happy, happy bairns,
When we were bairns thegither;
For hand in hand we gaed to schule
When we were bairns thegither.

An' mony a time ye focht for me
Wi' big red-headed Jock,
An' brocht me turnips, peas, an' beans,
Snaps, muffins, pies, an' rock;
For if ye hadna ae fine thing,
Ye were sure to hae anither;
Baith kind an' guid you've been to me
Since we were bairns thegither.

I used to greet ilk time ye got
A palmy at the schule,
An' then the maister turned on me
An' ca'd me a great fule;
An' when I think on a' the flights
We baith got frae my mither,
Hech, man, it seems like half-an-hour
Since we were bairns thegither.

THE REFORMED DRUNKARD TO HIS WIFE.

Five short years ago, dear Mary,
You were all the world to me;
Hours and days flew swift as moments,
You were happy, I was free,
Till the demon Drink beguiled me,
Turned my love for you to hate,
And from our home I drove you weeping;
Now I mourn your hapless fate.

Through the long dark hours of midnight,
Our dear baby's face I see;
By his silent grave at even
I have watched and longed for thee.
There, on bended knee, I promised
With God's help to break the chain;
Oh, yes, I've prayed for strength from Heaven,
And I have not prayed in vain.

Now I praise your worth, my Mary,
You were all a wife should be;
And I feel how much I need you,
Since I've none to care for me—

None to tend me when in trouble,
  None to calm my restless heart;
None to watch beside my pillow,
  Peace and comfort to impart.

I entreat you, dearest Mary,
  By the vows once made to me,
By the memory of our infant
  Sleeping 'neath the willow tree,
Come and soothe me with your presence,
  Your long absence I deplore;
Oh! come and say that you forgive me,
  And my peace of mind restore.

Is my Mary standing by me?
  Let me clasp you to my heart.
I have prayed for this glad moment;
  In this world no more we'll part.
Now I feel I am forgiven,
  For I hear you tell me so;
And our dear angel boy in heaven—
  He forgives me too I know.

JOHN SKELTON, C.B., LL.D.

FEW men, either professionally, or by their writings have done so much for "puir auld Scotland's sake" as the author of the following verses. He is one of our most popular, brilliant, and thoughtful essayists—an accomplished man of letters, versatile, learned, acute, and overflowing with intellectual and scholarly instincts. Born in Edinburgh in 1831, John Skelton is the only son of James Skelton, W.S., one of the Sheriffs of Aberdeenshire. He was educated at St Andrews and the University of Edinburgh, passed as an advocate in 1854, retired from the Bar on account of ill-health, and was appointed Secretary to the Scottish Board of Supervision in 1868. In recognition of his services to Scotland by his works on

law and in general literature, he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Edinburgh in 1878, and in 1887 he was created a Companion of the Bath. Since 1854, when he returned from a long stay in Italy, he has been a frequent contributor to "Blackwood," "Fraser," and other magazines, under the well-known *nom-de-plume* of "Shirley." Messrs Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh, have published a number of his works. These include two important volumes in connection with the literature of his own profession—"The Law of Evidence in Scotland," and "Pauperism and Pauper Education in Scotland, with Special Reference to the Boarding-Out System." These scholarly and thoughtful works have attracted a large amount of public interest, the latter especially, on account of the author's practical experience as Secretary to the Poor Law Board in Scotland. It is a solid and well-considered contribution to the discussion of a most important social problem. His other works are "*Nugæ Criticæ*: Life and Letters by the Seaside"—fresh, genial, and pleasant sketches of public men, manners, and places—spoken of by Lord Lytton as "abounding in beauties of thought and style;" while the *Spectator* holds that "there is but one recent writer who has caught the spirit of Charles Lamb—who is an original thinker, whose style is pure and simple and refreshing as the green fields, and whose papers are full of delicate touches of humour and pathos." In his volume entitled "The Impeachment of Mary Stuart, and other Essays—Historical and Biographical," he discusses Queen Mary from an original point of view, and in a manner calculated to gain for the Scottish Queen a large amount of sympathy. He is still farther pursuing this subject in the pages of *Blackwood*, and a second volume is anticipated. Dr Skelton's work, entitled "The Comedy of the Noctes Ambrosianæ," treats of the wit and wisdom

of these famous colloquies, and, with an incisiveness and brilliancy of style, shows the famous Christopher at his best. Indeed, the versatility of his gifts, and the natural bent of his mind, entitles him to be ranked as our present-day Wilson, Aird, or "Delta." We can only mention his other works as including "The Crookit Meg," "A Campaigner at Home," "Spring Songs," "Essays in History and Biography," "Maitland of Lethington," and "Essays in Romance," consisting of studies from life, tales, sketches, and a number of poems, entitled "Leaves from the Sketch-Books of Philip Evergreen, Painter." From these we are privileged to give the following selection, which shows the true and tender poet. He is not only fertile in poetic ideas and fancies, but his versification evinces the scholar as well as his deep knowledge of humanity and of Nature. We also find, along with a mine of beautiful thought and graceful description, many homely pictures of lowly life, full of deep pathos and strong human loving kindness. With no ordinary powers of Doric grace and sweetness, his ballads have all the fervour, the witchery of beauty, and the natural and touching simplicity of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," while his eminently devotional spirit is manifested in his exquisite poem, "The E'en Brings a' Hame." Dr Skelton shows that poetry has to deal with man as well as with Nature, that life is a progressive development of all the materials for poetry, and every accumulation of truth that advancing years may bring lies embedded in the mind as genuine and essential poetry, ready to be melted by the passion, and fashioned by the imagination of man.

"THE E'EN BRINGS A' HAME."

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord, have wandered from Thy fold;
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints,—oh, rest is sweet
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts.
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming,—when the light departs
At evening, bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Thro' the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far.
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are.
At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snow-drifts thicken.
O Thou, dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
In the waste night,—our tardy footsteps quicken.
At evening bring us home.

LOVE IS BEST.

Beside the rosy islands of the West,
There winds a glen of all the glens most fair,
Where, day and night, the North wind is at rest,
For Love lives there.

Thence wandering in the noontide of my life,
A goddess stept from out the shadowy green,
With pensive eyes, and lips by love's sweet strife
Opened between.

And through the dewy coolness of the leaves
Echoed a voice which taught us how to woo—
The voice of love in visionary eyes—
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

And, cheek to cheek, we lay among the bent,
And through the wood we wandered hand in hand,
And all the goodness of the Lord was spent
Upon that summer land.

Then, stooping down, she whispered in my ear,—
"There is a marvellous fountain in the wood,
And, drinking there, whoever cometh here,
Shall find it good.

"For, drinking there, his name shall grow a name
Known unto men through all the far abodes,
And, mounting up as incense-smoke, his fame
Shall reach the Gods."

Then, turning quick, I touched her on the mouth,
And said,—"O sweetest, let this matter be;
I ask not anything of North and South,
But love from thee.

"I never more will lay my lance in rest,
Nor in the storm of battle shall my crest
Break, like the foam, against the foeman's breast,
For love is best.

"And I am all aweary of the world,
And roaming o'er the seas with hungry heart;
In this deep bay my tattered sails are furl'd—
I will not part

"From thee, and from the tresses of thy hair
Tangling my sense, and from thy perfect breast,
And from the sweetest lips Love anywhere
Has ever kist.

"Trample upon me with thy dainty feet,
Upon thy slave who breaks his captive bow;
But from thy feet which trample on me, sweet,
I will not go."

THE FISHER LAD.

Elsie, the lass with the curly locks,
Sits and spins on the top of the rocks;—
All night long she sleeps in her nest,
And dreams of the fisher-boy out in the West.

All night long he rocks in his boat,
And hums a song as he lies afloat,—
A song about Elsie, the rose of the town,
Whose lamp shines out as the sun goes down.

The dun duck dives, and the roving lark
Flits, with shrill whistle, into the dark;—
And, heaving the herring nets over the side,
Night-long the fisher-boy drifts with the tide.

Under his feet the herring are streaming,
Over his head the stars are dreaming;

And he sits in his boat, as it rocks in the bight,
And watches, and waits for the morning light.

The wind is soft and the stars are dim,
But never a mermaid whispers to him;
And the siren may warble her softest note,
But she won't beguile him out of his boat.

At break of day from the sandy bay,
He draws his nets, and he sails away;—
"Over the foam let gipsies roam,—
But Love is best when it stays at home."

WHITHER.

She lay upon her bed with folded hands,
And pitiful straight fingers closely prest
By one who loved her only. God in heaven,
Why hast thou still'd the beatings of her breast,
And left me stranded in the mire of hell?
For deepest hell has no more dire eclipse
Than passed across me, when I watched her die,
And saw the spirit flutter from her lips.

Then I went out into the windy night;
For she had said, "Darling, I go before
A little way, and when I reach Christ's heaven
I will await thy coming at the door."
And the night looked less lonely than the place
Wherein she lay upon her bridal bed;
Not moving from the right hand to the left—
For no breath stirred the gold upon her head.

And so the dark was round me and the night,
The populous night with all its trains of stars,
And o'er its dome the chivalry of heaven
Flashed all their spears, and in the wake of Mars
An angry light showed where the armies pressed
Around their leaders,—till the battle ceased,
And the light waned behind the northern star,
Where Odin and the strong Immortals feast.

O foolish fancy!—the Immortals linger
In the fond passion of the bard alone.
Lord God of Hosts, Thy hosts are ranged for battle,
The heavens are Thine, and Thine, O Lord, alone.
But not loud winds, nor lightning, nor heav'n's trump
Affright us. Mightier is Night. We shrink
*From uncom*plaining night with its calm stars—
*Innu*merous worlds that sparkle to its brink.

The stars may whisper through the infinite waste,
  But *thou* art mute. To what divine retreat
Hast thou withdrawn, and which of all these worlds
  Is gladdened by the music of thy feet?
I cannot know: I fall upon my face,
  And pray our Lord I may not lose thee there,
In the great company of white-robed saints,
  Whose awful number no man can declare.

"The sun shall no more be thy light by day,
  Nor shall the moon thee light, for Christ our Lord
Shines on thy face until thy bruisèd heart
  Is cured of sickness. Nor shall flaming sword
Thee keep from out the garden of the Lord,
  But by green pastures and the running streams
He leads His flock, and in His arms the lambs
  He carries tenderly, until the gleams

"Of the Eternal City are made plain;"
  So it is written. But the night moves on
Thro' the abyss. And my most passionate heart
  Calls to the night. But from the darkness none
Answers my speech. And I am left alone
  To look into the darkness for a face
Which looks on God; to listen for the voice
  Which joins His Seraphs' in the holy place.

CHARLES STEWART,

AUTHOR of a volume entitled "The Harp of Strathnaver: A Lay of the Scottish Highland Evictions, and other Poems" (Galt, Ontario), was born at the village of Bailleston, near Glasgow, in 1813. As a child he was so delicate that for more than three years it was uncertain whether he would live or die, but by the tender care of a loving and intelligent mother the scale at length turned in his favour. At the age of seven he was sent to a country school two miles distant. His father being a handloom weaver, *he had a "stent"* of yarn to wind every morning

before setting out, and another when he returned, so that his time for study or play was very limited. At the tender age of nine years his school days were ended, and he was inducted "a knight of the shuttle." Having a taste for reading, however, he, by self-application, continued to improve his mind. For a long time his daily companions were "Johnson's Dictionary," "Cobbet's English Grammar," and a copy of "Burns," keeping them on the loom beside him, and studying them while at work. He had by this time taught himself to write, and attempted the composition of verse. A few years later his mother died, the father went to live with a daughter by his first wife, and Charles was thrown upon the world. Being in poor health, he did not take kindly to lodgings and a strange fireside. Regaining his health, he left the loom, never to return to it, and found employment as a labourer in an iron work at Coatbridge. After working as an engine-keeper at a colliery, and subsequently as engineer, he, in 1856, emigrated to Canada, with the view of bettering his condition, and thus enabling him to give his family a good education. Nine years ago he was chosen librarian of the Mechanics' Institute, Galt, Ontario, Canada, which office he at present holds, occupying his leisure hours in literary pursuits and writing occasional verses. The leading poem in his volume is full of noble patriotism, with graphic and well-sustained descriptions of scenery and sketches of Highland character. His miscellaneous poems are distinguished by a love of home, friends, and country, stamped with true poetic fervour and the beauty and power of simplicity.

MY AULD SCOTCH PLAID.

I wadna gie my auld Scotch plaid
For a' the dainty haps I see ;
Though twascore years since it was made
It's aye the same as new to me.

I wat it lacks the gaudy charm
That skinkles in a foppish e'e,
But, O, it keeps me tight an' warm,
And while I live my hap 'twill be.

It's been a comforter for lang,
To my auld wife as weel's to me,
It deftly on her shouthers hang,
And wrapped the bairns when they were wee;
Now they are a' to manhood grown,
And buirdly chiel's as ye may see;
O, may they aye through life be known
A credit to the plaid and me.

There's something in the Scottish plaid
Mair than to fend frae weet and cauld;
Bright memories that ne'er shall fade,
It still endears to young an' auld;
Of worship-consecrated dells—
Of bluidy heath and martyr's urns—
In mystic eloquence it tells,
And of a Wallace and a Burns.

Auld Scotia to her clansmen said,
When first their ranks she did review,
"Let hearts that beat beneath the plaid
Be ever generous and true—
Your backs ne'er turn on friend or foe—
The peaceful stranger shield and aid—
Let despot, knave, and traitor know
The law that gleams beneath the plaid."

And wad ilk nation don the plaid,
And wear it as it should be worn,
Usurpers wad be feckless made,
Bairns a' be independent born;
And clansmen brave, the warld o'er,
Ilk servile impulse trample doon,
And homage cease frae shore to shore,
Save to the Chief wha rules aboon.

O, there's a treasure in the plaid,
A tome of classic hero lore;
And 'twas, ere court costumes were made,
The royal garb young Freedom wore;
And though it lacks the gaudy charm
That skinkles in a foppish e'e,
It keeps me tidy, tight, an' warm,
And while I live my hap 'twill be.

O, HOW HAPPY.

O, how happy is the chiel',
By his ain fireside,
Wha has rowth o' milk an' meal
By his ain fireside;
Wi' an ingle burning clear,
And a wifie he lo'es dear,
Wha aye smiles when he is near,
By his ain fireside.

Life to him can ne'er seem lang,
By his ain fireside,
Such domestic sweets amang,
By his ain fireside,
And mair than a king is he,
While his subjects a' are free,
Living in sweet harmonie,
By his ain fireside.

He sees a' things aye gang weel,
By his ain fireside,
And he seeks nae ither biel'
Than his ain fireside;
There his toils are a' repaid,
While he kindly gives his aid,
For he's loved, and he's obeyed,
By his ain fireside.

And when death does on him ca',
By his ain fireside,
With a summons to withdraw
Frae his ain fireside;
He is soothed in his distress,
And feels Nature's pangs grow less
In his family's fond caress,
By his ain fireside.

But oh, woes me for the chiel',
By his ain fireside,
Wha would fain hae a' things leal,
By his ain fireside;
Yet frae e'en till dawn o' morn,
Still must quaff the cup of scorn,
And endure a bosom thorn,
By his ain fireside.

O, a dowie wight is he,
By his ain fireside,

For he hears nae family glee,
By his ain fireside;
On his features, drooping sair,
Is the weary path o' care,
And joy never ventures there,
By his ain fireside.

Wi' his cauldrife, sullen mate,
By his ain fireside,
He sits owrie, dull and blate,
By his ain fireside;
Till his bairnies, ane an' a',
Wha ne'er kind example saw,
Gie him cause whiles to withdraw
Frae his ain fireside.

To some evening howff he gangs,
Frae his ain fireside,
Where to triumph o'er the wrangs
O' his ain fireside;
He the maddening dregs doth sup
Of intoxication's cup,
Till death winds the sorrows up
O' his ain fireside.

AULD SCOTLAND ISNA DEAD.

"Auld Mither Scotland dead an' gane!"
Na, sir! I winna let you say't;
Ye maun be wonderfu' mista'en,
To think her heart has ceased to beat.

On being tauld what ye had said,
To ken if sic mishap could be,
I wrapped my shouthers in my plaid,
An' dauner'd o'er the gate to see.

But she nae symptoms has o' death;
And though she's been dung owre fu' sair
And fashed at times wi' grippit breath,
She's aye been spinnin' less or mair.

For though she's growing somewhat auld,
She hasna tint her ways o' thrift;
By honest toil through heat an' cauld,
She for hersel' she aye could shift.

And tentie aye o' what she earns,
To keep wi' care or wisely spen',

That she may cleed an' schule her bairns
To fit them for some usefu' en'.

Nae thriftless, randie beggar, she
For sympathy and alms won't whinge,
But work or fecht until she dee,
And never for an awmos cringe.

Sae drap you coronach of woe;
Lilt up wi' glee some blyther strain
And briskly gar the numbers flow,
For dear auld Scotland isna gane.

And that He lang her life may spare,
Ilk ane should wi' the giftie plead,
For, ane an' a', we'd miss her sair
For usefu' wark an doughty deed.

When ony black mischief appears,
Menacing Britain's rights or laws
Were Scotland dead, I hae my fears,
Nane e'er like her wad wield the tawse

For when there's need to skelp a fae,
An' bluid maun e'en be freely spilt,
Aye foremost in the deadly fray
Are seen the bonnet and the kilt.

And whereso'er abroad you gang,
Her bairns at honour's post ye'll see,
And hear encored her ilka sang
That breathes o' love or libertie.

Then what could put it in your head
In lamentation loud to rave
About auld Scotland being dead,
And buried in an English grave?

Gae doff again your auld grey plaid,
If it as mourning weeds you wear,
And for your chanter send the maid,
That ye may blaw it loud an' clear.

But cease your coronach of woe,
An' lilt a blyther strain instead,
And gaily let the numbers flow,
For brave auld Scotland isna dead

ISABELLA A. GRAY

WAS born at Hawthorn Cottage, Lilliesleaf, St Boswells, where she still resides. Her father, who owned "two cottages and a few acres of land," was a man of much intelligence. His mother, it might be noted, and the mother of Thomas Carlyle, were neighbours and friends. Before going to school Isabella had "learned her letters" on old tattered books that had done service in other hands. She made good progress, and soon went over all the books in the Sunday School and the Subscription Libraries—including "Tales of a Grandfather" and the "History of the Reformation." As soon as she could afford it, she bought Cassell's "Popular Educator," and, among other educational pursuits, she studied the German language. In course of time she published a very thoughful little work, entitled "A Reasonable Faith." Miss Gray generally appears in print under the *nom-de-plume* of "Free Lance," and her contributions, in prose and verse, have appeared in the columns of "The Border Magazine," and the Haddington, Dumfries, Hawick, and other newspapers. Her poems and songs show a pure, refined, and modest originality, keen reflective powers, tender sympathies, and a remarkable richness of fancy.

EYES.

Loving, laughing, beautiful eyes,
Wondering, thoughtful, and wise,
Eloquent eyes that to mine unfold
Treasures far nobler than purest gold.—
    Eager eyes ever so bright,
    As they hail and drink the light,
Like the young plant pushing abroad
    The roots and leaves
    That foretell the sheaves
Flung down at the feet of God.

Dear, dear eyes! in the coming years
Only the noblest be thy peers,
And only love shine in thy tears;
And when the hosts of right and wrong
Are mustered face to face, and strong,
Then, O wise eyes! the perfect law read ye,
And lift the sword of right
With willing hands to fight
For laws that make men free,
And when the angel comes,
After long fruitful years,
Lay down the sword and go
With him to higher spheres.
Round thee, a life well proven,
In thee, heaven inwoven.

THE BAIRNS.

Oh, oor he'rts are heavy an' sair!
A' things are changed for evermair!
Twae o' oor bairnies are gane,
An' nicht an' day we make oor mane,
Ailie an' me.

Johnie scarce could stagger across the floor,
When his twae wee sisters cam',
He airtit aye for the open door
To look for me, for he was his dada's lamb,
An' weel he likit to lie on my breast:
My wee lamb noo is wi' God at rest.

We had oor hands weel filled wi' wark,
But love made oor labour sweet,
For we likit the patter o' little feet,
Ailie an' me.

Oh, what plannin' we had for the bairns!
We were prood o' oor bairns,
Ailie an' me.
Johnie's queer bits o' says,
An' his innerly ways
We'll mind a' oor days,
Ailie an' me.

But now, when we think o't, the angels
Wad surely be near,
Pittin' the thochts in his heid
That made him sae dear;

For, now that he's gane,
It a' seems sae clear
That minist'ring spirits should like
To be pettlin' him here.

Puir wee Jeanie, only fifteen months auld,
Had to warsel for breath
Ae lang weary nicht,
Till the angel o' death
Took her an' left a sair blank in oor fauld
To Ailie an' me.

The vera next week the angel came back
For Johnie, for Johnie, the licht o' my een!
Oh! the cluds then grew starless an' black,
An' my he'rt could do nocht but compleen!
I'll never forget his bits of sensible says,
I canna forget his kind bits o' ways,
For he was the licht o' my e'en.

Still it's a comfort to ken they're but ta'en
Oot o' ae faither's hoose to another's;
The bairns were guid an' the angels are guid,
An' they'll tend them wi' care like a mother's.
We've but ae lamb left in oor fauld,
An' we hap her at nicht wi' the tears in oor e'en,
To keep her wee feetie frae findin' the cauld,
For whae kens but the angels aboot her, unseen,
May whisk her away
Ere the break o' the day
Frae Ailie an' me.

Little we ken what's afore us,
An' to kenna is maybe as weel;
But the Faither that's ta'en them
Frae the faither that's ha'en them
Oor he'rts will comfort an' heal
In His ain guid time an' way;
For His is a Faither's love sae leal,
And He kens a' that we feel,
Ailie an' me.

Langsyne folk used to say
When evil spirits were seen,
If ye named the name o' God
They wad vanish frae 'fore your e'en:
Sae the memory o' oor pet lambs shall lie
In oor he'rts speakin' His name forever,
Keepin' away ill thochts, bringin' gude anes nigh,

Till we, too, cross the boundary river,
An' meet them again as angels bright
On the green marged strand
Of oor Fatherland,
Ailie an' me.

GOSSIP

When neebor meets neebor they tatter
The neebor that isna there,
An' mirror themsel's in every word
Mair truly, I do declare,
Than the neebor they tatter sae sair.

They speak what their hearts contain,
And mindna the golden law;
They gloat ower their neebor's fauts,
And blacken every flaw—
They wad blacken the very snaw.

And its less frae hardness o' heart
As for something else to say,
Still it dis seem unco strange
To mak' sic a rank display
O' a spirit better away.

And maybe the neebor dissected
Is doing the self-same thing—
Tippin' wi' gall an' venom
Every bit as ruthless a sting.

Truly this world is bad eneuch,
But oh! what a world it wad be
Did every yin hear what's said
By the tongues that wag sae free:
I wat the license they take
They wad like gey ill to gie.

I rather think it wad be
A jumble o' wrath an' spite,
Wi' every yin ready to say
It was a' their neebor's wite
That life was mair black than white.

Oh! this wearyfu', wearyfu' wrangness:
That the time were here I wus,
When we'll think an' speak o' others
As we'd like them to speak o' us!
When a' oor hearts will be kind and leal,
An' a' oor tongues as true as steel.

DEAR LITTLE LOO.

Dear little Loo, queer little Loo,
O she loves the wild flowers well,
But the sweetest flower o' a' to me
Is dear little Loo hersel'.

My heart is fu' o' wistfu' dreams
Forecasting the coming time;
Hoping for a' things guid an' fair
To come in a golden prime.

But wise wee Loo, the blasts are rough
That blaw ower the gentlest life,
And a brave, strong heart is needed
To warsel through the strife;

But there's a Faither's love abune
To bield the tenderest buds:
And the flowers are watered wi' rain
That fa's frae heaven's ain cluds.

I'll bring, if prayers can bring frae heaven,
An angel sae leal an true,
To keep frae every stain o' sin
Oor ain auld-farrant Loo.

DAVID WALTER PURDIE,

FAMILIARLY known as "The Ettrick Bard," was born at Hutlerbury, in the Vale of Ettrick, in 1860. Having received his education at the parish school, he, at the age of thirteen, was sent to work on a farm. He continued, however, to add to his elementary stock of knowledge, and by dint of studious habits and extensive reading, aided by a retentive memory and a quick "uptake," he soon began to be known and respected for his intelligent and practi-

cal views on public matters in the district. Mr Purdie presently resides at Brockhill, a small croft situated close to the village of Ettrick Bridgend, and as a proof of the esteem in which he is held, it might be added that at the last School Board election in his native parish he was returned at the top of the poll. His curling songs appear yearly in the "Curler's Annual," and he contributes largely, both in prose and verse, to the Border newspapers. Up to the years of manhood he had rarely read a verse of poetry, and he had attained his majority ere he had written a line. In 1885 he published a small selection of his verse, under the title of "Warblings from Ettrick Forest," which met with wide popularity. He is presently preparing a larger volume for publication. Kindliness, charity, and good humour run all through his productions, and although he occasionally breaks out in a quiet sarcastic vein, his Muse is generally of a homely nature, ever smooth and musical. A lover of Nature, too, he can note her beauties with warm intelligence, and reproduce them with graphic and attractive word-painting.

THE KIRN.

The sun lay dying in the west
  Upon a couch of yellow;
A' Nature smiled, serenely drest
  In autumn's robes sae mellow.
The last cartload now snugly lay
  Secure up in the barn,
And folk begoud to tak' their way
  To haud a rantin' kirn,
    Cheerie that nicht.

The lasses gaily were rigg'd oot
  In a' the kinds o' ribbons:
The rainbow's hues—an auld dishcloot
  Beside such gaudy weapons—
A' smiling like the month o' May,
  A' modest as the daisy;

The road was clad, I'm proud to say,
Wi' mony a weel-faur'd hissy,
An' kind that nicht.

The lads a' swathed in Sunday braws,
Their nice rosettes were sportin',
And, gabblin' like a flock o' craws,
Were strongly bent on courtin'.
For in this weary world o' strife,
Where daily cares harass ye,
An' hour at e'en's the joy o' life
If wi' a sonsie lassie,
An' lo'ed that nicht.

Hung roond aboot the kitchen wa's
Were corn sheaves an' barley,
An' folk cam troopin' in in raws,
Some late an' some fu' early.
The table groan'd 'neath the good things,
That were spread out in plenty;
An' a' sat doon like queens an' kings,
And every bit as cantie
As them that nicht.

Gi'e royal feasts to learned loons
Wi' polite, polished mainners,
Commend me to the plain beef roon's,
The kail, an' tattie denners.
Had our forefaithers been high fed
Wi' rich an' dainty dishes,
Could Robert Bruce sic heroes led,
Or made sic glorious dashes
Wi' them yon day?

Syne to the granary they repaired
To spend the nicht in dancin',
Where Fiddler Tam his elbows squared
Like horses' houghs when prancin'.
But what cared they for music sweet,
Wi' variations dandy?
If it in motion kept the feet,
'Twas guid eneuch an' handy,
An' cheap that nicht.

Nae kid-gloved hands were there, I ween,
For fear ye soiled the dresses,
Nae fashious etiquette between
The country lads and lasses;
Nae "sirs" nor "mems" had ye to say,
Wi' speeches highly grammar'd;

'Twas juist the hamely yea or nay,
In guid Scotch bluntly stammer'd,
Wi' them that nicht.

THE AULD FIRESIDE.

What changes ha'e ta'en place wi' a',
Changes far-reaching, wide,
Since youth upon us lichtly sat,
When we were bonnie bairnies at
The auld fireside.

When prayers a' were duly said
With what affection, pride,
Sweet mother kissed each darlin' babe,
And laid us snugly in oor crib
'Yont the fireside.

She bade us hae a fear o' guid,
And in the Lord confide,
And we would never gang astray,
Tho' time might take us far away
From the fireside.

Baith father, mother noo are gane
To swell the unseen tide;
Life's battles we have had to fight,
Smoothed by the halo of the light
O' yon fireside.

Tho' we hae hames noo o' oor ain,
A dear wife by oor side,
And other happiness we've found,
Nae joys are like the joys around
The auld fireside.

OOR YOUTHFU' DAYS.

Oor youthfu' days, sic happy days,
When bairns we roved aboot the braes;
We clam the trees and tore oor claes—
The tawse but added to oor waes
When we gaed hame.

We guddled in the burnie clear,
For wat feet then we had nae fear,
Oor breek-feet oft we had to wring,
Yet durstna tell o' sic a thing
When we gaed hame.

We kenn'd o' nests on tree an' hag—
Wha kenn'd the maist had aye the brag;
And when at bools we lost oor a',
Wi' knuckler on we changed the thraw,
And wan the game.

Sic glorious days at schule we had,
For some wee lass we focht an' bled,
Whose sweet wee face doon thro' the years
At odd times noo an' then appears
The same's langsyne.

And when oor spells we couldna say,
And when oor coonts we couldna dae,
We got oor licks, got keepit in,
When lett'n oot we sharp din rin
Away for hame.

Those happy days, like morning mist
That creeps alang the mountain breast,
Hae fled before the dawning day—
We'd nocht to care for then but play
When we gaed hame.

The battles noo we fecht are waur
Than when at schule we used to spar;
Temptations that we knew not then
Assail us noo; watch weel, O men,
And mind aye hame.

Then let us pray to God ilk nicht
To guide oor fitsteps aye aricht;
Oor actions aye fair honour bricht,
Then joyously we'll wing oor flicht
To oor last hame.

NEED I TELL THEE THAT I LO'E THEE?

Need I tell ye that I lo'e thee?
Need I whisper words of love?
Need I say how dear you're to me?
Ask yon shining stars above
That have witnessed my devotion,
If I ever false could prove.

Time rolls on with ceaseless motion,
Marking out the changeful years:
Summer, golden autumn, dying,

Winter, then the spring appears.
Ever changing, ever flying,
Onward time unflinching steers.

Can such change within my bosom
Through the course of time take place?
Can the daisy's vernal blossom
Bloom beneath the winter ice?
Sooner shall the Alpine mountain
All its ruggedness erase.

Sooner shall the sparkling fountain
But a desert spot appear,
Than I could forget thee, dearest,
Or the love to you I bear.
Within my heart's most inmost glade
You reign supremely there.

THOMAS BURNS

WAS born in 1848 at Cessford, a farm in the parish of Eckford, almost under the shadow of the old castle, now, as it was then, a hoary remnant of feudal times. After having attended the parish and other schools, he and his mother were cast upon the broad bosom of the world. At the early age of nine years he was hired into the service of a farmer in the parish of Ford, Northumberland. His master was a good and kindly gentleman, and our poet served him faithfully till he grew to man's estate. When about fifteen years of age he first began to be sensible of the uncultivated state of his intellectual faculties. This led him eventually into a course of diligent study. In the introduction to the first edition of his volume of poetry, entitled "Chimes from Nature," from the pen of the Rev. J. G. Potter, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, that gentleman says:—"Few persons can understand

and appreciate the circumstances of Mr Burns' bygone life without being constrained to acknowledge the amazing industry, and singular self-application which must have characterised his efforts in order to produce a volume, every section of which is calculated to teach a lesson of moral purity, practical benevolence, or sincere affection. His love of Nature is conspicuously exhibited in every page. Mountain and meadow, tree and flower, the heavens above and the earth beneath, sea and shore, stately man and winsome woman, incidents recorded in Holy Scripture, in history, and in daily life have all been laid under contribution to furnish him with themes for his Muse. . . . The social circle in which Mr Burns was born and bred rendered his life, in its earlier stages, peculiarly trying and severe. Till twenty-seven years of age, his life was spent in the hard and ceaseless toils of husbandry amid the northern villages of Northumberland. He enjoyed only for a few months the benefits of a school education. All he knew, in this respect, was taught him by his worthy and pious mother, and the range of her literary culture was confined within the boards of her Bible. A great and manifest change came over Mr Burns when about twenty years of age. . . . . Without teacher, or any assistance whatever, he applied himself to the study of arithmetic, writing, grammar, phonography, and composition; and, whilst thus engaged in his searching after knowledge, he abandoned the plough, and joined the police force of Newcastle. Shortly after the institution of our School Board, he was appointed one of its officers, the duties of which situation he at present discharges."

Mr Burns' literary labours have been almost exclusively confined to contributions in prose and verse to various newspapers—the first series of his poems and songs having been published in 1885, followed by an enlarged and handsome edition, published in 1887 by

J. M. Carr, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. His themes are ever well-chosen, and cannot fail to impress the thoughtful reader. This is observable in his more lengthy reflective poems, which, although at times wanting in rhythmical flow, always express the finer feelings of human nature, and deep sympathy with the joys and sorrows of humanity. In his poems describing Nature, we find numerous deftly-drawn word-pictures, while his songs evince the true lyrical gift.

THE TEMPLE OF FAITH.

This world's solemn temple unto me,
Filled with awe-pervading majesty,
The sun which gildes the firmament above,
That changeless emblem of exhaustless love,
Who measures time, and over earth presides,
Whose universal courtesy and pride
Shines gloriously, indeed, but brighter far
Is Faith to me than sun, or moon, or star.
From it ten thousand streams of interest flow,
To glad the face of Nature here below,
And flood the earth with joy, and love, and bliss;
O! what a grand, sublime, conception's this,
Faith's noble monuments o'erwhelm the sight
Of all who stand in its supernal light.

GUIDE OUR SOULS.

TUNE—"Land ahead, its fruits are waving,"

Guide our souls to Calvary's mountain
Ready waits redemption's Lord,
Close beside the open fountain,
Which His dying love procured.

CHORUS.

Then transported we shall be,
By bright glory, gliding free,
Beaming from the Saviour's face,
O'er the sacred heights of grace.

Let the Holy Spirit's blessing
Fan the spark of love Divine,
Till our souls, new love possessing,
In Thy favour rise and shine.

Let the eye of Faith immortal,
Kindling, view the joyful train,
Marching up to Heaven's portal,
Victors over care and pain.

Radiant in the dazzling brightness,
That illumes eternity;
Wearing robes of snowy whiteness,
Purchased by redemption's fee.

SNOW.

How pure is the snow, the beautiful snow,
Dancing down on the earth below,
Kissing the tops of the mountains green,
Gemming the valleys with crystal sheen;
Whirling cheerily through the air,
Making the world look all so fair.

Watch how it wheels in its virgin flight,
On feathery pennons soft and light.
Gently falling to carpet the ground,
Muffling the traffic's humming sound;
Sweeping along so buoyant and fast,
On the slanting boreal blast.

Shrouding the city in radiance sweet,
Clothing the forms out in the street,
Hailing, with kisses, the new-born smile,
Trembling in pity all the while;
Soft as the sigh of the morning beam,
Frisking over the placid stream.

Fanning the cheek of the youthful maid,
Mantling over the leafless glade;
Loading the boughs of desolate trees,
Sheltering them from the angry breeze;
Studding with pearls the skirts of night,
Dressing Nature in nuptial white.

THE FLUSH IS ON THE MORN.

The flush is on the morn,
The gleam is on the grass,
And the bloom is on the thorn
Where the lover meets his lass.

The blush is on the rose,
The bee is at the sweet,

And the graceful lily blows
In the shady, cool retreat.

The birds are full of glee,
The echo's on the wing,
And the daisy-dappl'd lea
With a thousand anthems ring.

But Beauty's choicest grace
Grows languid, staid, and pale,
When contrasted with the face
That I met in Derwent Vale.

THE MOUNTAIN TARN.

In the cleft of the mountain, wild and cool,
Flashes a silvery, flower-edged pool;
And the gloom from the rock-rimm'd, tufted crest,
Sleeps silently over its mirrored breast.
Here the eagle dreams on his high-poised throne,
Or soars in his pride to gaze at the sun,
While Nature exults in the furze and fern,
To publish her joy by the mountain tarn.

Here Beauty basks on the prospect fair,
Caressed and kissed by the mountain air,
Not a jar is heard but the white sea-mew
Answering the pipe of the grey curlew;
Or the rattling stone which slides from the hill,
Disturbing the silence intense and still,
Scaring to flight the lapwing and heron,
Perched by the side of the mountain tarn.

Here, too, is the bee, on the sweet heather bell,
Dipping her fangs in the juice of the fell;
Also the butterfly, active and bright,
Sporting herself in the blazing sunlight;
While 'neath the dark peaks of the mountain shroud
At rest sleeps the spirit of solitude,
Half veil'd in his bed by the grey-backed cairn
That hangs like a cloud o'er the mountain tarn.

The trembling rushes that gleamed in the morn,
And insects that hummed on the leaf of the thorn,
With the tide which flow'd from the cold veined rock,
Like a wild night dream on my fancy broke,
For the sweep of the summer's orient wing
Inspired the birds with a rapture to sing,
And the sunless caverns, dank and stern,
All blended their song round the mountain tarn.

ALEXANDER NICOL SIMPSON.

IT is perhaps because "the Muse of Scotland is not a classical beauty, nor a crowned queen, nor a fine lady, but a simple country lass, fresh, buoyant, buxom, and bonnie, full of true affection and kindly charity; a barefooted maiden that scorns all false pretences, and speaks her honest mind . . . her laughter as refreshing as her tears, and her humour as genuine as her tenderness"—it is perhaps because this is the character of our Scottish Muse that her wooers are so numerous among all classes. Every rank and profession, every town and village in Scotland, has helped to add to that ever-increasing wealth of song which belongs to us as a people. Arbroath has long been a distinguished contributor to poetical literature, and the latest name that she has added to the long list of Scotland's minor poets is a writer of rich promise indeed—Alexander Nicol Simpson.

Mr Simpson was born in Arbroath in 1855, and was educated there. When he left school he was for fully a year employed with his father, and under him gained a general knowledge of the flax trade. His father, however, through that laudable ambition so common among Scotchmen, wished to see his son "something better than himsel'," and Alexander was apprenticed to a firm of solicitors. However, some months before the expiry of the third year of his son's apprenticeship, Mr Simpson, sen., found that he needed assistance in the management of his increasing business, and he got Alexander to abandon his chance of spinning legal yarns before wigged and powdered dignitaries, to look after the preparation and sale of yarns of, perhaps, a more useful description. He has ever since continued to take an active share in the

management of the business of the firm of John Simpson & Son, of which he is now junior partner.

Mr Simpson's first "writings" were done when he was at school. His strong love of animals was his chief characteristic even then, and a never-failing source of healthful amusement to himself and his kindred spirits is found in several manuscript volumes in which, while still unburdened with the knowledge of the relation of subject to predicate, he carefully wrote down extensive notes of the virtues and vices, the clever and amusing behaviour of his innumerable dogs, rabbits, birds, bees, pigeons, &c. As he grew, Mr Simpson's love for natural history extended to the living tribes which inhabit earth, air, and sea, and as experience widened he came also

> "To look with feelings of fraternal love
> Upon the unassuming things that hold
> A silent station in this beauteous world."

He became a naturalist of the best description. His leisure time was spent in long walks in the country, where, he says, "leisure, note-book, pencil, and a ditch-side were a very heaven to me." All his experiences during such tours in the country were committed to writing, but it is only about three years since he first thought of publishing anything. His early articles were on "Town and Country Life," and from what we have said of Mr Simpson it will readily be understood that the town had to take second place :—

> "The toiling crowds, the city's noise, the dreary desk and books
> I leave behind for the fields and woods and the music of the brooks."

As a proof of the esteem in which he is publicly held for his gifts and acquirements, we may add here that Mr Simpson is secretary for the Arbroath Museum and a vice-president of the Natural History Association. He is also corresponding member on ornithology for

Arbroath for the East of Scotland Union of Naturalists.

For some time Mr Simpson has been a constant contributor to the local papers, and his writings have also found a place in *Chambers' Journal*, *Evening Telegraph*, and *Weekly News*. He is best known, however, as the "N. Nihil Naething" of the *Arbroath Guide* and the "Edie Ochiltree" of the *Arbroath Herald*. Our poet has just published a volume of his exceedingly attractive and instructive natural history sketches, under the title of "Parish Patches," and he has also written and published a pamphlet on the ornithology of Arbroath.

It is scarcely two years since Mr Simpson first wrote verses. The incident which set him to this kind of composition was rather a curious one. Two local poets were smiting him very hard for maintaining that poets are *made* not *born*. The subject of our sketch was getting rather the worst of the wordy fight, when, to save himself, he said—"Well, I never wrote poetry in my life, but I'll take on to write six or eight verses before to-morrow, and to get them, as poetry, into any local paper you like to name." The indignant bards laughed him to scorn, the verses were written, the *Weekly News* chosen as judge; they were sent off on a Tuesday, and appeared on the Friday of that week, much to the chagrin of his brother-singers. Since then he has continued to write poetry. It was really no distinctly new departure for him, for many of his natural history sketches have the ring of poetry in them. His poems are simply little bits of sweetness, in Nature and in human life, turned to rhyme. They are full of the kindliness which pervades the author's whole life, and their simplicity and directness are finely illustrative of the happy honesty and genial benignity of their unassuming author. Truly it can be said of Mr Simpson that he is one of those—

" . . . To whom the garden, grove, and field
Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield,
Who would not violate the grace
The lowliest flower possesses in its place,
Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,
Which nothing else than Infinite Power could give."

THE OLD HOME.

I am a waif on our busy streets, where people pass me by,
Where the crack of vanman's whip is heard, and chimneys tall and high
Emit a smoke in clouds above the seat of busy loom,
And I long again for the bridle path 'mid the heather's purple bloom.

And I miss the ploughman's joyous tune out o'er the kindly lea,
And the beeches' shade where zephyrs play with never-ceasing glee;
I stroll at night, in the lamps' dim light, and idly gaze around,
But Fancy bears me to the glades where Nature's flowers abound.

The claims of town and its teaming crowds to me are poor and tame,
Where the golden wealth gilds marble walls beside the halt and lame;
The toiling crowds, the city's noise, the dreary desk and books
I leave behind for the fields and woods, and the music of the brooks.

I'm away to the haunt of roving bee, in dark green mossy wall,
Where fir trees stand in columns deep, from which the cushats call;
To my old loved spot by the winding track, where roses sweetly blow,
To the low thatched roof where swallows love to flutter to and fro.

I see the lambkin's fleecy shape, and mark its mother's care,
And I hear the low of browsing kine beneath a heaven so fair;
Again I scent the odours sweet from meadows broad and vast,
And follow with a pleasèd eye the dark *Swift* rushing past.

There agèd beech gives ample rest for the March bird's rocking home,
And the sparrows there protect their brood 'neath Nature's primal dome;
Then, oh! the music of the lark, with its soul that floats in song;
The merle's Nature-shapen reed, for its melody I long.

Then by the stream I'll tempt the trout with dainty painted fly,
Or on the hillside stay at dusk to hear the curlew's cry;
I'll forget the world and its load of care, its jarrings and its strife,
In my rustic home, with the birds and flowers, I'll live a rural life.

ON MY DOORSTEP.

At my door I hear the moaning from the city past the trees,
As the sound of human voices floats upon the evening breeze,
A mellow sound that floats and blends far o'er the distant dells,
Far o'er the sombre landscape 'mid the daisies and bluebells.

When I listen to the music of those voices far away,
When the still night draws around me and the shades get darker gray,
While the moon rides by so proud and high across those darkened plains,
Then I dream of memories past and gone while stillness sweetly reigns.

Then I think of home—the old home—where true love was ever shed
Around young lives, as 'twere golden beads that saintly fingers thread,
And I look upon the light above, hear whispers long and low,
Like a simple cradle love-song by a mother long ago.

Do I hear my mother's voice once more pray for her darling boy?
I can feel her gentle fingers 'mid my curls play and toy;
Just a kiss of mother-worship, just a pressing of those arms,
And a sob of bitter anguish for the world's snares and harms.

It is then in accents sweet there come the words so clear, so plain,
That with pleasure thus I listen— 'Tis a pleasure thus to gain
A glimpse of boyish dreamland, of which, to-day, no mortal tongue
To the heart can tell too often of those days when we were young.

On my doorstep in the gloaming, when no human vision sees,
I thus often listen, musing, while the moon goes o'er the trees,
And a chilly breath steals o'er me, thinking silently alone
Of those glorious days of boyhood that are now forever gone.

IN THE GLOAMIN'.

In the summer gloamin',
When the sun is low,

Shall I wander idly,
Musing as I go—
In the gloamin'.

Down the river margin,
Where the shadows fall,
And the trout are leaping
Near the ashes tall—
In the gloamin'.

Then the birds are resting,
Hid from kestrel glance;
Then tiny insects whirl
In their ceaseless dance—
In the gloamin'.

Underneath the branches
Nimble swallows fly,
As the fleeting zephyrs
Whisper day's goodbye—
In the gloamin'.

Then the shadows deepen;
Waning is the light,
And the landscape's beauty
Fades into the night—
In the gloamin'.

Thus to ramble lonely
By the brooklet free,
Dreaming—wishing life would
Thus for ever be—
In the gloamin'.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

When cloudy day, without a ray of sunshine, lives above,
I think of angling hopes and joys amid the scenes I love,
By reedy bed where Walton's words still reach the thinking heart,—
'Tis then the picture proves too real,—the angler makes a start.
Hurrah for the trout
That lies with its snout
Under the rushing flow;
Hurrah for the art
With its mimic dart,
That lays the monster low.

The surging mass of ordered class that labour in our mills
I pass beyond, shake off the dust, and march for the distant hills

Beyond the town, where winds are free, and the perfumes ever flow
O'er laden fields on balmy air,—to the river side I'll go.
Hurrah for the trout, &c.

My tackle out, I'll look about for rippling cascade's flow,
For there the finny tribes stay long to dine at will, I know;
The flowers are there; the insects, too, display their silken coats,
While birds sing sweetly by the stream on which the moor-hen floats.
Hurrah for the trout, &c.

Where foaming torrents cut their way deep in the rocky glen,
And spread afar out o'er the glade a marshy, boggy fen,
The duck will startle at the sight of human form divine,
Where whistling winds rush wildly past the mountain's keen define.
Hurrah for the trout, &c.

At noon I'll leave the river's brink and rest beneath the shade
Of alder bush, till Phœbus' powers descend beyond the glade;
Then wary trout, and simple trout, and trout that know a fly
Will see my art in their retreat, 'mid rushes towering high.
Hurrah for the trout, &c.

At evening from the window pane, set deep in earthen wall
I'll watch the fury's spirit burst, and hear the peewit's call;
The thunder's boom, and the dark-edged clouds that onward fleeting roll
Will mark the pent-up energy of Nature's lengthened scroll.
Hurrah for the trout, &c.

Be basket light, I will not fight with Fortune's fickle frown;
I do not court the scale's report nor crave old Walton's crown;
The stream is mine, the birds and flowers, the sunshine and the rain
All carve me out, when fishing trout, a man unknown to fame.
Hurrah for the trout, &c.

THOMAS WHITEHEAD

WAS son of George Whitehead, teacher of modern languages in Perth Academy, and was born in Perth in 1818. His mother's name was Margaret Ritchie, who is described as a fine specimen of the old Scottish gentlewoman. His father was an Englishman, and a very successful teacher. Young Whitehead, after finishing his education, was apprenticed to a solicitor in Perth, and he eventually set up business for himself as a commission agent. He was a man of exceptional ability, with strong tendencies towards sporting and artistic pursuits, which made his society much courted by people of wealth and distinction. He excelled particularly in etching on copper, a pastime to which he devoted a great deal of attention. In 1876 his chief literary effort, "Ardenmohr Among the Hills: A Record of Scenery and Sports in the Highlands of Scotland, by 'Samuel Abbot,'" was published by Chapman & Hall, London, illustrated by several of his splendid etchings. It is written in a very attractive, chatty style, and interspersed with some of his poetical effusions. In 1864 a poem in the Scottish language, entitled "The Bard's Ghost," *Ab Inferis*, with two etchings by the author, was published by Thomas Richardson, Perth, and had a large local sale. It is a very clever, sarcastic production. Some time after this his mental faculties became obscured, and it was found necessary to place him in Murray's Royal Asylum, Perth, where he died in 1880 of disorganism of the brain. We give a few verses from "The Bard's Ghost"—"a wraith's opinions in plain Scotch Verse:"—

> "How grand the progress since the day
> I toiled and sang my hamely lay;
> Then, trade and thought in mony a way

Was sair repressed;
Now, ilka man may work and pray
As seemeth best.

. . . . . .

"See all around the giant stride
Of science, art, and a' beside,
That prove a country's pith and pride,
And freedom's blessin',
Strength, trade, and wealth on every side,
Yet aye progressin'.

"Steam horses flee wi' restless folks;
Lightnin' brings news thro' seas or rocks,
Ye speir a question in a box—
It's hardly canny,
Straight comes afar the price o' stocks,
Or word frae granny.

"And sure to see (is worth a groat,)
Poor crofts, used scarcely feed a goat,
Improved, now gie a crop o' note
And solid rent;
Scores o' braw farms I might quote,
Ance whins and bent.

. . . . . .

"Kind deeds throughout the land are spread,
The auld and sickly housed and fed,
Bairns and errin' women led
Frae devil's den,
E'en thieves get teachin', board, and bed,
Like honest men.

"Ay, whiles in that some risk is braved,
The knaves get out if douce behaved;
But aft ill-favoured and jail shaved,
Fail gettin' wark,
Garotte, and tak' what's vainly craved
Frae folk at dark.

. . . . . .

"Oh! may leal Scotland aye command,
At hame, on sea, in foreign land,
This weel-won fame o' head an' hand,
To think and do,
Lang, lang, my dear auld country, stand
Loyal and true."

THE WINDS.

Be thankful when the north wind blows
For sheltered peace in hut or hall,
Let thought of many lacking all
Thy heart dispose
To seek the sad with grief untold,
And help the helpless and the old
When north wind blows.

Be patient when the east wind blows
With chilling blasts through lagging spring,
It but delays the swallows' wing
Or budding rose;
Slight are the ills that do not last,
While summer's bloom yet cometh fast
When east wind blows.

Be joyous when the west wind blows
With balmy breath o'er field and flower;
Work cheerfully, or, in the bower
Thy loved one knows,
Kiss thy sweet maid; but be ye wise,
Fix the glad day, time quickly flies
When west wind blows.

Be thankful when the south wind blows
On ruddy fruit and ripened field,
When earth and sea their treasures yield;
Their giver knows
If ye be worthy of possessing
With common gifts still deeper blessing
When south wind blows.

Be frank and true whiche'er wind blows,
Share joy and grief one with another,
See in each suffering soul a brother,
And smooth his woes;
The kindly heart is doubly blest,
Thy God is love, so take thy rest
Whate'er wind blows.

AUTUMN.

The heather bloom is come and past,
The tender wild flowers faded,
And withered leaves are falling fast
On mossy banks they shaded,
While earth looks sad and weary.

The misty mountains dim and grey,
The flooded streams yet filling,
Cool starry night and shortened day,
The robin's plaintive trilling—
All presage winter dreary.

ARISTOCRATIC DESCENT,

Not from Adam, as propounded by the Modern Sage.

Who, by geology surmising
How much man's wisdom needs revising,
Dethrones at once his love and pride
With fossil bones, and what beside,
By grubbing far in womb of time
When monster lizards lived in slime—
With mud Silurian quickly poses
Those who believe the Books of Moses;
Then, by development of races,
From newts a Newton quickly traces;
Proves Eden's garden all a myth,
Unfit for, and not suited with
Amphibious parents, who were nursed
In mud, as other things at first—
And clearly, therefore, like the rest,
Were toads or tadpoles at the best.

But after a few million ages
Their progeny, by lengthened stages,
Gained limbs and wits more nearly human,
Articulation and acumen,
Progressed (as shown by retrospection,
And Darwin's process of selection)—
Frog, fish, bat, bear, and chimpanzee,
Gorilla, bush-man, you and me:
Then this grand progress drops the veil
Just when our grandsires drop their tail.
"Is this *my* faith, sweet sages? No, no;
Think I'm an ape? Why, *cui bono?*'

THOMAS MILLAR

HAILS from Coatbridge, a busy town, enshrouded in smoke and steam, and sacred to the Muse as the dwelling-place, for many years, of Janet Hamilton. He is the son of the passenger guard on the Slamannan Branch of the North British Railway, popularly known as "Davie the Gaird." Thomas was born at Dunfermline in 1865. Being the eldest of a family of eight, his parents were able to learn him to read and write before he was old enough to go to school. When five years of age he "got on his first breeks," and began his educational career "in the sixpenny." Three years later the family removed to Coatbridge, where the subject of our sketch is presently in business on his own account as an upholsterer. Mr Miller began first to express his thoughts in verse at the early age of eleven, and has been doing so at intervals ever since. Many of his poems have appeared in the *Airdrie Advertiser*, the *Coatbridge Express*, and other newspapers. In 1887 he published a selection of his prose and poetry, under the title of "Readings and Rhymes from a Reeky Region" (Coatbridge: William Craig). These readings are full of genuine humour and pithy common-sense, and have been warmly received on the platform and at the fireside. His Muse, too, is happy and melodious, and he frequently expresses himself with perspicuity and warmth, and shows a love for, and a quick perception of, what is mentally and morally beautiful in human nature.

WEE ARCHIE.

'Twas hard to pairt wi' Archie, he was sic a takin' wean,
An' aye a little steerahoot sin' he could rin his lane;
A soopler laddie for his age I'm sure ye never saw—
He's run the race, an' noo he's in the laun' that's far awa.

'Twas nice to see him loup aboot wi' Princie in the yaird,
Mony an awfu' fa' he got, but very seldom cared ;
When playin' 'mang the bairnies he was foremost o' them a'—
The Frien' o' bairns has ta'en him to the laun' that's far awa.

An' then to hear him whistlin', I'm sure 'twas worth your while,
For tho' sae young he did it in the rale auld-fashioned style ;
At ither times he'd roar an' sing as lood as ony twa—
He sings a sweeter anthem in the laun' that's far awa.

Aft times I've said, " Noo, laddie, dinna deeve me wi' yer din ; "
But little little did I think we'd hae to pairt sae sune ;
Noo I'd be prood to hear him sing or onything ava,
An' I will gang an' meet him in the laun' that's far awa.

I maist could think I see him gaun to school on Sabbath day,
Sae prood aboot his ticket, an' the lessons he'd to say ;
When dressed up in his Sunday suit he lookit aye sae braw—
He wears a grander garment in the laun' that's far awa.

O may we in life's battlefield be ever leal and true,
Inspired by hopes o' meeting yet the bairnie that we lo'e,
And when life's storms are endit and the win' has ceased to blaw,
We'll gang an' bide wi' Archie in the laun' that's far awa.

HOME.

What place on earth, what mansion fair,
Can I at all with home compare?
No palace of a king or lord
Could be to me so dear,
There's nought could me the joy afford,
Or give the heart such cheer.

When done with daily toil and care,
The workman homeward doth repair,
Yes, humble tho' that cot may be
In which his lot to live,
He finds there rest and liberty,
No other place can give.

The soldier on the battle plain,
Where bullets round him fall like rain,
His chiefest thought amid the strife
Is oft of home so sweet,
His children dear and loving wife,
Whom he doth long to greet.

Far out upon the ocean dark,
The sailor in yon lonely barque,
Which rises with the waves and sinks
Amid the dashing foam,
Tho' far from land, and friends, now thinks
Of that loved spot, his home.

It matters not where man may roam,
There lives in him a love of home,
The prodigal may well conceal,
But it will never die;
Like as the magnet draws the steel,
Man's heart to home doth fly.

The Christian's thoughts doth heavenward rise,
Unto a home beyond the skies,
It cheers his soul 'mid earth's turmoil,
When troubles many come,
And death he welcomes with a smile,
Because it calls him home,
O best of blessings God has given—
A home on earth, a home in heaven.

JEANIE THE PRIDE O' LANGLOAN.

Wee Willie, the wricht, was a rale dacent chiel',
Wi' feelin's akin to oor ain,
The company o' laddies he likit fu' weel,
But lads canna aye be their lane.
The tea maun be sugared, the kail maun hae saut,
An' butter is best on the scone,
Sae gallant Wee Will socht to hing up his hat
Wi' Jeanie the Pride o' Langloan.

CHORUS.

An' Jeanie in scorn cuist her heid in the air,
She slichtit him aften an' sair,
Wi' a "gang to the schule till yer bigger, ye fule,"
But Willie aye lo'ed her the mair.

He raved i' the nicht, and he dreamed thro' the day,
Till the hammer cam' doon on his thoom,
His he'rt it was fu' baith wi' true love an' wae,
And his stamach was aften gey toom.
He threatened to jump in the Monklan' Canal,
Since Jeanie wad change na' her tone,
Said he "even then love could ne'er turn cauld"
For Jeanie the Pride o' Langloan.

Noo Jean's sister Jessie, mair cleanly than braw,
A docile bit lassie an' douce,
She pitied puir Willie, whase virtues she saw,
An' bade him come doon to the hoose.
An' sune he gi'ed up his auld love for a new,
Whase feelin's to his did respon',
Gat love for his love, an' a he'rt that was true,
No Jeanie the Pride o' Langloan.

SECOND CHORUS.

An' Jean, wha in scorn cuist her heid in the air,
An' slichtit him aften an' sair,
Wi' a "gang to the schule till yer bigger, ye fule,"
Prood lassie, she did it nae mair.

An' strange 'tis to tell, Jessie ne'er could agree
Wi' Jeanie her sister again,
Wha noo saw in Will what she yince failed to see,
But likin' him noo was in vain.
Sune Willie took Jessie for guid or for ill,
An' Jean "on the parish" was thrown,
She treated them a' as she treated Wee Will,
An' dee'd an auld maid in Langloan.

FREEMASON'S SONG.

Long may oor noble freemen wi' prosperity be blessed,
Combined by square an' compass, an' the Book that we have kissed.
The shade o' Burns abune us for a hundred years has stood,
We're a' a happy faimly linked in glorious brotherhood.

Whaure'er upon this great wide earth it be oor lot to steer,
A host o' frien's encircle us, oor loneliness to cheer.
The monarch in the mansion, an' the peasant in the wood,
A grand united faimly linked in glorious brotherhood.
Long may oor noble, &c.

We see a brither up the hill, we share his honest pride;
We see anither striving hard his poverty to hide,
We dae oor best to mak' him richt, nor tell the act aloud,
We're a' a happy faimly linked in glorious brotherhood.
Long may oor noble, &c.

LIZZIE.

A gloom seems to rest on our once happy hearth,
For sorrow an' sadness has banished our mirth,

Dread sickness stole in, bringin' death in its train,
An' noo a sweet flooer frae oor hoosehold is gane,
But earth only loses what Heaven secures—
Ower tender a plant for this rough world o' oors.

The first laid her low, an' the last eased her pain,
An' maybe 'twas better that she should be ta'en,
But oh! its the loss mak's her mem'ry sae dear,
We canna help seekin' relief in a tear.
She blossoms abune 'mangst the fairest o' flooers—
Ower tender a plant for this rough world o' oors.

She winna come back; oh! hoo sair to believe
Its hard to be happy an' human to grieve.
Return here she canna, *but we can gang there,*
Hope, blessed hope, sweetest comfort, to share;
Till then she is safe frae life's tempests an' shooers—
Ower tender a plant for this rough world o' oors.

JOHN MACTAGGART,

AUTHOR of "The Gallovidian Encyclopedia" (London, 1824), was born in the parish of Borgue, Kirkcudbrightshire, in 1800. The title-page of his famous work reads thus—"The Scottish Gallovidia, or the original, antiquated, and natural curiosities of the South of Scotland, containing sketches of eccentric characters and curious places, with explanations of singular words, terms, and phrases, interspersed with poems, tales, anecdotes, &c., and various other strange matters; the whole illustrative of the ways of the peasantry and manners of Caledonia, drawn out and alphabetically arranged, by John Mactaggart." Never was such a medley published by any author. *To avoid prosecution* for the personal nature of one of *the sketches,* the work was suppressed, and consequently it became scarce. A limited reprint was

issued in 1876 by Mr Paterson, Edinburgh, which soon after being published brought from £1 to £3 a copy. It is said that Mactaggart's father first became aware of the existence of the volume through seeing it in a bookseller's shop in Kirkcudbright, and when he reached home he thus accosted his son—"John, yer ain family kent ye were a fule, but noo the hale warld 'ill ken."

John, however, was no fool, as his after career showed. In the work referred to he thus alludes to his early history:—"My father is a farmer, and throughout my pilgrimage on earth, from the cradle till this moment, I have never met with any whom I considered had so much native strength of intellect. Let no man say of me that I am a creature of ability, for such would be wrong; but that my worthy parent is, and to a great degree, is right; his father was also a farmer, and my grandfather's grandfather got his head cloven at the brack o' Dunbar fighting in the Highland army against Oliver Cromwell. My father rented the farm of Plunton from Murray of Broughton, and this being at the outskirt of the parish my lot was cast three miles from the parish school. A half-grown boy was therefore brought into the house to teach my sisters and me the A, B, C, for I had then two sisters older than myself, though I was the oldest of the boys. This boy taught and lashed us occasionally. I mind of being happy when the harrowing came on, as my father required him to harrow the ploughed land in the sowing season, and not us. A neighbouring farmer became partner with my father in this dominie, so one part of the year my sisters and me went to the farmer's house, and were taught along with his family, and they came to us in return. While at this work coming home one night I tumbled into a peat hole, and should have been drowned had not my sisters been with me; they haurl'd me out, and so saved

a valuable life from perishing in glaur. At length my sisters were thought strong enough to go to Borgue Academy; the teaching boy was set adrift, and I being only six years of age was allowed to remain happy at home, as not thought capable to accompany them. After a time," he continues, "I was thought fit to go with my sisters to school, and then again began my woes. Nothing could I learn. I was looked upon as a careless boy, speiled heuchs for gull eggs, and trees for young craws, went a-fishing frequently, attended all raffles and fairs." He was afterwards sent to Kirkcudbright Academy, and walked four miles going and coming each way. He learned Latin and French in a short time, and obtained the head prize for mathematics. When thirteen years of age he took a dislike to the school, and went to work on the farm, at which employment he continued until he was twenty-one years of age, with the exception of intervals, during which he attended two winter sessions at Edinburgh University.

From "Sketches of Galloway Worthies," by Dr Alex. Trotter, we learn that soon after the publication of the "Encyclopedia" John Mactaggart removed to London. He had become familiar with the business of a millwright, and even before setting out for that city had in some degree learned engineering, which profession he eventually chose as a means of livelihood. He was befriended by Allan Cunningham and John Mayne (author of the "Siller Gun"), then resident in London, and under their patronage engaged in a literary speculation, which, however, was unsuccessful. He also became a frequent contributor to the magazines and journals of the period. In London he became acquainted with the celebrated engineer, Mr Rennie, and through him received the Government appointment of Clerk of Works and resident engineer to the Rideau Canal in Upper

Canada, then about to be commenced, and proposed to extend between the Ottawa River and Lake Ontario, a distance of 160 miles through an uncleared wilderness. On his arrival in Canada his first work was to survey the proposed route, and offer suggestions as to the best method of proceeding. In this work his engineering abilities came into play, and it is considered that in an undertaking calculated to cost about £500,000 a fifth part of that sum was saved by his skill and exertions.

When in Canada Mactaggart was a frequent writer to the provincial newspapers, and was a member of various learned societies. One of his personal friends was John Galt, author of "The Provost," "Annals of the Parish," "The Entail, or Lairds of Gruppy," and other works celebrated for their pawky Scotch humour. In the summer of 1828 Mactaggart was seized with a dangerous fever, and although he passed through the crisis in safety, his constitution was so much shattered that it was thought advisable he should return to his native country to recruit. On his arrival in Britain he prepared for publication a work in two volumes, small octavo, entitled "Three Years in Canada—an account of the actual state of the country in 1826-7-8, comprehending its resources, productions, improvements, and capabilities, and including sketches of the state of society, advice to emigrants, &c." The work, which is mainly a descriptive one, is interspered with anecdotes and accounts of queer characters he met with in Canada. Mactaggart did not live to enjoy the fame he had merited. In the number of the *Weekly Visitor* for 15th January, 1830 (only a fortnight after the publication of the work), occurs the following obituary notice:—"Died at Torrs of Kirkcudbright, on the 7th instant, Mr John Mactaggart."

The "first-fruits of his lucubrations" is a piece of good-humoured sarcasm, aimed at various minor poets

and prose-writers, who at the time abounded in the Stewartry. It is entitled

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

CHORUS.

The kintra's fu' o' rhyming cuifs,
There's scarce a mailen free o' them;
Tie their blethers to their tails,
An' o'er the Brig o' Dee wi' them.

Frae Cadgerbole to Bogle Buss,
An' roun' by Ballantrae wi' them,
Swoop the loons frae shore to shore—
Auld Hornie swith away wi' them.
Up the Nith, and down the Ken,
An' cross the Moss o' Cree wi' them;
Tie their blethers to their tails,
An' o'er the Brig o' Dee wi' them.

Through a' the glens o' Gallowa'—
I wat there arena few o' them—
Scores o' bards in ilka parish,
Town an' clachan's fu' o' them.
The pillars o' the kirk themsel's,
Gude faith they arena free frae them;
Tie their blethers to their tails,
An' o'er the Brig o' Dee wi' them.

When plewman Tam meets sewster Bess
His dogg'rel rhymes he'll chime till her;
An' midden Meg maun smile on Rab
Because he blethers rhyme till her.
Chaumermaids will chatter verse
When flunkies tak' their tea wi' them;
Tie their "besoms" to their tails,
An' o'er the Brig o' Dee wi' them.

At kirns an' waddin's kintra chiel's,
Wi' a' their Sunday gear on them,
Gamping o'er their namby pambles,
Hottentots wad sneer on them.
Calves as weel might rout in rhyme,
I downa let them be wi' them;
Tie their blethers to their tails,
An' o'er the Brig o' Dee wi' them.

Yill house drabs an' clachan dandies—
Sober men wad grue at them—
Spouting plays an' mincing verses,
Common sense wad spue at them.
On market nights we canna hae
Our crack in social glee wi' them;
Tie their blethers to their tails,
An' o'er the Brig o' Dee wi' them.

MY AULD ARM-CHAIR.

Sae there ye sit, my worthy, snug,
In nuik aside the chimla-lug,
Whar there is nae frost air;
'Bout sofas let the gentles craik,
Of velvet cushions raise a fraik,
They canna match the black moss-aik,
My muckle auld arm-chair.

Nae worm nor clock can break thy skin,
To haud a ticking din within,
And crump and hole thee sair;
Thy airny joints what time can fade,
That wricht kend surely weel his trade,
Whan thee sae strongly a' he made,
My darling auld arm-chair.

Faith, aiblins true is that remark,
That thou wert ance in Noah's Ark,
Some plank or timmer there.

. . . . .

And through the wunter lang forenights,
Mine Gutchers auld douce farming wights,
O' clatters warna spare;
They'd crack 'bout things o' ither years,
Or tak a turn at wads and wears,
Whilk ay the heart sae blithly cheers,
My noble auld arm-chair,

And aften too, wi' serious luik,
They sat in thee and *tuik the buik*,
Then read and gaed a prayer;
While a' aroun' wi' a'e accord,
Wad listen to the sacred word,
They too wi' psalms wad praise the Lord,
Frae thee, thou auld arm-chair.

Whan gurly norlan' blasts wad blaw,
And swurl in sneep white wrides the snaw,
While lochs wi' frost wad rair;
And burdies frae the wuds grew tame,
And curlers trimmled at their game,
I wat they'd fin' themsells ahame,
Whan in the auld arm-chair.

O! how, my ancient seat, I luve ye,
Nae plenishen in a' oor Cruevie,
Can wi' thee ava compare;
The glorious days o' Auld Lang Syne,
Ye lay afore the fancy fine,
While some ane o' the tunefu' nine,
Aye haunts the auld arm-chair.

Whan I grow auld wi' blinkers hazy,
Wi' banes a shiegling and crazy,
To thee I will wi' joy repair;
Forsake my craigs aside the shore,
Whar whiles I sit whan surges roar,
And nature's howfs whilk I adore,
For thee, my auld arm-chair.

* * * * *

I hope the warl' will thee regard,
And never reel ye unco hard,
But let some honest rustic bard
Enjoy the auld arm-chair.

Tho' ne'er will your brade bodden bear
A man sae excellent, sae dear,
And fu' o' nature's lair,
As he wha now possesses thee;
And lang may he possessor be,
I mean my father, kind and free,
Now in the auld arm-chair.

TWA WORDS TO THE SCOTCH FOLK IN LON'ON.

My trusty country folks, how's a',
How chirt ye on thro' life ava,
In this tremendous clachan.
I meet ye whiles as grave as priests,
At ither times at social feasts,
Blythe, clattering, and laughing.
On brigs in squares on mony a street,
As I do pass alang,
Your hardy visages I meet—
Aye meet ye thick and thrang.

A wan'ring, a dan'ring,
A curious tribe are we,
Aye travelling, unravelling,
The hale o' yirth an' sea.

But let us ramble where we will,
Auld Scotland—we maun mind her still,
Our canty, couthy mither.
Upon her heathery mountains wild
She wishes weel to ilka child,
An' hopes we'll gree wi' ither.
Sae be na' sweer to wag the han',
Or yet to draw the purse;
Wha winna's an unfeeling man,
An' weel deserves a curse.
Yet guide still your pride still
Wi' independent grace;
Ne'er whinge no' nor cringe no'
Wi' slave insipid face.

Ye maistly a' do brawly ken
The nature o' the native glen
Whaur humble virtue dwells;
Sae let us aye stick by our creed,
Scorn an unmanly vicious deed,
An' ne'er misken oursel's.
Let flashy blades gae skyting by,
An' silky hizzies braw—
Let gilded coaches, rattling fly,
Move calmly on for a'.
Nor fret then to get then
A "sax-in-han'" to ca';
To whang up and bang up
Amang the gentry a'.

Ye're easy ken'd, ye silly rakes,
Wha do detest the lan' o' cakes—
The lan' where ye were born;
Poor surface souls that can but skim,
And screw their gabs and chatter prim,
Your bitterness we scorn;
Gae wa' an' mimic Johnnie Bull
Or ony else ye please,
Your rattling reasons in your skull
Sound gay like bladder'd peas.
Nae mense there, nae sense there,
True gomerals ye are a';
Sae dash on, an' flash on,
An' try to rise to fa'.

We see the bonny broomy knowes,
We hear the burnie as it rows,
While o'er the linn it splashes;
Thro' gloomy woods whar Wallace ran,
O'er Highland hills with yelling clan
The raisèd fancy flashes.
The sangs we heard when we were wee
Can ony ane forget?—
We think we're on our mither's knee
A listening them yet.
Half sleeping, half weeping,
Our cradle days awa';
Ne'er minding, yet finding—
They're no forgot ava.

Sae let us aften ither meet
In social unison sae sweet
(To laugh at this a pity).
Imagination then will feed
In glorious pastures yont the Tweed,
Far frae this meikle city.
The let us talk in gude braid Scotch
An' crack awa' by turns,
Aft gieing to our glee a hotch
By singing sangs o' Burns,
Sae moving, sae loving,
Sae glorious every way,
Pathetic, ecstatic,
Beyond what I can say.

. . . . . .

GANG AND BE SLAVES.

Gang and be slaves, ye fools, wha will,
And get wharwith your kytes to fill,
Frae ither bigger knaves;
I envy not your fu' broth pot,
Your beefy, bursen, rifting lot,
And roomy howket graves.
Rather aneath yon binwud brae,
Amang the yellow broom,
I'd on the bonny e'ening stray,
Wi' belly rather toom—
What's jinking, and slinking,
And crouching night and day,
To grandeurs, and splendours,
Which Nature doth display.

I'll never hae a poet's name,
Nor in the gaudy house of fame
Enjoy a wee bit garret;
The clinking I may hit, hooh, hoo,
As also could the cockatoo,
Or green Brazilian parrot.
I want that potent pithy nerve
Which bardies ought to hae,
Frae Nature, too, I owre far swerve,
And her sweet melody—
The Muse whiles refuse whiles,
To lend poor Mac a lift,
She'll sneer me and jeer me,
And winna come in tift.

. . . . . .

For a' sae shortly's I hae been
Upon this warl' what hae I seen?
Big bubbles never ending;
How mony millions ither nosing,
How mony thousands peace proposing,
Yet the de'il's ne'er mending.
Broils wi' pens, and broils wi' swords,
And graves wi' bouks a cramming,
Gloomy plots, and lofty words,
Silly man a shamming—
But brattle and rattle,
My slavering gomfs, awa',
I'm fearless and careless
O' you baith ane and a'.

I'll ramble down my rural howes,
And jump amang the clints and knowes,
And rant my sangs fu' cheery;
And roose auld Scotland a' I can,
Like ony ither honest man,
For o' her I'm ne'er weary,
She yet has been fu' kind to me,
A mither true and faithfu',
To glunch at her I'd sorry be,
Ay most confounded laithfu'—
But here then, I'll speer then,
Gif it be time to quat,
The de'il, man, can tell, man,
'Tis fully time for that.

JOHN MILLER.

JOHN MILLER was born in 1840, at Goukha', a small village about two miles to the west of Dunfermline. Goukha' is beautifully situated at the foot of "Luscar Knowes," and in his beautiful poem on the "Knowes" Mr Miller makes the following happy reference to his birth-place :—

"And there the chief among them a',
Low in the vale lies auld Goukha',
Where first the light of day I saw,
Where first I ran, and first did fa',
Where first I handled bat and ba',
And many a thing beside ;
There first I did my peerie spin,
There to the schule I first did rin,
And there to toil did I begin,
And launch upon life's tide."

Mr Miller received part of his education at the parish school of Carnock, about a mile to the west of Goukha', which was taught at that time by Mr Alexander Ferguson.

"The Village school, I see it still,
Close by the burn, and near the mill,
By yonder stately trees ;
We loved our play, we sought for lore,
And oft drew from our master's store—
But, oh ! he loved his bees.

A worthy man no doubt he was,
But oft with ruler, cane, or tawse,
He made our lugs to bum ;
And yet for a', his laws we'd spurn,
The cane we'd cut, the taws we'd burn,
And send them up the lum—

A fitting place for things and trash,
When they have laddies' backs to thrash,
Until they smart full sore ;
But, oh ! what fun was yon auld wig,
For nane ower wee, for some ower big,
Which a' wild laddies wore.

. . . .

Yet near that school we oft have stood
In silent awe, and solemn mood,
Close by the Kirkyard stile;
And there we saw our master laid,
And when the hollow sound was made,
We dropped a tear the while."

Another scene from "Luscar Knowes" represents our friend in his boyhood days, engaged in the well-known pastime once so much enjoyed by boys at Christmas and New-Year time—

"To that cot there I once did gang
On Hogmanay to sing my sang,
And sung behind the door;
My broo and cheeks and nose were black,
My faither's auld coat on my back—
Like some wee blackimoor.

They ope'd the door and pressed me in,
And glowered me ower from hat to shin,
And wondered who I'd be;
They coaxed me sair to make me speak,
They watched my e'en and ilka cheek,
Then guessed that it was me.

They spiered my sang, and made me sing,
Then laughed and made the rafters ring,
But why I ne'er did ken;
Each one was happy roond that fire,
The matron and the worthy sire—
And bairnies but and ben."

Mr Miller afterwards attended a school at Milesmark, near Dunfermline, which was taught at that time by Mr Robert Fergusson, who has a place in our Tenth Series. Here he became an adept at drawing, which has enabled him to act as his own architect in the profession in which he is now engaged as a builder and contractor. In the midst of the cares and anxieties of his large business he delights to help those who are not so able to help themselves. He is the Superintendent of a large Mission Sabbath School at Clapham, London. The children attending this school *have an annual trip* to some distance from the great

city, and, as might be expected, Mr Miller is the leader and main supporter of this grand outing for the young folks. Occasional poetic epistles are still exchanged between the subject of our sketch and his respected teacher. In one of these Mr Fergusson, referring to his former pupil's work amongst the young, closes as follows :—

> A leader ye are still, as I'm right glad to see,
> For, as the laddie is, sic like the man will be.
> Noo ye lead a noble band, the fallen to upraise,
> To train the raggit bairns to walk in wisdom's ways.

Mr Miller began his trade of joiner at Alloa, in 1856; went to London in 1864, and began on his own account in 1859. He has been successful in business. Indeed, whatever he takes in hand seems to prosper. There is a saying that poetry and poverty generally go together. In the case of Mr Miller it has been the reverse. With him it has been poetry, progress, plenty, and prosperity. Mr Miller is also a popular lecturer, and few can tell a humourous story with more glee, especially when he is surrounded by Scottish friends—for although he has resided nearly a quarter of a century in England he has still a warm heart to his native land and all its associations. Mr Miller's poetry is evidently a faithful transcript of the impressions produced upon an honest heart and a discerning mind by mutual contact with the realities of life. While his clever, yet quiet humour frequently breaks out into broad fun, it is ever pleasingly and musically expressed, and all his productions show a keen eye to observe, and a warm heart to commiserate the sorrows of mankind.

ZIG-ZAG, ZIG-ZAG.

> A little swallow skims the air,
> Zig-zag, zig-zag;
> Now its here, and now its there,
> Zig-zag, zig-zag;

Now perched and chattering on the riggin',
Now its little nest it's biggin',
And then it's wi' its neighbours diggin',
Zig-zag, zig-zag.

A streamlet gushes through the dell,
Zig-zag, zig-zag;
On, on it runs past wood and fell,
Zig-zag, zig-zag;
In winter, rolling in its pride,
In summer, flowrets kiss its tide,
And in it little fishes glide,
Zig-zag, zig-zag.

A narrow path leads up the hill,
Zig-zag, zig-zag;
Though far away I see it still,
Zig-zag, zig-zag;
Up, up it winds round whins and cairns,
A' fringed wi' heather bells and ferns,
Aft we ran there when we were bairns,
Zig-zag, zig-zag.

Lads and lasses wandered there,
Zig-zag, zig-zag;
Light were their hearts, and aff flew care,
Zig-zag, zig-zag;
How like that path to human life,
Sae aft' wi' crooks and corners rife—
For here comes calm, and there comes strife,
Zig-zag, zig-zag.

A stately ship, it ploughs the sea,
Zig-zag, zig-zag;
Now to windward, then to lee,
Zig-zag, zig-zag;
Frae richt to left, frae left to richt.
Like bird of beauty in its flicht,
Yet beating on wi' giant micht,
Zig-zag, zig-zag.

The midges dance abune the burn,
Zig-zag, zig-zag;
See how they jink and twist and turn,
Zig-zag, zig-zag;
The life that's only for a day,
They seem to spend in sport and play,
And revels in the sunny ray,
Zig-zag, zig-zag.

The lambkins frisk upon the lea,
Zig-zag, zig-zag ;
And mankins whirl in merry glee,
Zig-zag, zig-zag ;
The kittlin gambols on the hearth,
In antics queer that fill wi' mirth,
And helps to drive the cares of earth,
Zig-zag, zig-zag.

All these are things we love to see,
Zig-zag, zig-zag ;
Yea, half their beauty seems to be
Zig-zag, zig-zag ;
Make straight the paths, they dreary grow ;
And rills that wimple to and fro
Are cheerless, if they cease to flow
Zig-zag, zig-gag.

Ah, friend o' mine, what maks ye gang
Zig-zag, zig-zag ?
I fear there maun be something wrang,
Zig-zag, zig-zag ;
It isna sicht that's failing thee ;
Nor is it age, wi' feeble knee,
That maks you thus to gang ajee,
Zig-zag, zig-zag.

I've met a friend wi' eyeballs dim,
Zig-zag, zig-zag ;
I've seen a friend wi' palsied limb,
Zig-zag, zig-zag ;
Beneath affliction's load they bent,
Yet 'neath it smiled wi' sweet content,
But you, my friend, 'twas drink that sent
Zig-zag, zig-zag.

Yet wha among us hasnae gane
Zig-zag, zig-zag ;
We a' hae gane, e'en every ane,
Zig-zag, zig-zag ;
There's few that can reprove a brither,
For some gang ae way, some anither,
From helter skelter a' thegether,
Zig-zag, zig-zag.

Then pity those that sadly rin
Zig-zag, zig-zag ;
Think first what we oursel's had done,
Zig-zag, zig-zag ;

Then, if we will, yet gently chide
A friend that has gone sair aside,
As though he'd wreck upon life's tide,
Zig-zag, zig-zag.

Remember ills that visit some,
Zig-zag, zig-zag;
Temptations, trials, bitter come,
Zig-zag, zig-zag;
Remember these, then pity may
Glow in thy heart for those that stray,
And wander in life's narrow way,
Zig-zag, zig-zag.

MY LAWYER.

I met him just the other day,
And gave a nod,
But never dream't upon the way
What would come odd.
Another time we met again:
I gave a wink,
And he returned it, just as plain,
Yet, who would think?
That nod, it cost me three-and-four!
The wink, by jingo! something more,
And from my purse I had to pour
The solid clink.

Another time I doff'd my tile,
That is, my hat;
He did the same, and gave a smile:
'Twas tit for tat.
I gave a soldierly salute
One day in town,
But never thought that he would put
These matters down;
But, hang it all, he put them straight;
I blush that I have power to say't—
More bothering still, I had to pay't:
Yes, every brown!

One day I met him in the Strand,
Or thereabout,
I scarce did more than shake his hand—
His pencil's out.
I simply for his health inquired,
Or little more,
Thought friendship pure our breast inspired,
And all was o'er.

But was it tho'? O botheration,
He puts it down a consultation!
The like was never in creation
Heard of before.

There was another time we met,
Too close I fear:
It was a day both dull and wet,
And far from clear.
"D'you think," said I, "it's going to fair?"
"It might, it might."
(He said it with an upward stare)—
"It might ere night."
And so, the chat it seemed to end,
And each his several way did wend;
But in my bill the whole was penned,
With black on white.

When next we met, 'twas frost and cold,
It's worth relating:
I said, "Friend think you this will hold?
I want some skating."
"Ah well," he says, "its doubtful, quite,
But let me see,
You watch the sky at dust to-night;
If red 'tmay be."
I laughing said, "Why, this is prime,
I've heard and read that many a time."
He quoted but the ancient rhyme,
And claimed his fee.

I in his chambers chanced to say
One afternoon,
"I think the hens are going to lay,
And very soon."
"Indeed, indeed," he quietly said,
And took a rest;
"Well, if their heads are getting red,
Give each a nest."
'Twas said in such an easy way,
One ne'er would thought he wanted pay;
'Twas in the bill, as clear as day,
Beyond a jest.

I scanned these items with surprise,
And little wonder;
I felt my monkey on the rise,
My looks were thunder.

I donned my hat, and grasped my stick,
And out I went;
Perhaps I thought, to aged Nick
I'd send the gent.
He calmly listened to my tale,
He smiled just when I thought he'd quail;
He smiled, and said, "It's just the scale;
It's Parliament!"

JAMES LUMSDEN,

AS "Samuel Mucklebackit," and under other pseudonyms has for many years contributed to the press songs, poems, sketches, essays, and "letters." A large first edition of a selection of his writings in book form appeared in 1886, and was very quickly disposed of. He was born in 1839, at the Abbey Mill —a small "clachan" a mile below the county town of Haddington. His father was the mill master—a self-made and self-educated man who had risen from the lowest human strata, and who was then a substantial and prosperous business man, and a highly respected elder of the Established Church. So successful was he in trade that, in our author's tenth year, he was able to lease the large farm of Nether Hailes, situated three miles further down the river, whether he removed with his wife and large family. The loss of his mother, which quickly followed, was a great trial to our poet. She was deeply imbued with the poetic feeling, and was a very sweet singer of the "Auld Scotch Sangs." Her favourite song was "The Land o' the Leal," her pathetic singing of which often touched the tender and sympathetic heart of "little Jamie." Soon after her death, and owing to domestic and other difficulties, he was taken from school.

In "Rural Reminiscences," the volume referred to, Mr Lumsden gives an interesting account of his boyhood adventures. He there informs the reader that, at the age of twelve, he stood five feet six inches in his stockings. At school he was the leader in all boyish sports and scrapes, he "devoured" ballads and dying speeches by the yard, delighted to read of sea fights, and was enchanted with the histories of gruesome pirates.

In his thirteenth year he was apprenticed to a grocer in Prestonpans. Here the sea, with its wonders and its vastness, calmed his sorrowing heart. But no sooner, however, was this effected than misfortune was again at his heels. His master became bankrupt, and he had to look out for another "place." This was found at Haddington, in the workshop of a relative—a millwright—with whom he "served his time." "Mucklebackit" then left for Edinburgh, and after working there for a period he wandered over most of Scotland and a large portion of England and Ireland, tramping from place to place, working when work could be found, suffering frequent hardship, and meeting with many adventures. Ultimately "the rolling stone" stopped, and settled for a time in London.

Some years previously his father had taken a farm for an elder brother, who died while in possession, and the lease was transferred to James, who accordingly left London to become a farmer. It was with the greatest difficulty that he carried out the lease—the rent being high, and the holding an expensive one to work.

Thrown upon his "beam ends" once more, he went to America, with no fixed aim, but with the firm resolution to push his way. In course of time he secured a remunerative position as inspector's clerk on the Grand *Trunk Railway*. Alas! his prosperous course in the

New, as in the Old World, was destined to be of short duration. He only held the appointment for little more than a year when he was attacked with dysentry and ague—the result of exposure, and drinking the saline waters of the backwoods. After months of prolonged suffering he was urged by his medical advisers to return to Scotland. He arrived at the "old homestead," only to find the family struggling with poverty and bad times. They strained themselves to their utmost, but all was of no avail. Ultimately they were cast upon the world penniless. A small house was taken in East Linton, where James ultimately embarked in the potato trade, in which business he is still engaged, conjointly with journalism.

Mr Lumsden is a very frequent contributor of prose and verse to the Haddington and district newspapers, his sketches of rural life and character being replete with genial humour, racy anecdote, and evincing minute and thoughtful observation. They are clever and pleasantly and naturally drawn pictures, full of "go" and interest, and show considerable literary skill. He informs us that he has another book "on the block," and, no doubt, as the *Scotsman* said of his first volume, "its hearty homespun qualities will widely recommend it outside the bounds of 'Samuel Mucklebackit's' much loved shire." His poetry is marked by the same features as his prose—his Doric being expressive and pure, and everything he writes shows that he has no belief in frivolity. While he is often reflective and graceful as well as melodious, he very frequently is most successful when in his jocose vein, clearly proving that he has a keen feeling for humour in his composition.

"WAE WAE IS ME!"

In my lone little cot in the suburb o' the toon,
Musing to the music o' the wind's eerie soun'—
Brooding in a strange land on a' me an' mine,
How a' my joys hae fled wi' the days o' Lang Syne.

To think I ance was queen o' my ain faither's hame,
A bright lauchin lassie nae care wad tame;
When Willie, dear, he woo'd me. an' won me for to part
Wi' the dear auld place an' that auld faither's heart,

O, shame befa' the fause friends that wiled Willie on
Frae his fireside and his Mary to their haunts about the toun
Sae happy for a year were Willie, dear, an' me—
O, that awfu', awfu' drink, that such a thing can be.

For a' things prospered then, an' our little tot was born,
An' Willie was sae proud that birthday morn;
Noo they baith sleep side by side—so dear, so dear to me—
In that strange kirkyard in this strange countrie.

A gloom fell ower the hame when Willie jee'd awa',
No mony nichts a week—at first but ane or twa;
But aye it deepened deeper—the storm he wadna see,
For the world was a' against him, an' he was changed to me.

O, waefu' was the douncome, waefu' was the fa':
Credit lost—a bankrupt—sold oot house an' ha—
Despair—disease—the mad-house, and onward wi' the wave,
Till the shatter'd wreck was sunken in a lowly pauper's grave.

O, my heart is like to break, my Willie, dear to me,
An' wee Jamie, too, what gar'd my laddie dee;
What gar'd my darling dee, when I only had but ane?
O, Willie, Willie, Willie, we've pay'd the wage o' sin!

Noo to think that a' around me is blooming in the May,—
The green fields gettin' greener wi' the lengthenin' o' the day;
The very birds so happy wi' their loves in ilka tree,
While lonely I maun wail—O, wae, wae is me.

The sun is in the far west enthroned on glowing gold,
My heart is wi' my dear ones in the kirkyard cold;
When morning breaks so brightly o'er wood an' flowery lea,
It will break upon me wailing—wae, wae is me.

THE WEE BROON SQUIRREL.

In the fir plantin', frae the screich o' day,
  Like the plumed prince o' the greenwood warl',
What time the elfins daurna shake a tae—
  Up a tree, look at me, the wee broon squirrel!
    Merrier than cuckoo heard,
    Gleger than swallow bird,
  "Puck" himsel's a gowk to me—the wee broon squirrel!

Deep in the heart o' the ever-green tree,
  Far frae the ken o' the muneshine crew,
Rockit by the winds my forest bowers be,
  The cushat's my trumpeter—croodle, croodle, doo!
    Gyte wi' luve—railin',
    Cooin' an' wailin',
  Summer nicht an' mornin'—croodle, croodle, doo!

Swith as the hoolet to's auld blichtit tree,
  Stealeth on saft wing at early cock-craw,
Bright as a star flaucht, I spoot up on hie,
  What time the laverocks on morn's star ca'—
    Cockit luggies, curly
    Lang tail, an' swirly,
  Twinklin' on the lerrick taps in the wauk'nin' daw'!

The born Jack-tar o' the woodland am I—
  "Steeple-Jack" daurna wage a spiel wi' me;
Yon spruce-pine tap, spearin' the howe sky,
  I wad lay it at his feet or he'd coont three;
    Up, like the hawk, I'd vault,
    Down, like the thunderbolt,
  Syne, oh whaur, "Steeple Jackie," wad a' yer glory be!

Up a tree, look at me, the wee broon squirrel!
  Merrier than Robin Hood, the lea-lang day;
Ye little plumed prince o' the greenwood warl',
  What time the nicht faes daurna shake a tae!
    Cockit lugs, an' curly,
    Lang tail, an' swirly,
  A' the elves are sloths to me—the wee broon squirrel!

NEVER AGAIN.

O white, white lies the winter roun' the auld castle wa',
An' ruin'd keep an' turret are wreath'd wi' the snaw,
As time draws near to lea' them, tho' but deid wa's they be,
Amid the snaws o' winter, they dearer grow to me!

For they mind me o' langsyne, when in the dear old days
I ran a thochtless lassie o'er Tyne's sweet banks an' braes,
An' roun' an' roun' the Castle, like bairn roun's mither's knee,
I grew up, little dreaming how dear it was to me.

Here I a maid was courted—was wooed an' wed an' a',
Here a' the bairns were born, an' ane was ta'en awa',
Here we've been lang sae happy—the bairns, gudeman, an' me—
It hurts like death to think o', this parting that maun be.

Never again, O never to ca' this hoose oor hame!
Never again, O never this auld fireside to claim!
Thro' a' the lang years coming the strangers' place 'twill be,
When we are gane for ever—the bairns, gudeman, an' me!

The bairns they cling to mither, the gudeman downa speak,
I cheery like tend to them when my heart's like to break;
An' frae this ben-room window, when nae ane's bye to see
What longing looks I'm taking o' the auld countrie!

Ah! wae is me, thou robin that singest by the door,
Ae waefu' lilt o' sorrow is a' thy birdie's store,
A wail for bygane summer that soon returns to thee;
But oor bonnie auld hame—never can time gi'e back to me!

To say "Fareweel for ever," ye bonnie banks an' braes!
An' fare ye weel, Tyne river, that I've loved a' my days!
Fareweel Traprain an' Kippie! fareweel the dear auld mill,
The brig across the water, the fit-road up the hill!

But we *a'* maun say "fareweel"—on earth we canna stay;
"Fareweel!" "fareweel!" "fareweel!"—day cryeth unto day!
The warld is wide an' wearie, an' hard is life I trew—
A touch, a turn of fortune—the *auld* is changed to *new!*

But oh! my heart is dowie, sae weel it lo'ed this nest,
An' a' its ties asunder this flicht to rive at last!
But take this flicht it *maun*, nor spurn at Fate's decree,
An' gae seek anither hame in a strange countrie!

"JAMIE THE JOITER."*

O hae ye ne'er heard, man, o' Jamie the joiter?
It's hae ye ne'er heard, man, o' Jamie the joiter?
Wha drank a' his siller, syne Fortune did wyte her,
For the mony mischances o' Jamie the joiter.

* A Ne'er-do-weel.

A jack o' a' trades, man, when sober a day,
He wad men' for a neebor a stool or a shae;
Or set the clock tickin' when a' cures wad fail—
Mak' trocks for the bairnies, or spin them a tale.

At this time, oor doctor—a Nabob—teuk ill,
An' wi' drinkin' his drogs, himsel' sune did kill;
Sae his widow, dementit wi' grief or wi' gear,
An' teetotal crazy, for Jamie 'gan speer.

Wi's best Sunday sark on, an' face weeshin' clean,
Joit'rin' Jamie laid siege to the Nabob's fair queen;
An' the en' o' the twalmonth—let Wit nane deride!—
Saw the "joiter" Guid Templar, the widow braw bride.

The maister an' laird o' a grand mailin' noo,
Jamie's cast aff the auld man an' ta'en on the new;
But the daft days he minds aye, an' John Barley bree,
An' pity his heart rends a drunkard to see.

O hae ye ne'er heard, man, o' Jamie the joiter?
It's hae ye ne'er heard, man, o' Jamie the joiter?
Wha won the rich widow, an' now stars it brighter
Than the fules that a' laugh'd ance at Jamie the joiter.

JAMES M'VITTIE

WAS born in 1833 in the quiet little town of Langholm, in Eskdale, one of the richest and most beautiful pastoral valleys in Dumfriesshire. Langholm is the last town on the Waverley route to England, and is about eight miles from the junction of the two kingdoms. Its situation is delightful, surrounded on every side by green, grassy hills, with three narrow valleys, down which from the mountain streamlets come the waters of the Ewes, the Wauchope, and the Esk, and at the town join into one

and form the River Esk, famous in Border story of feud and fray. Here, on its banks, are remains of the castles or keeps of the bold Buccleuch, Johnny Armstrong o' Gillnockie, and Archie o' the Caufield. Here lived the author of "Nae Luck aboot the Hoose." Here Telford, the famous mason and architect, was born, lived his boyhood, and by the light of its peat-fires and aid of borrowed books, laid the foundation of a great life. Here, too, are monuments to the memory of one of the most remarkable families of modern times, the Malcolms of Eskdale. The father of this family was a pious crofter farmer or shepherd, whose four sons having joined the service of their country, and gained honours and distinctions were all knighted, and were known as the four knights of Eskdale. Sir Pulteney founded a school for the children of the poor in Langholm, which the subject of our sketch attended till he was seven years of age. After leaving this seminary, he had "about five quarters" at the Broomholm Free School, and was there engaged in the humble occupation of carrying food to the factory workers and going other errands, till, at nine years of age, he was apprenticed with his father as a cotton weaver, which was the staple trade of the district in those days. This industry was very fluctuating and often very poorly paid, the weekly earnings varying from 2s 6d to 8s per week, with occasional depressions, during which they had to apply to the local proprietor, the Duke of Buccleuch, who would provide work in the woods or on the roads at 1s per day for the married men, 9d for the single, and 6d for the apprentices, with broken time. But, with all these privations, there were corresponding advantages. These weavers were, as a rule, intelligent, thoughtful men, keen politicians, tough in debate, and highly patriotic. The weaving shop was their university, the weekly newspapers and Bible their classics.

James was a good reader, and although not yet in his teens, had taken his share in these night studies. This was to him, as to many others of his class, the school in which life's lessons were learned. Under such severe training it was no wonder that he was delicate and weak, and tormented by sick headaches, which, for quiet rest, would often drive him to the hills, where he would bathe his burning forehead in the mountain rill, and soothe himself to sleep by the sound of the plover, or the warbling of the skylark. He was passionately fond of flowers, and though he knew nothing of botany, he was familiar with every moss, heath, grass, fern, and mountain flower that grew on his native mountains, and would weave them into garlands and make presents of them to his companions. He revelled in nature, and would hear the trees rocked by the winds speaking to him; the winds laughing, and the burnies singing; the fleecy clouds unfolding to him the inner life of heaven. Strange thoughts and day dreams would fill his young mind, which, in his poverty of words, he would try to rhyme into music of his own composition. When the trade was good enough to admit of it, James went to a night school, and used to improve himself in writing by carrying on the correspondence between the factory girls and their absent lovers. He would often write their letters in rhyme, and then sketch the characters in such a way as to appropriate some old Scotch air to them, and sing them.

On one occasion, alarmed by a threat of being thrown into the river for a rather clever hit-off of a well-known character, he gathered all his scraps, rhyme, and prose, and committed them to the flames, resolving never to write any more. He was now sixteen, and went to the factory as a woollen spinner, and spent his leisure in reading novels and history, which were easily obtained from a good circulating library. In

the summer months, being fond of foot-racing and wrestling — favourite Border games — he interested himself in getting up these sports, and was often a successful competitor.

Shortly after his marriage, at the age of nineteen, a religious awakening, which was called the American Revival, came to the town, and he became a changed man, taking a delight in religious work. He began again to take pleasure in the Muse, and he became a much appreciated writer of verse in the local papers under the *nom-de-plume* of "Eskdale." His style was tender and soothing, and many of his pieces were religious and political, but many of them possessed a moral manly ring of aspiration for a better time and a higher life. He occasionally tried the lyric lay, and one or two of his love songs are very tender and sweet.

Mr M'Vittie is an out-and-out temperance reformer, and he has written some good temperance songs. He is a frequent contributor to the *Good Templar*, and also the *League Journal*, of which association he is at present a travelling agent—much and widely esteemed as a gifted, attractive, and earnest advocate of total abstinence.

I KEN A BIT LASSIE.

I ken a bit lassie, I ca'd her my Jessie,
But I wat she cares little for me;
For though I caressed her, and mony time kissed her,
Yet she says it's but glakin and glee.
She says I'm owre auld, my head's growing bald—
I'm fifty and she's thirty-three—
But love has a charm, and my heart it is warm,
And there's room in't, my Jessie, for thee.

Lang, lang hae I loo'd her, and fain hae I woo'd her,
I've ca'd her my pet and my doo;
Richt pawkie and sleek she turns aye her cheek
When a kiss I wad pree at her mou.
She's wee in her size, but sma jewels I prize,
For they sparkle and dazzle sae free;
The licht o' her een, like the shimmering sheen
O' the morning, is Jessie's to me.

Sae guid and sae tender, sae trig and sae slender,
  There's nane wi' my lassie can vie ;
She plays and she sings aye the sweetest o' things,
  And she says she sings best when I'm nigh.
Still for a' I hae coft, still she says I am soft,
  In my heid she's sure "there's a bee ;"
But if I'm to thrive, then the bee it maun hive
  In some neat little dwelling wi' thee.

I hae'na much wealth, but I'm blessed wi' guid health,
  My estate is my han' and my heid,
A weel stockit mailin' ye'll never find failin'—
  What mair could a braw bodie need?
Then mak' up yer mind, a' fears cast behind,
  For this the last offer I'll gee—
There's my han', ye've my heart as lang as I'm spair't,
  We'll be happy my Jessie and me.

"IS IT WELL?"

"'Tis well, 'tis well," I heard the voices say,
  This was no fancy in a sleepless night,
For universal nature sang this jubilant lay ;
  The Judge of all the earth, He shall do right,
Amen from myriad tongues it rose and fell,
The past, the present, and the future, "all is well."

'Tis well the thunders roll this monody,
  The avalanche swept down the mountain's side,
The lightning flashed its wierd wild symphony,
  And hushed the lashing billows of the restless tide,
Creation chimed a pæan on its mighty bell,
And back from Chaos came the chorus "all is well."

One voice in all that thrilling song was mute,
  The key was lost on harp, on lute, and lyre,
'Twas man's, till truth met righteousness, and kissed
  The discord from his soul with heavenly fire ;
His loosened tongue was swiftest now to tell
Of mercy's crowning gift, the Savour, all was well.

"'Tis well," the seraphs sang on harps of gold,
  Angelic bands with wonder and amaze
Listened with itching ears, desiring to be told
  How He who lowest fell should loudest praise ;
They saw the Holy One with erring mortals dwell,
And shouted "glory be to God, for all is well."

Hell and the grave in covenant dark and drear,
With one last effort proudly reared their head,
Smote the strong Son of God in wrath and dread,
But at His touch sin, death, and hell lay dead;
The world in laughing chorus heard their knell,
And heaven triumphant shouted "all is well."

The little feet that climbed the father's knee,
The tiny hands that wove the mother's hair,
The bright blue eye that laughed in happy glee,
The silvery voice that lisped its little prayer,
All now is hushed, and yet we hear them tell
That up in heaven, their future, "all is well."

The mighty vessel with its human freight
Bore down its victims to a watery grave,
The dashing train leapt from the bridge's height,
No eye to pity, and no hand to save;
The howling tempest drowned their last farewell,
But hope, in soothing whispers, tells us "all is well."

A MAIDEN STOOD AT HER LOOM AND WOVE.

A maiden stood at her loom and wove
Colours of every hue,
As all day long, keeping time to her song,
The merry shuttle flew.

Light was her step and bright her eye,
Her fingers were crafty and skilled,
While her shuttles, treddles, and heddles complied,
And wove whatever she willed.

On her card was stamped the figure of hope,
In her warp were colours bright,
And there she'd weave from morn till eve,
And enjoy sweet rest at night.

She said, "I will weave in this beautiful web
Flowers both sweet and mild;"
In fancy she'd sing of the years to come,
But her song was the song of a child.

For the weft was a delicate tender thread
And often she dropped the shot,
And the sprig in the border puzzled her—
'Twas a neat forget-me-not.

Ah ! little she dreamed of the future at hand,
  Else might she have seen the tear
Steal gently down her parent's face,
  And fall on Jeannie's bier.

She wove till her fingers weary grew
  And her lovely eye waxed dim,
Till the colours she thought so lovely once
  Grew faded, dark, and grim.

But He who designed the web of life
  By this diligent weaver stood,
And He said, "Sweet maid, you have woven well
  The web of your womanhood.

"Henceforth and for aye is an endless day,
  Where no cloud o'ercasts the sky,
On the loom of love in Heaven above,
  'Neath the loving Saviour's eye,

"You shall weave from the web begun below
  A pattern rich and rare,
Your eye shall not fade nor finger fail,
  Nor aught your strength impair."

No more at the loom the maiden stands,
  Her task of life is done,
But she stands by the side, as the ransomed bride,
  Of God's eternal Son.

THE TEAR DROP.

Away in the worry and battle of life,
  Where honours are seldom won,
In the fœted breath of moral death,
  An old man sought his son ;
In his hand he carried a lantern bright,
Which streamed on his locks of silvery white.

Long, long had he sought the prodigal lad,
  And hope, like a heaven-sent ray,
Went before, and cheered the sad old man
  With the thought of a brighter day ;
Hark ! what is that, a groan, a sigh,
From a poor mortal longing to die.

He stooped, and over him threw the light,
  As he lay in the city's darkest slum,
In the dreary depth of a starless night,

The features rigid, the pale lips dumb,
To that father's heart came a burning tear,
And fell on that face so loved and dear.

For weary years he had sought the lad,
Many the prayers to Heaven he'd sent,
They are answered now, thank God! he cried,
Not yet too late, he may repent;
And that tear like an arrow had entered fast
The soul of the prodigal, found at last.

And what was he in a mantle of flesh
Expressing, the thought of the Infinite God,
But a pearly tear from the father's heart,
To dissolve humanity's sin stained load,
And win from his error by sweetest love
This prodigal son to his home above.

YARROW'S BONNY ROSE.

There's a wee, wee hoosie by Yarrow's bonny stream,
An' a wee lassie in it, that haunts my wakin' dream.
Her een are like the mornin', when its smile o'er Nature throws;
The only name she bears to me is Yarrow's Bonny Rose.

Her face an' form are Nature's ain—nae airt wi't can compete;
An' Nature's ways shine in her lays, sae winnin' an' sae sweet;
For sangs o' beauty an' o' love does she wi' grace compose—
Nane sing, amang the Border Bards, like Yarrow's Bonny Rose!

Untutored in the ways o' men, yet glegly can she spy
The hollow cant an' meanness that roon' her pathway lie:
Wi' words, baith saft an' solemn, in tales o' sangs an' prose,
She makes them feel the thorns that grow 'neath Yarrow's Bonny Rose!

In the mornin' mists I see her, like a nymph oot o' the sea;
In the noisy noonday bustle, I feel her sympathy,
In the gorgeous tinted glory the sun at evening throws,
I can revel in communion wi' Yarrow's Bonny Rose!

I hae watched her modest meekness, I hae seen her honest pride;
Through classic scenes and cities I hae wandered by her side:
Nae secrets lie between us, for each the other knows,
An' just because I know I love this Bonny Yarrow Rose.

Long may this Bonny Rose be spared to bloom baith fresh an' fair!
May nought within her reach e'er come to make her heart grow sair!
And when Life's winter's ended, in Heaven's calm repose,
Then fairer still and dearer will be Yarrow's Bonny Rose!

ALEXANDER JENKINS

WAS born at St Ninians, near Stirling, in 1841. After attending a country school for two or three years, he was sent to the Stirling High School, where he remained until he attained the age of sixteen, when he was apprenticed to a "writer" in Stirling. After completing his apprenticeship, he went to Edinburgh, and entered the office of a Writer to the Signet. While there he attended the law classes in the University. On the death of his old master in Stirling, he succeeded to his business, which he still carries on in company with a brother, under the firm of A. & J. Jenkins.

Although actively engaged with professional work, Mr Jenkins occasionally relieves the strain of business by "mounting Pegasus," and composing neat and thoughtful little poems, but he has not hitherto published any of his verses. He is a frequent contributor —by way of correspondence—to the daily papers on public questions. He wrote with much power against the law of imprisonment for debt for some years before it was abolished by the "Debtors' Act, 1880." His views then were that it was a barbarous law, and "in nineteen cases out of twenty" failed in securing payment. He considered that it destroyed the character of the debtor's wife and family, and often threw them on the parish. This was his experience, and he hoped that such a law "will never again disgrace the Statute Book. The merchant who can put his brother merchant in jail for debt can hardly say 'he loves his neighbour as himself,' or that he is doing as he would like to be done by." This sympathetic and loving spirit is shown in Mr Jenkins' writings, whether in prose or verse. Although his Muse is by no means prolific, what he has written evinces matured thought

and sentiment, a reflective mind, and deeply religious feeling.

MOVE ON!

Whenever life begins to beat, within the little heart,
Whenever once the little feet begin to play their part,
Command is given,
Which comes from Heaven,
Which must be done,
And none can shun,
Move on!

Move on in joy, in hope, in love,
Through earthly scenes to Heaven above;
Move on through grief, and doubts, and fears,
Increasing with increasing years.

Whene'er decay begins to prey upon the human heart,
Whene'er the spirit, freed from clay, is ready to depart,
Command is given,
Which comes from Heaven,
Which must be done,
And none can shun,
Move on!

Move on through worlds unknown before,
Move on in life for evermore;
Continuous bliss, o'erflowing love,
Abounding in the realms above.

UNTIL THE DAY DAWN.

Ancient prophecy fortelling
Of a glorious day to dawn,
Misery and woe dispelling
To the suffering race of man.

What shall be the signs preceding,
Heralding that glorious morn?
Will it be a star appearing,
As when the Prince of Peace was born?

Or shall the earth be rent asunder,
And worlds unto destruction hurl'd?
Or will men simply wake from slumber
To find, created, "The new world?"

THINE EAR IS EVER OPEN.

He who formed the human ear,
Every human sound doth hear;
Every whisper, every sigh,
Reaches His abode on high,
Who can such a listener be,
Heavenly Father, like to Thee!

Sounds of anguish, grief and pain,
To thine ear an entrance gain;
Songs of gladness, words of love
Are wafted to thine ear above,
Who can such a listener be,
Heavenly Father, like to Thee!

Ever since the world began,
And while endures the race of man,
Endless murmurings and cries
Continous to Thy throne arise;
Who can such a listener be,
Heavenly Father, like to thee!

That great sounding-board—the sky,
Thunders earthly sounds on high,
And Thine ever-listening ear
Hears the feeblest cry of fear;
Who can such a listener be,
Heavenly Father, like to Thee!

Great prayer-hearing, Heavenly King,
We adoration to Thee bring,
And at Thy throne of grace bow down
To say, "Do Thou our efforts crown;"
For who can such a listener be,
Heavenly Father, like to Thee!

ANDREW BUCHANAN

IS a native of Stirlingshire, having been born at Cowie Bank, a small property about four miles from the county town, purchased by his ancestors towards the end of the last century. His father, who

was a great lover of Burns' poems, and was a man of remarkable strength of character, who possessed a wide knowledge of men and things, fostered and encouraged Andrew's early love of books. He devoted all his spare time to the education of his children, in which he was ably assisted by their intelligent mother. His father frequently described many of the incidents that took place at the time of Waterloo—how the simple country people expected to see the French armies at their doors, and how rebellious children were awed at once into submission by the very mention of "Buonaparte." After attending school, he was apprenticed to the grocery trade in Stirling, and ten years later saw him in business there on his own account, in which calling he is presently engaged. When a mere lad he was wont to amuse himself by writing poetical acrostics for his friends; and in recent years he has, under various *noms-de-plume*, contributed prose and verse to several journals. He has frequently been amused to hear the authorship of many of his productions attributed to various individuals. Particularly fond of children, he has, for about twenty years, been an active worker as teacher and superintendent in a mission school. Mr Buchanan's mode of poetical expression is exceedingly smooth, musical, and thoughtful, and often earnestly religious in its tone.

LIFE.

What is life? a little rosebud,
  Promise bright, and perfume rare;
Soon the frosts of winter gather—
  Nip the blossom, sweet and fair.

What is life? a little flow'ret,
  Shedding fragrance all around;
Ruthless blasts of desolation
  Dash it quickly to the ground.

What is life? a little garden,
  With a cross, and eke a grave,

Standing out in all their grimness,
Wounding hearts both stout and brave.

What is life? a mighty burden,
Sin and sorrow, grief and care,
Crushing noble aspirations,
Filling hearts with dark despair.

What is life? a race of strong ones,
Where the goal is, who shall say;
Not the swiftest gains the laurel,
Oft "the feeble take the prey."

What is life? a battle raging
Day by day and hour by hour;
Strength of heart and soul engaging,
Till is won sweet vict'ry's dower.

What is life? a shadow fleeting
Over time's dark sullen tide,
Till "life's fitful fever over,"
Safe we reach the other side.

What is life? a painful climbing
Through the darkness towards the light,
Stumbling, falling, faint, and weary,
Praying for the dawning bright.

What is life? a mournful record,
Broken vows, and fond hopes chilled;
True hearts slighted, true love blighted,
Youth's bright promise unfulfilled.

What is life? a cup of wormwood,
Nature bids us from it shrink,
Love can make us drain the goblet,
'Tis our Father bids us drink.

What is life? unceasing praises
From the blood-washed sons of men,
To the Godman, who in pity
Died for all, and rose again.

SYMPATHY.

'Tis strange when we are filled with fear,
With grief and care opprest,
If we can find one listening ear,
One sympathising breast,

Our cares and sorrows flee away,
  Ashamed are all our fears,
The mountain a molehill becomes,
  Mayhap it disappears—
    'Tis passing strange.

'Tis strange when joy doth fill the soul
  Until it overflows,
The more our happiness is shared
  The greater still it grows.
Our griefs are robbed of half their smart,
  If they but *once* be told,
Our joys, if shared a hundred times,
  Increase a hundred fold—
    'Tis passing strange.

Yet after all it is not strange,
  For well our Father knows,
Were it not so our burdened hearts
  Would sink beneath their woes.
Oh, let us then His goodness praise,
  His wondrous grace adore,
And henceforth in His strength resolve,
  To love and serve Him more.

HAME.

Awa' wi' tittle tattle,
Gie me my bairnies' prattle,
An' manfully I'll battle
  To keep a' richt at hame.
    Hame, sweet, sweet hame,
  What place can be like hame?

My but-an'-ben sae cozy,
My lassies sweet an' rosy,
Wha' cuddle in my bosie,
  At e'en when I come hame.
    Hame, &c.

My faithfu', thrifty Meg—
She's aye sae clean an' trig,
There's ne'er a care can fleg
  Sae lang's I've her at hame.
    Hame, &c.

I've nae desire for fame—
It's but an empty name,
An' a' its joys are tame
  Compared wi' joys at hame.
    Hame, &c.

But tho' this warld's fair,
Oor he'rts are aften sair
Wi' dool an' dowie care,
For this is no oor hame.
Hame, &c.

Within the gates o' licht,
Abune the stars sae bricht,
Ayont a' mortal sicht
Lies hour mony-mansion'd hame.
Hame, &c.

We're strangers ane an' a',
We seek oor Faither's ha',
An' if on Him we ca',
Some day He'll tak' us hame.
Hame, &c.

This thocht oor he'rts 'll cheer,
The hour is drawin' near
When oor Faither's voice we'll hear
Sayin' "Bairns o' mine, come hame."
Hame, sweet, sweet hame,
Oor bluid-bocht heavenly hame.

Nae sin nor sorrow there
Can sink us in despair,
Wi' Jesus evermair
We'll safely bide at hame.
Hame, sweet, sweet hame,
Oor Faither's hoose at hame.

ALEXANDER GOLDIE.

THE subject of this sketch was born at Catrine, Sorn Parish, Ayrshire, in 1841, where his parents reared a large family in humble comfort and respectability. Our poet was bred, like other children in the same line of life, to such labour in the cotton factory as suited his strength. He entered the

employment of Messrs James Finlay & Company as a half-timer when eight years of age, at which time he began to attend that Company's school. Songs, history, and traditionary tales were the first food offered to his awakening appetite for knowledge. At an early date the sacred fire caught the ready fuel which nature had adjusted for its supply, and his early and constant reading became rooted in his memory and gushed forth into song. When a young man he had an ardent longing for information of every description, and to this was added untiring energy in the pursuit of what he conceived to be the right. He became a member of the Total Abstinence Society in 1853, and when the Good Templar movement reached Catrine, in 1870, he identified himself with the organization, and laboured as zealously in the "new order" as he had done in the old. Mr Goldie was also one of those who took the initiative step in the formation of a local Co-operative Society, in which he for a number of years held important offices, and was treasurer when, in 1880, he left Catrine for a higher sphere of labour in Newmilns. He also took an active interest in the Mutual Improvement Society, and was long associated with the management of the Public Library. Indeed, he is ever ready to do all in his power for the welfare of those around him, and to engage in the most toilsome and difficult task to gratify the wishes of a friend. Before removing to Newmilns (where he is now foreman of the chenille department in Messrs Hood, Morton & Co's Greenholm Factory), he was presented by the U. P. Congregation with a handsome gold watch and chain, in recognition of valued services in the past.

Mr Goldie has written much, both in prose and verse —the fruits of his leisure hours. He has for many years contributed to the *Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald*, the *Galston Supplement*, and other news-

papers and magazines. All his writings possess strong originality and much genuine humour. Several of his songs have considerable depth of feeling, while his character sketches, and poems about men and things, show clever touches, as well as a vigorous and truly poetical mind.

THE WEE THACK COT.

Is there a spot on a' the earth,
  A place that's dearer far
Than in the palace of a king,
  Where wealth and beauty are?
Oh! yes there is, where true hearts dwell,
  Oh sacred little spot!
I would not leave for India's wealth
  Oor cozy wee thack cot.

It's been my shield when world's cares
  Have racked my breast with pain,
Where oft a parent's soothing voice
  Has made me smile again.
Nae beild is like thy cozy hap—
  Best shelter e'er I got,
When dreeping rains and fleeting snows
  Fall round oor wee thack cot.

For when bleak winter's chilly blast
  Wi' frost an' snaw appear,
We never feel their bitter bite,
  They daurna come sae near.
For once beneath thy dear warm shade
  I dinna care a groat,
Though winds in angry passions roar
  Around oor wee thack cot.

How often has thy kindly shade
  A hearty welcome gi'en
From summer's warm and scorching rays
  To some auld trusty freen'.
The auld, and frail, and orphan wean,
  Ne'er came but what they got
What made them meekly lift the hand,
  An' bless the wee thack cot.

Nae won'er that my heart to thee
  Clings like the ivy green;
We're bound to ane anither,
  As the trout is to the stream.

Yet though we part, in memory's page
Thou'lt be a sunny spot,
My heart will firmly cling to thee,
Oh sacred wee thack cot.

HE CAN TODDLE HIS LANE.

Oer wee baby brither, the pride o' his mither,
His daddie's ain treasure, an' licht 'o oor hame,
Has filled us wi' pleasure by his brave endeavour
To start on life's journey an' toddle his lane,
To toddle his lane, toddle his lane,
Nae wonner we're prood he can toddle his lane.

Tho' he walks wi' a hobble, an' speaks a queer gabble,
Yet a' seem to ken what he's meanin' quite plain;
His walk's mair entrancin' than warrior prancin'
When oor wee baby brither gangs toddlin' his lane,
Toddlin' his lane, toddlin' his lane,
His step will grow firm as he toddles his lane.

To reach oor wee table the wee thing's no able,
Yet he rules like a king in his little domain,
Ye'd almost be thinking we rin at his winkin',
As a' strive to serve oor wee toddlin' wean,
Oor wee toddlin' wean, wee toddlin' wean,
There are waur folks to please than oor toddlin' wean.

Mither rocks when she's darnin', but washin' or ironin'
I'm forced to sit still like a callan o' stane,
Exceptin' the pookin' the string to keep rockin'—
O why werna bairnies born toddlin' their lane,
Toddlin' their lane, toddlin' their lane,
A wee juck can rin the first day a' its lane.

At climin' or creepin' he was gran', but at sleepin'
He's nocht but a wee wauckrif' witch o' a wean;
Noo by gangs the cradle, for they who are able
Should sleep withoot rockin' that toddle their lane,
That toddle their lane, toddle their lane,
An' like him, I'll get freedom to toddle my lane.

It was ne'er coonted labour, but rather a favour,
As he held by the spurtle we taught him to gang,
An' we hope in life's journey he'll watch ilka turnie,
An' then oor wee bairnie will ne'er toddle wrang,
Will ne'er toddle wrang, ne'er toddle wrang,
They that watch weel life's turnies will ne'er toddle wrang.

THE EMIGRANTS' FAREWELL.

The word farewell must leave our lips,
  For we must leave old Scotia's shore,
The sunny land that gave us birth,
  Thy heathery hills we'll see no more.

The burnie side, where aft in glee,
  In younger days we sported lang,
The flowery brae we a' maun lee',
  Whase yellow broom we've row'd amang.

But oh! that place we lo'e sae weel,
  Thou dear old hearth we now must part,
Our memory still shall cling to thee—
  A sacred thought within our heart.

'Twas there to lisp our youthful prayer,
  Around our loving parent's knee,
'Twas there we learned to trust that God
  Who girds us both on land and sea.

But a' that's dear we noo maun lee',
  E'en Ayr's sweet gurgling stream adieu,
The haunt of many a happy day,
  O sacred spot adieu! adieu!

Farewell to dear auld Scotia's shore,
  Farewell thou bonny blooming heather,
Farewell sweet Sabbath bells, adieu!
  Whose sacred sounds aye gaed us pleasure.

Adieu sweet home, and dear old friends,
  Who proofs of friendship oft have given.
Oh! parents, it's but for a time,
  Adieu! adieu! we'll meet in heaven.

JOHN MACINTOSH,

A POET of versatile powers, for he has shown a marked taste for the sister arts of music and painting, was born in 1853 at Strath Cottage, parish of Galston, on the south bank of the Irvine, and

within gunshot of "Loudon's bonnie woods and braes." His father, John Macintosh, who was a native of Methven, Perthshire, and carried on the business of a papermaker at Strath Mill, Ayrshire, died when the subject of our sketch was about six years of age. His mother, who is still alive, is a native of Livingstone, Linlithgowshire. Having attended Galston Parish School for some time, Mr Macintosh completed his early education at Kilmarnock Academy, and thereafter entered the office of Mr Railton, architect and civil engineer, Kilmarnock. At the end of three years' service he was advised, on account of imperfect health, to seek a short release from business studies, and it was during this leisure time that his poetic faculty began to ventilate itself in the form of stray verses. Some of these found a corner in the *Ardrossan Herald*, the *Ayr Advertiser*, and other newspapers. Subsequently he was employed in an office in Ayr, and the days spent in the "auld toon," "wham ne'er a toon surpasses," were productive of beneficial results in the way of restoring him to a sounder basis of health. For the last five years Mr Macintosh has been practising his profession at Newmilns, the centre of the lace trade in Scotland, and several of the mills in that district have been built from his designs. Of late he has carried on the photographic business in combination with his other calling. We have already mentioned that our poet has also devoted some attention, and with considerable success, to painting and music. We further learn that, on a violin of his own construction, he has frequently (accompanied by his brother Robert on the concertina), amused the good folks of Galston and Newmilns—in particular on one occasion, when readings were being given by Mr Walter Bentley, and at another time by Mr Ferguson, the well-known humorous elocutionist. Mr Macintosh, in his writings, has given several valuable contributions to our Doric

literature, mainly under the *nom de plume* of "Rusticus," and we are pleased to learn that he has some intention of publishing a selection of his prose and poetry in book form. He takes a wide range of themes, and his poetry is marked by a simple truth, an irresistible force, and a pleasing fancy that is calculated to reach the heart.

"BETTER SMA' FISH THAN NANE."

Cheer up, old boy, its a bad look oot
To be breakin' your heart owre a shabby suit,
Though your earnings are barely a crown in the day,
As some folk say,
You shouldna look sulky, or yaummer and grane,
But mind aye that sma' fish are better than nane.

You've a tidy wee wife and a weel thackit hoose,
Wi' a cosy fire'en whaur ye sit geyan croose,
And while ye sit free o' the income tax,
Which the law exacts,
You needna look grumblie, or yaummer and grane,
But mind aye that sma' fish are better than nane.

And what need ye care, you're an honest chap,
And although you hae met wi' a sair mishap,
It's an unco bad hairst that brings never a sheaf
To the farmer's threave.
So you shouldna' be sulky, or yaummer and grane,
But mind aye that sma' fish are better than nane.

Though a neebor gets up in the warl noo and then,
And looks doon wi' scorn on his puir fellow men,
And though horses and lan' dinna grant ye a name
In the temple o' fame,
You needna be sulky, or yaummer and grane,
Keep mind aye that sma' fish are better than nane.

When an angler gangs oot wi' his rod and his reel
And expects to come hame wi' a wallopin' creel,
Though he catches but twa or three troots in a day,
As some anglers may,
He disna look sulky or yaummer and grane,
For he kens fine that sma' fish are better than nane.

So rouse up my lad, it's a bad look oot
To be breakin' your heart owre a shabby suit,
Though your earnings are only a croon ilka day,
As some folk say,
You shouldna look grumblie, or yaummer and grane,
But mind aye that sma' fish are better than nane.

THE WEE CHICK-CHICKIE.

Auld hen, you're unco douce the day,
You're unco douce, but 'deed
Nae wonder is't you should be sae,
For wee chick-chickie's deid.

The wee bit rinnin' chirpin' thing,
That followed aye your lead,
Nae mair 'twill cour aneath your wing
For wee chick-chickie's deid.

'Twas fun to see it chase you, fain
To snatch the crumb o' breid,
But ne'er 'twill peck the crumb again,
For wee chick-chickie's deid.

Come a' ye ither chickies roun',
Distend the vocal reed,
And requiem wi' solemn soun'
For wee chick-chickie's deid.

And if your language but were mine,
Or mine were yours instead,
I'd join you in your requiem
Owre wee chick-chickie deid.

TRIAL.

Is there a spirit bending low,
Beneath dark mysteries of woe,
Heart-broken and opprest,
No need that over-burdened man
Should for his welfare scheme and plan,
God's way is ever best?

We may not grasp the tinselled toy,
The golden threads of hope and joy,
Which make our life a dream;
For He must work His grand design,
Despite each plan of thine or mine,
Whose wisdom is supreme.

Dark griefs may cloud the mind of man,
And hide the many-coloured span
Of mercy's dazzling bow;
But clouds descend in gentle rain,
And storms are never spent in vain,
Much less the tears of woe.

The time-entangled web of Fate
Shall be unravelled soon or late,
Each sorrow, sigh, and tear,
When ransomed spirits meet above,
Shall in God's tapestry of love,
A rich design appear.

HOME, HAPPY HOME.

Home, happy home, no words can tell
What music lingers in thy name;
When age draws nigh, thy magic spell
Enchants us like a pleasant dream.

The veteran sire, on foreign shore,
In cot or hall, where'er he dines
Still reads thy old familiar lore,
Unwrit, except on memory's lines.

He sees the rose-bush, still the same
Beneath thy roof's projecting eaves,
Stretching athwart the window pane,
With sweet buds nestling 'mid its leaves.

He sees the cherished garden plot,
Where mignonette and violets grew,
Where still the sweet forget-me-not
Looks up with eye of tender blue.

He marks the ivy-tangled mesh
Grow green upon thy walls again,
While visions of past happiness
Gleam through realities of pain.

He sees the wreck of tinselled toys
Which still his childhood's heart endears,
The debris of a thousand joys,
Seen through an avenue of years.

When drawing near the yawning gap
That marks the bound 'twixt bliss and pain,

Once more the springs of youth to tap,
To tread his native soil again.

Should he revisit that dear nook,
What then, the burden of his pain?
Oh for a mother's tender look—
A father's welcome grasp again.

Not where displays of wealth abound,
Or summer smiles through one long year,
But where affection gathers round
Those objects to our hearts most dear.

'Tis there we find the sacred spot
For which our panting bosoms pine,
An ever-green time-trodden plot,
Which hallowed memories enshrine.

So when our troubled bosoms yearn
For buried hopes and trampled love,
From earth's uncertainties we turn,
And seek a changeless home above.

JAMES BRAND CROMBIE,

COATBRIDGE has been the residence of a number of our "Modern Scottish Poets," but we think Mr Crombie is the only one who can claim the "Iron Town" as the place of his nativity. He is a young man, but his life has not been without its shadows. When about seven years old, in some boyish gambol, he so injured one of his legs that a long and serious illness was engendered, his sufferings for long afterwards were intense, and for some time his life was despaired of, but three years after, he had sufficiently recovered to resume and finish, in Gartsherrie Academy, his interrupted school-life. It was during his long illness that he made his first efforts at composition,

but these he subsequently destroyed. On leaving school he was apprenticed as a clerk to the North British Railway Company, and wrought in the District Superintendent's office at Coatbridge. At present he is in the General Goods' Manager's office, Glasgow, but resides with his parents at Coatbridge. Mr Crombie takes an active part in Church work, and warmly supports every evangelistic effort that may be made for winning the lapsed masses. He is an earnest advocate of total abstinence, and an enthusiastic politician, being corresponding secretary of the Coatbridge Junior Liberal Association. An eloquent speaker, and frequently before the public, he is well-known and popular amongst his townsmen. His writings are mainly reflective, and though at times unequal in finish, we find in them many pleasant glances, an elevated feeling, and the evidence that they are the emanations of a pure and thoughtful mind.

JUST A BUTTERFLY.

Just a butterfly, bright and gay,
Flitting aye onward day by day,
Over the fields of rip'ning hay,
Over the spots that fairest bloom,
Over the rich and sweet perfume,
Seeking the light, shunning the gloom.

Just a butterfly! that is all—
Flitting aye on with rise and fall,
Giving the flowers a passing call,
That by their odours rich and sweet,
That by their beauty all complete
Seem to promise a dainty treat.

Such is the woman—such is she
That held me in captivity,
Till once I saw, as now I see,
That she was but a butterfly;
A creature made to please the eye—
With sunshine born and bound to die

BIRDS.

Are birds in hat and muff meant to profess
A love for birds? Are they the outward mark
By which a warm affection's vital spark,
Glowing in the heart, some to the world, confess?
Or are they, pure and simple, meant to dress
The wearer, be she fair or be she dark,
When pride or vanity bid her embark
The heart of man with beauty to impress?
Those hearts that love the birds will give no plea
To heartless avaricious men who slay
The little songsters that they love, to do
Their evil work, wha'e'er the fashion be,
By wearing birds and furnishing the pay
For which these men God's little songsters slay.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

That He micht His disciples teach
A lesson they wad hae to preach,
Close to the plate, whaur he could see
Ilk ane to God their giftie gie,
Ae day oor Saviour took his stan'
When fouk into the kirk were gaun.

Fu' gleg o' e'e he looked ower a',
The puirly cled an' unco braw;
Some stappit in wi' lordly gait
An' cast their gowd intae the plate,
As if 'twere nocht that they had gien
And could afford it weel, I ween.

Some carls cam', wi' bodies bent,
Wha were to Kirk by conscience sent.
Twa-three o' sic gaed slippen ben
As if o' plate they didna ken;
Twa-three a copper did drap in
As if they said "Forgie my sin."

Some sturdy loons, that werna blate,
Each flung a bawbee in the plate,
As if a muckle gift they'd gien
That sud by ither fouk be seen,
While they, the nicht afore, had wared
Mony a copper an' ne'er cared.

Some lassies cam', buskit brawly,
Snod an' trig, an' glaiket dawly;
Some cam' wi' faces lang an' dour
That telt o' speerits sad an' sour;
Some cam' wi' jaunty springing stap;
Some trauchled in fu' like to drap.

The Maister let them a' gae by,
Ower mony breathed a mournfu' sigh,
Till ae puir body hirpled in,
Wha had on earth nae kith nor kin,
Then sweet he smiled as oot her plaid
Her haun' she stretched, an' meekly laid

Her humble gift into the plate,
Amang the sma', amang the great;
Though it was sma'est o' the sma',
That gift was greater than them a',
Sae Christ tauld his disciples when
The widow to the Kirk gaed ben.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

Forth went an old reaper, sharp sickle in hand,
The grain to cut at his Master's command;
But thick in the field where his sickle he plied
Many bright flowers the old reaper espied.
Yet duty forbade him a moment to stay
To lift from his blade the sweet flowers away.
They fell 'neath his strokes with the old bearded grain,
As his sickle he used with might and main;
They fell 'neath his strokes with the weeds tall and strong,
As onward he passed with sad mournful song.
The Master looked on and the flowers he saw fall;
Servants to gather them came at his call.
The flowers were picked up and all carried away
To gardens where none can ever decay,
But remain fair and bright in unfading bloom
Where shadow of night ne'er casteth a gloom.

The Master is God. His old reaper is death,
His sickle is found in his sharp, cold breath.
The ripe bearded grain are those saints who await
Gathering in through the bright pearly gate.
The weeds are the sinful that Satan has sown,
The Master commands, to the flames they are thrown.
The flowers that are blooming so sweet in the field
In beauty cut down, while fragrance they yield,
Are the souls of the young untainted by sin;
The bright angels of God do gather them in
Where the flowers and the grain for ever will grow
In beauty and light, ne'er blighted by woe.

HENRY SHANKS,

THE gifted and widely-esteemed "Blind Poet of the Deans," was born, in 1829, on the farm of Meadowhead, near Bathgate. His father was one of the leading agriculturists of the district, whose intimate knowledge of all matters connected with his calling was largely taken advantage of by proprietors as a valuator, by the Sheriff of the county and others as referee in cases of dispute, and as a judge of the district cattle shows. The uncle of our poet, to whom his volumes are dedicated, was his mother's younger brother, whose wife was the only sister of Sir J. Y. Simpson, Bart. This relative went to Tasmania in 1839 to take possession of estates left there by an elder brother. These he afterwards sold, and he then migrated to the Portland District of Victoria, where he died in 1885. Henry was educated in Bathgate Academy, and in his seventeenth year was apprenticed to a drysalter in Leith. For a period of eleven years he followed mercantile pursuits, but on the death of his father in 1858 he returned to assist his brother on the farm of Dean, Bathgate, and about this time he began to cultivate the muses, filling a corner frequently in the local papers with his poems. From a sketch in the *People's Friend* some years ago we learn that in 1862 a defect in his left eye alarmed him, and, notwithstanding the best treatment and advice, his sight gradually grew worse, till in the following year he became totally blind through disease in the optic nerve. Under this blighting calamity the poet showed a manly fortitude and resignation. His eyes, failing to look outward, were now, he says, more and more turned inward, and in his darkness he reasoned thus with himself—"Now that my hands are rendered incapable of earning a livelihood, am I to fold them in despair, grow up mentally

like a calf in the stall, and eat the bread of idleness for the remaining term of my existence? And the answer was, Most certainly not, if you can help it. Again, I put the question, Can my head make up for the enforced idleness of my hands? And the reply was, To provide you with a livelihood, no; but in so far as being able to mitigate the extent of your calamity, yes." And so, like the feathered warbler with its eyes cruelly destroyed to improve its song, the blind bard has sung his sweetest strains from amid the gloom that surrounds him.

It is interesting to know that, when Mr Shanks first began to send his productions to the *Airdrie Advertiser*, the leading contributor to its "Poets' Corner" was the much respected and talented blind old poetess—Janet Hamilton of Langloan, and for several years afterwards the readers of that journal had the somewhat singular spectacle presented to them of thus finding two of its chief and most popular writers of poetry, like Milton, singing with "quenched orbs." While a great admirer of "Janet," Mr Shanks had a very humble opinion of his own gifts; and we understand that he scarcely ever sent away a contribution without wishing it were in his power to recall it. On pondering it over in his mind, some improvement in turn of a phrase, or better setting of an idea, would be certain to occur to him when too late to give effect to it.

At the close of 1881 Mr Shanks left the old home at the Deans, with which his name is so closely associated, and took up his abode in Kirkton Lodge, a mile and a quarter to the eastward of Bathgate, where he has ever since resided all alone—his wants being attended to by the widow of an old Deans servant, who lives close by, and who, with much intelligence, has acted as his reader and amanuensis for a number of years. Here he enjoys the esteem and respect of a wide circle of neighbours and friends, and although of late his muse

has been somewhat dormant, the Lodge being situated within his old walking radius, he has still the inestimable privilege of taking his trusty stick into his hand, and enjoying a daily ramble along paths he loved in his early years, and still dear to him in his days of darkness.

For some years Mr Shanks' literary efforts were confined to poetic composition, as being more easily retained on the memory. In his large and interesting volume entitled "The Peasant Poets of Scotland, and Musings under the Beeches" (Bathgate: Laurence Gilbertson, 1881,) he tells us in his biographical sketch that the change from verse to prose was effected in this wise:—"Several gentlemen of my acquaintance belonging to Bathgate, possessed of a literary turn, were in the habit of looking me up in my retreat, and spending a summer afternoon with me, beneath the shade of the stately beeches that surround the farm steading of Deans. At one of these meetings it was resolved to start a literary society or club in Bathgate for the purpose of cultivating a taste for poetry and general literature. The office of President was unanimously conferred upon me, and 'Under the Beeches' fixed upon as the title of the society, in compliment to my favourite musing ground. The acceptance of the office of President put upon me the necessity of preparing an inaugural address, which was most cordially received by the members, and the same having been published in full in the local journals, attracted even more attention than my verses. . . . The result convinced me that the difficulties in the way of preparing, retaining, and delivering a prose oration entirely from memory, although great, were not so formidable as I had anticipated, and that my memory was capable of bearing a more severe strain than any to which it had as yet been subjected. During the four years in succession in which I held the office of President of this

Society, I prepared and delivered several papers upon our Peasant Poets with such acceptance to its members that they unanimously requested me to deliver them in public. This I at first refused to do, partly from a dread that the novelty of the situation might cause my memory to turn traitor, and partly from a doubt that I possessed the requisite amount of self-confidence to make an effective public speaker; but upon being further pressed on the subject, I ultimately consented."

He afterwards delivered a number of lectures in Bathgate, Airdrie, and in other neighbouring towns, and wherever he went he was enthusiastically received. Well might he add :—"Some idea of the severe strain on the memory which these public deliverances caused me may be gathered from the fact that they occupied close upon two hours in delivery, and this feat of memory, of which I feel not a little proud, I am happy to say was accomplished without a single hitch, thus proving that we little know of what we are capable until we actually try. . . . Although my life has been blasted in mid-career, and my hopes of becoming a successful competitor in the race of life have been blighted, I hold on to the even tenor of my quiet and humble way, satisfied with the gifts that God has given me,—reconciled to my fate, and content with the exercise of the limited means and opportunities that yet remain to me of rendering a modicum of service to society, and of redeeming my life from the charge of utter indolence. Thanks to the good wishes and sympathy of many friends; thanks also to my violin, and to that trusty and handy companion—my stick, I am now enabled to extract from life an average amount of enjoyment."

We have not left ourselves much space in which to refer to Mr Shanks' volumes, or to give a critical estimate of his powers. He has now been so long and so widely and favourably known that this is

hardly necessary. His first work was published in 1868 by Messrs Seton & Mackenzie, Edinburgh, under the advice of the late Mr Ballantyne, author of "Ilka Blade o' Grass." So favourable was its reception that, in 1872, he was encouraged to prepare another and more ambitious work, the publishers being Messrs Baird & Hamilton, Airdrie—a first, and a second edition being speedily disposed of. This was followed by the large and handsome volume of lectures, sketches, and verse referred to at the outset. As a prose-writer, Mr Shanks shows that he possesses sound judgment, and a wide and thorough knowledge of every subject he takes in hand. In both his prose and verse there is scarcely a page but what bears the stamp not only of the preacher, the teacher, and the philosopher, but also the evidence of genuine inspiration. He is ever beautiful and pleasing, and all his utterances are elegantly expressed, and fraught with poetic merit.

MUSIC.

Music, music, heart-stirring music!
Oh, what a power hast thou over the soul!
Plaintively dwelling, or martially swelling,—
O'er gayest and saddest alike thy control.
At sound of thy stirring strain, drooping hearts rise amain;
Higher the bosom-swell, bolder the eye;
Strong and determined men tread the firm earth again,
Onward to conquer, or nobly to die.

Music, music, mirth-making music!
Welcome, thrice welcome, twin sister of song;
The pipe and the tabor will sweeten our labour,
And send the life-blood gaily coursing along.
Then, hail! mirth and pleasure, come tread in the measure;
The bow ever bent will be broken at last;
Some dark cloud of sorrow may find us to-morrow,—
And life's gladdest moments are fleeting and fast.

Music, music, soul-melting music!
The heart's deepest pathos is heard in thy flow.

Thou sweet voice of feeling, enchanting, revealing
The strength of our love or the depth of our woe!
Fond hearts adore thee, sad hearts implore thee,
Thrilling each fibre of life to the core.
Child of the nursing knee, cradled in melody,
The whispering of angels thy slumbers restore.

Music, music, heavenly music!
Wonder and gratitude bursting in song!
Earth-incense, ascending, to heaven thou art wending,
And chorusing worlds swell the cadence along.
Strike, then, the sacred lyre, join with the angel-choir,
Hosanna! hosanna! the anthem to raise:—
No greater beauty, then, no higher duty, then,—
The creature his God and Creator to praise!

CURLING SONG.

Old England may her cricket boast,
Her wickets, bats, and a' that;
And proudly her Eleven toast,
Wi' right good will and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's but bairns' play for a' that;
The channel stane on icy plain
Is king o' games for a' that.

And Erin's sons at wake and fair,
Wi' roar and yell and a' that,
May toss shillelahs in the air,
And crack their croons, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
And better far than a' that,
Our roaring game aye keeps the flame
O' friendship bright for a' that.

When biting Boreas, keen and snell,
Wi' icy breath, and a' that,
Lays on the lochs his magic spell,
And stills the streams, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Cauld winter's snaw, and a' that,
Around the tee, wi' mirth and glee,
The curlers meet, for a' that.

But see yon cowerin' cauldrife coof,
Wi' chitterin' teeth, and a' that,
In muffler, coat, and gloves on 's loof
Wi' drap at 's nose for a' that;

For a' that, and a' that,
As warm's a pie, and a' that,
The hardy Scot will cast his coat,
And play his game for a' that.

As in the serious game o' life,
Mischances aft befa' that,
So we must guard in curling strife
The winning stane, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Up through the port for a' that,
Some cunning hand, to skip's command,
May wick her out for a' that.

When bluid-red sets the winter sun,
Three ringing cheers, an' a that,
Proclaim the bonspiel play is won
By dint o' skill, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Wi' better luck, and a' that,
Opponents may, some ither day,
Clean turn the bauks, for a' that.

Now to the "howff" the curlers throng,
For beef and greens, and a' that,
And spend the night wi' toast and song,
Tho' Templars gibe at a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
We'll pledge the toast for a' that,
Auld Scotland's name, and Scotland's fame,
And Scotland's game, for a' that.

And when the score o' life is made,
As made 'twill be, for a' that,
When hin-han death's last shot is played,
And time's a hog, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Our besom friends for a' that,
We'll joyful meet, each rink complete,
Round higher tee for a' that.

THE WAYSIDE WANDERER.

The wind blew keen;
The snow fell fast;
Loud howled the fierce
And biting blast;

And shrieked the storm-fiends as they swept
The bleak and barren moor :—
"Woe to the wildered, wandering wight!
Woe to the houseless poor!"

On lonely seat,
By lonely way,
A mother sat
In sore dismay.
Her infant to her breast she strained
To hush its plaintive cry ;
But nourishment had none to give,—
The mother's fount was dry.

Yet more to fend
Its feeble form
From cruel cold
And surly storm,
Within her garments' scanty folds
(Worn thin, alas! and bare)
She wrapped its tender form ;—but all
In vain her loving care.

She hoped, she prayed
There might appear
Some one to help—
No one came near.
"Great God! have mercy on my babe,
If not on me!" she cried ;
But soon was hushed its plaint : the child
Gazed in her face—and died.

Bereft, forlorn,
She fondly prest
Its lifeless form
To childless breast.
Life's last fond tie had snapped : to die
Her only wish was now.
Hope fled,—and gaunt Despair sat throned
Upon her pallid brow.

No frantic cry
Expressed her grief ;
No streaming tears
Vouchsafed relief.
All motionless she sat. Day went,
And night unheeded came ;
But still the snow and howling storm
Beat on her rigid frame.

In pity moved,
To end her woe,
Death kindly dealt
His welcome blow.
Howl on ye winds! that mother now
Heeds not the tempest's roar.
One gaze—one last and fond embrace;
One kiss—and all was o'er.

A shepherd's dog
At dawn of day
Its master drew
To where they lay
Half buried in a wreath of snow;—
But all too late to save.
In lonely churchyard they were laid
Within a pauper's grave.

Though marks their last
Lone place of rest
No marble stone
With sculptured crest;
Yet there, on Sundays, often do
The village maidens go,
And strew with flowers the mother's grave
Who perished in the snow.

THE STURDY WHIN.

Oh, a rare old bush is the sturdy whin,
He is king of the grassy lea;
How bravely he grows, how stoutly he shows
His spear-points to the enemy;
Yet he rivals the broom, in golden bloom,
In the bright merry month of May:
And the linnet knows where the whin bush blows,
And there safely he sings away;
Smiling at their joyful din,
Oh, a rare old bush is the sturdy whin!

He returns with a scowl the whirlwind's howl,
That uproots the tall forest tree;
And bravely and bold he clings to his hold
Of the green and the grassy lea.
He defies the storm, and he laughs with scorn
At the royal oak lying low;
And hearty and green, in winter he's seen,
Slyly peeping from under the snow;
Blow high, blow low, he cares not a pin,—
Oh, a brave old bush is the sturdy whin!

Though surly and grim looks the sturdy whin,
Yet a kindly old heart has he ;
By the might of his arm, he shields from harm,
The lowly and weak on the lea ;
The wily hawk fears his clump of sharp spears
That bristle on every twig ;
And the baffled hound recoils with a bound
As he howls on the green lea rig ;
Refuge finds the hare within
The citadel rare of the sturdy whin !

" Touch me who dare," is the bold motto rare
That he bears on the grassy lea ;
Then long may the whin, where the linnets sing,
Be the home of true liberty.
Though the farmer may frown, and mark him down
From his green fields so trig and trim,
In vigour and pride, on the mountain side,
He doth flourish in spite of him ;
Securely there, with gleesome grin,
Disdainfully chuckles the sturdy whin !

THE SKYLARK.

See ! the scouts of dawn are peeping
Cautious o'er the eastern waves ;
And the shades of night are creeping
Stealthy back to gloomy caves.

Like a lovely bride adorning,
Smiling hopeful through her tears,
Earth throws off her weeds of mourning,
And in veil of lace appears.

Borne upon the laughing billows,
Comes the bridegroom, King of day,
Radiant from his rosy pillows,
Kissing all earth's tears away.

Songs of praise and welcome singing
Are blithe throats from wood and lea ;
And earth's temple-dome is ringing
With a glorious minstrelsy.

Over meadow, moor and mountain,
Over dingle, dale and dell,
Over river, fell and fountain,
Hark ! the lark I love so well !

O'er the mist that shrouds the valley,
Lightly on love's pinions borne,
Thou art sounding thy reveillé,
Cloud-capped trumpeter of morn.

Listening to thy song of beauty,
Leader of the tuneful train,
Sweetly blending love and duty
Seemed the spirits of thy strain—

Morn is advancing, and gleaming and glancing—
Leaping and dancing—the waves of the sea;
The grey dawn is breaking—awaking, thou'rt shaking
The dew from thy grey wing, sweet lark of the lea.

Lightly up-springing, now gaily thou'rt winging,
Lovingly hymning thy matinal prayer;
Fluttering, muttering, joyfully uttering
Thy welcome, dear light-loving sun-bird in air.

Bright with dew glist'ning, the pleased earth is list'ning
Day's tuneful christ'ning, from meadow and grove;
Heaven's praises ascending—earth's blessing descending—
How sweet is thy blending of duty and love!

JOHN PAUL,

A POET whose productions evince much beauty, pathos, and simplicity, was born at Woodside, St Madoes, Carse of Gowrie, in 1853. His father was then a ploughman, but being a man of considerable intelligence, he ultimately became a farm greive. His mother frequently betook herself to "out work" on the farm so that she might earn a little to help to feed, clothe, and educate her children. In harvest she was wont to shear with the hook, while her infant would be lying sleeping, or kicking by the side of a stook.

When the subject of our sketch was three years of age, his parents removed to the little village of Long-*forgan*, and at the Parish School there he received the

best education the honest dominie could afford. Leaving school in the spring of 1869, he apprenticed himself to the trade of a joiner in the village of Abernyte. Busy during the day in his calling, his evenings were spent either in examining the natural beauty of his surroundings or trying to frame his thoughts into good form through the vehicle of verse. John Paul never fails to speak of the early influences for good which his home exerted on him, and doubtless his love of reading was fostered by the kindly encouragement of his parents. At this period he wrote a large number of juvenile verses, which early effusions have, we believe, been duly consigned to the flames.

In 1873 Mr Paul removed to Dundee, where he presently holds a position of trust under the well-known firm of Messrs Baxter Brothers & Co. From Mr Ford's "Poets' Album," in the *Weekly News*, we learn that our poet is quite the centre of a little coterie of working men with literary and theological leanings. His quiet, unassuming manner, his geniality, and the sterling transparency of his character make him largely esteemed by a wide circle of friends. For a working man his range of reading is extensive. While drawing up this sketch we were told that he has, with "stoury" coat, been seen emerging from the mill deep in the intricacies of Plato's *Republic*. He is an elder in Clepington Parish Church, but perhaps in no connection is he better known in Dundee than with those Sabbath forenoon meetings, held week by week for the poorer classes of children, at which gatherings a visit from John Paul creates quite a sensation. In addition to excellent literary gifts, he possesses a peculiar talent for dealing with the bairns, and it does one's heart good to see how eagerly the wee eyes glisten and the young heads lean forward to listen to the "old, old story" so winningly told by our poetic friend. This work is very near his heart, and did you take the

liberty of upbraiding him with giving thus the cold shoulder to his first love of poetry, he would not be slow in answering that the bairns had stolen his heart away, and what was in him of the poet is giving place to the Children's Missionary. Quite recently he was successful in carrying off the first prize medal at Edinburgh which the Church of Scotland Young Men's Guilds had offered for essays. The subject of his essay was "The Poetry of the Bible."

In Mr Paul's muse, contributed mainly to the local press, we find many sweet and touching home pictures, evidently written by a man of wholesome taste and loving spirit. He has the faculty of delicately touching little things, and the scenes he depicts are eminently natural.

MY FATHER AN' MY MITHER.

A joy surpassin' feeble praise
  Brings tears aft to my e'en,
When pictures o' my laddie days
  Appear on memory's screen.
Wi' fitfu' flash they come an' go,
  Each following up the ither;
An' aye I see in sunny glow
  My father an' my mither.

  My father an' my mither, lads,
    They've trauchled lang thegether;
  May blessin's fa' upon the twa—
    My father an' my mither.

They struggled hard to gi'e us lear,
  That we micht a' obtain
A higher place, an' burdens bear
  Less heavy than their ain.
I bless them noo for what they've dune,
  An' while life's storm they weather
My heartfelt prayer shall rise abune
  For father an' for mither.

I mind we made the kettle sing,
  To cheer them, tired and lame;
An' cheerie did our voices ring
  To gi'e them welcome hame.

At ilka cheek we set their chairs,
While circled round we'd gather,
An' tell oor little griefs an' cares
To father an' to mither.

When ower the earth nicht's mantle fell,
An' joined us a' at e'en—
The picture mak's my bosom swell,
I'll ne'er forget the scene—
Oor laddie cares awa' we hurled
When rompin' a' thegither,
An' king an' queen o' oor sma' world
Was father aye an' mither.

Ye stirrin' pictures o' the past,
I'm wae when ye depart;
I love to be thus backward cast
To laddiehood in heart.
Come aft an' guide my thochts awa'
Frae earth's cauld heartless swither,
To childhood's scenes sae artless a'—
To father an' to mither.

My father an' my mither, lads,
They trauchled lang thegither;
May blessin's fa' upon the twa—
My father an' my mither.

WHEN WE ARE FAR AWA'.

The bonnie place, the dear auld hame,
Maun noo be left by a';
A sacred memory an' a name
Is a' we bear awa'.

The feathered poets o' the grove
Will ope their hearties sma',
But ither ears will list their love,
When we are far awa'.

The bloomin' floo'rs will aye be there
Bedecking Nature braw,
But ither e'en their joy will share
When we are far awa'.

We'll hear the birds 'neath ither skies
An' see the floo'rets blaw;
But, oh, a clay-cauld head noo lies
Within the kirkyaird wa'.

Where'er we gang a memory dear
O' scenes beyond reca'—
A livin' past—will aye be near
To cheer us for awa'.

BE A MAN.

Forward at the call of duty,
Like a hero in the van;
Firmly tread the upward journey,
Rough the path may be and thorny,
Onward still, and be a man.

Forward at the call of honour,
Place all evil under ban;
Rout the vile with deeds of daring,
Meet the world with noble bearing,
Head erect, and be a man.

Forward at the call of justice,
Truth and right thy noble plan;
Bravely meet the foul transgressors,
Boldly face the base oppressors,
Live in truth, and be a man.

Forward at the call of mercy,
Help the helpless while you can;
Bear to all a kindly feeling,
With the erring gently dealing,
Cheer the sad, and be a man.

Forward at the call of Heaven,
And the heights of glory scan;
No surrender, no abating;
See, perfection's crown is waiting,
Love thy God, and be a man.

JAMIE.

See him on the smiddy floor,
Swingin' roond the heavy hammer,
Beatin' doon the iron dour,
Ne'er a miss, an' ne'er a stammer;
Ready aye to do his duty;
Ready aye wi' helpin' hand;
Ready aye to joke and banter,
Quick to see and understand.

Big an' little, great an' sma',
Find him honest an' ootspoken;
Richt he lats fu' crousely craw,
Wrang gets aye its croonie broken.
Wae betide a' false pretences;
Wae betide a' foreign airs;
Wae betide ilk trait eccentric—
Mimic Jamie never spares.

Come ye wi' a story queer,
Jamie aye can tell a queerer;
Questions droll he has to speir,
An' ye'll no lauch doon the speirer.
Muckle kens he 'bout a' fishes;
Muckle kens 'bout birds an' swine;
Muckle kens 'about things uncommon,
Never seen in printed line.

Roguish e'en an' rosy face;
Short o' stature, unco sturdy;
Fu' o true dramatic grace.
Action fittin' ilka wordie.
Fu' o' mirth-provokin' capers,
Acted ower an' ower again;
Clever, kind, and true is Jamie—
Ane o' nature's gentlemen.

JAMES PAUL,

BROTHER of the subject of the previous sketch, was born at Longforgan, a village at the eastern extremity of Perthshire, in 1859. As a boy he was full of pranks and mischief. On one occasion he held a lighted match to a hole in the posterior of a companion's trousers, from which part of the under-clothing was protruding, the result being that he all but set the poor fellow's garments on fire. In some of his "ploys" he got his hand so severely crushed that three of his fingers were permanently injured—the misfortune only

being noticed when it was too late to remedy the matter, though an effort was made to straighten the crooked fingers by strapping a board across the palm, which secured for him the nickname of "Boardie." The "spae-wives" of the village predicted, however, that he was to be "the minister" member of the family. At this time his father removed to the farm of Flocklones, in the same parish, and James, at the age of seven, was, along with several brothers, sent to Longforgan parish school. The ravenous hunger they often felt on reaching home in the evening was once well illustrated by the salute of one of his brothers:—"Ony cauld porridge, auld scones, or onything?" They had tea and loaf-bread only once a year—at Hansel Monday, at which festive season they each contributed their long-hoarded penny, bought a loaf, and had a much-relished treat of tea and toast. Although he frequently gathered the cottar bairns into a wooden shed, and "addressed" them from the top of a barrel, his inconsistency continued to manifest itself in "wicked deeds," until he was ten years of age, when he was sent to herd cows at Mylnefield, by the side of the Tay, in which he often "dooket" three times a-day. He had many hair-breadth escapes and adventures—the cows, on such occasions, being left to look after themselves.

Having attended school during three winters, and reached his thirteenth year, he was sent to farm work, at which he remained till he was sixteen. On account of his deformed hand, he had to seek other employment. Accordingly he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in the parish of Tealing, but he had not been many months at the trade when he began to feel a deep interest in religion, which resulted in spiritual renewal. Intellectual regeneration began, and he became possessed of a perfect passion for learning. *He longed* to go to college, and to become a

minister; but, alas! he had neither the necessary preparatory training nor the means of support. His friends were also opposed to the step, but night and day his mind was filled with the purpose of his heart, and his master having agreed to "let him off," he quitted Hillside, and went to Dundee, where an acquaintance had promised to give him lessons in classics and mathematics. While continuing to pursue the craft sacred to St Crispin, he began to "chew" his Latin roots during all his spare hours. Seeing that he was thoroughly in earnest, and making good progress, his friends "came round," and enabled him, ere entering the University, to attend a session at the Dundee High School, where he succeeded in gaining four prizes.

In 1878 Mr Paul went to Edinburgh University, where, after a hard pull of two years, he took a bursary. He had highest honours in the Class of Moral Philosophy, and in the Class of Logic and Metaphysics he was amongst the few whom Professor Fraser enjoined to continue in after years the study of mental philosophy. Professor Masson, of the class of Rhetoric and English Literature complimented him on his power of conceiving a subject or work, and spoke of his literary style as characterised by clear and fine expression. His persevering struggles and close application, however, began to tell on him, and when the period came for entering the Hall, he was unfortunately laid aside through overwork. He entered the Free Church Divinity Hall, Edinburgh, in 1883, and every year he has been able to obtain a scholarship. Mr Paul is also an active member of the Temperance, Missionary, Debating, and Musical societies. After completing three sessions of his theological course, he was severely injured while rendering assistance in removing furniture during the great fire at Balruddery House, Forfarshire. Both his legs were broken, his left foot was sorely crushed, and he was conveyed to the

Dundee Royal Infirmary, where he was confined for seventeen weeks. Although the long period of weakness which thus supervened threw him behind, he bore his sufferings cheerfully, and looked forward hopefully to the future.

Mr Paul began to write poetry when about sixteen, and from that age on till he reached his twentieth year, he composed a great many pieces, all of which, however, he destroyed. He found that poetic composition was the means of giving him command of language and precision of thought, eliciting powers of observation, and training sympathetic feelings. He has been a frequent contributor to the Dundee newspapers, the *Fifeshire Journal*, to which he for a time wrote its "Edinburgh Letter," in the form of racy and vigorous notes, entitled "Echoes from Edina," and afterwards contributed to the same journal a series of clever and humorous papers—"Havers frae Hoolitneuk." He has also written for several Christmas Annuals—notably "Strathearn Chimes," a capital book of story and song, edited by Mr A. B. Bell, in which he has a vigorous prose sketch above the *nom-de-plume* of "White Tie," a name which, we understand, he has frequently used. Articles and poems from his pen have also appeared in the columns of the *Glasgow Weekly Citizen*, the *Ladies' Journal*, and other magazines and papers. An admirer of his lines sent "The Poor Man Dying" to Mr Sankey, and received the reply—"Well done, James Paul; long may he live to write such admirable verses." We heartily endorse the opinion of such a competent judge. Mr Paul's poetry shows both pathos and humour of no common kind. He has the faculty of writing vigorous and healthy verse; and his command of "oor mither tongue" proves that, though with many it may be dying as a spoken language, it is still kept alive in its most vital form—*that of* poetry.

MY GRANNIE'S BIBLE.

I've glowered aroond museums fu' o' ancient art an' lore,
An' rummaged wizard relics e' the sage an' skilled o' yore,
But what has richer charms for me, an' far excels them a',
Is grannie's Gaelic Bible in the crevice o' the wa'.

They tell's, atweel, my grandsire's earthly day was early dune;
The auld book was a lamp to licht his road to realms abune;
Wi' weetit een I've heard aboot his gracious rede an' wise;
His gloamin' prayers ahent the hoose, an' hallowed times he'd prize.

It wants a brod, an' if ye touch't, it near hand sindry comes;
Its leaves are strung thegither slack wi' strengthless threeds an' thrums;
It's a' sae stained wi' stour, ye scarce can scan a verse ava;
It ochtna to be han'led o'er, but hod aye in the wa'.

It's easy seen it bears the blurs o' saut repentant tears;
They're brawly kent frae damp an' dust, an' a' the scathe o' years;
The sacred draps that drenched the page thae round it flecks maun be—
There's ane just richt abune the text—Ha'e mercy, Lord, on me.

A tawny tattered leaf atween the Auld Will an' the New
Contains the family register, wi' care an' rev'rence due;
The crispit rim an' welkit write preclude the anxious e'e
Frae facts o' life an' death, an' what my grannie's age may be.

Though far frae hame I sune may be, ower alien tilth an' tide,
Whare savage hirsels ramp an' roar, an' dun barbarians bide,
I'll aye revere an' bear in mind, whare'er my lines may fa',
My grannie's Gaelic Bible in the crevice o' the wa'.

THE POOR MAN DYING.*

I've trauchled lang, I've trauchled sair,
An' noo I'm fairly dune;
But death, my dearest freend, will come,
He's comin', comin' sune
To choke my breath, to glaze my e'e,
An' bring relief an' rest to me.

God kens I've no been o' the best—
I'm fu' o fauts an' sins;
Ah me, nae wonder aften ower

My cheek the saut tear rins.
Ma'am, sing, oh! sing afore I dee—
"The gate—the gate ajar for me."

Lang oot o' wark, half-cled, half-dead
Wi' hunger sharp and grim,
Up to the Breakfast Hall I gaed,
An' heard that bonnie hymn—
"Oh! depth of mercy, can it be,
That gate was left ajar for me?"

"For me—for me," they slowly sang:
For me, for *me*? thought I.
"Mercy for you, for me, for all,"
I heard the preacher cry.
O mates, I tell ye ere I dee
That made me gled as gled could be.

I'm wae to leave my wife an' bairns,
Mair wae, mair wae by far
To think they're starvin', starvin' stark,
An' I kenna whare they are;
Tell them gin ere their face ye see,
The gate was left ajar for me.

My hands an' feet are growin' cauld,
My heart dunts faint an' slow;
Shak' hands, shak' hands afore I quit
A life, a world o' woe.
Farewell, farewell, for noo I see
The gate o' heaven ajar for me.

* Near Edinburgh, in a barn among straw, a poor man lay dying. He sent for the farmer's wife, and as she stooped over him he said, "Oh, sing—

'Depth of mercy can it be,
That gate was left ajar for me!'"

Not knowing the hymn, she asked what he meant. He explained—"They sing it at the breakfast."—*The Story of the Drill Hall Breakfast, June, 1883.*

THE DAUGHTER'S LAMENT.

She's awa', she's awa' frae the Heelant ha',
And awa' frae the sorrow and pain;
And I'm doited to think hoo I'll manage ava
To live in my shealin' alane.

She's awa' frae me noo, and oh! what a trouble
She's been, the Lord only can ken;
But e'en though the care and the trauchle were double,
I'd thole them to get her again.

Freends say she was auld, and the auld folk maun dee—
  She was gaen in her hundreth year—
What comfort, what comfort can that bring to me,
  What cordial my spirit to cheer?

She's awa', she's awa', and my heart's noo in twa;
  But oor Father in Heaven's aye the same;
And if He sent the angel that took her awa',
  He'll gladden my desolate hame.

HAPPY BAIRNS.

The crystal-crispit burnie winds
  An' dances doon the den;
The bonnie wavin' wild flowers
  Are bricht wi' bloom again;
The gratefu' birds are singin' forth
  Their soul-enchantin' lays;
An', best o' a', the blowzy bairns
  Are boundin' on the braes.

It's fine to doze an' dream within
  A cosy sheltered nook,
Or watch the greetin' lambies rin
  Alang a brattlin' brook;
But nocht has cheered me half sae weel,
  In a' my wanderin' ways,
As the lauchin' an' the loupin' o'
  The bairnies on the braes.

I've listened to a lady's sang
  Until my een were weet,
An' aft in bosky bowers enjoyed
  Communion blest and sweet,
But a' the blindin' joys o' love
  Could ne'er my heart upraise
Like the singin' an' the springin' o'
  The bairnies on the braes.

Fareweel, ye cheery, chubby elves,
  I noo maun hie me hame;
Lang may ye live to sport yourselves
  Exempt from bane and blame.
The day I fling ye hearty thanks,
  The morn I'll print yer praise—
Atweel, I'll tell the world yer pranks
  Upon the bonnie braes.

UNDER THE CYPRESS.

"What mak's ye sae absent an dreamy?"
I said to her saftly a'e day.
She replied, "Little Kittie and Jamie
Are noo a' the comfort I ha'e;
My thochts are awa wi' their father,
An' fain would I drap doon an' dee;
For half o' my heart is buried
Deep under the cypress tree."

We loved, oh! we loved ane anither,
And ance in the gloamin' I said,
"We're far ower happy thegither;
This winna last lang, dear, I dread."
I didna think what I was sayin',
I didna dream what was to be;
For half o' my heart is buried
Deep under the cypress tree."

I saw her outstretched and chilly
In the hush o' her lang, lang rest,
An' wearin' a bonnie fresh lily
Abloom on her marble breast.
Fair emblem it seemed o' her candour,
Fair type o' her sweetness to me—
Ah! half o' my heart is buried
Deep under the cypress tree.

An' puir little Jamie and Kittie
Are cast on the cauld world noo,
Wi' nane to protect or to pity,
And naething to fill their wee mou',
O, God o' the hameless orphan,
May they ha'e a parent in Thee,
Sin' their father an' mother are buried
Deep under the cypress tree.

JAMES PETER WHITTET

WAS born in Balhousie Castle, near Perth, in 1834. His father was a merchant and ship-owner of the port, which, before the introduction of *railways*, was a thriving and busy place. He received

his education at the Academy of Perth. From his frequent visits to the harbour, his early predilections were to follow "a life on the rolling wave," but young Whittet was sent to the counting-house of a firm, of which a friend of the family was the principal. In the circumstances he was a frequent guest at his master's table, where he met many of the rising artists and literary men of the time.

Mr Whittet resided in Edinburgh for nearly eight years, mostly under the roof of the cashier of the firm, Mr Hume, son of Alexander Hume, the well-known composer of the music of "Flow gently, sweet Afton," "The Emigrant's Farewell," &c. The Hume family all inherited the musical talents of their father, and, while naturally extremely fond of music, no doubt this connection had something to do with the developing of a taste which led Mr Whittet to give expression in music to a variety of sonnets he from time to time composed. In 1858 he returned to his native city, to assist his father in his business. He was then one of the first to espouse the volunteer movement, being secretary of the original corps formed in Perth. He continued one of its most enthusiastic members for nearly ten years, when, in conjunction with his younger brother, he succeeded to the old-established business of his uncle, who retired in favour of his nephews. On the death of his father both businesses were conjoined, and are now conducted by the firm, of which Mr J. P. Whittet is the sole survivor. During the past twelve years Mr Whittet has been a prominent member of the Town Council of Perth. He occupied a Magisterial chair for four years, and, in November, 1887, he was elevated to the highest position his fellow citizens could confer upon him—that of Lord Provost of the city of Perth, a position which he now holds with credit to himself and satisfaction to the community. He has a decided literary taste, inherited

doubtless from his mother, who was descended from the same M'Kenzies as the author of "The Man of Feeling." His poetry is marked by keen and tender feeling, with occasional light and airy fancies, while his children's songs and sacred pieces are such as appeal to the heart, and show a thoughtful and elevated mind.

OH WHY DOST THOU DISTURB MY DREAM?

Oh why dost thou disturb my dreams,
Alike by night and day,
Why haunt me with thy presence, love,
And thou so far away?
I fain would banish thoughts of thee,
Forget the blissful past,
And in a dark oblivion
Thy memory would cast.

Why didst thou cross my pilgrim's path,
Like flash of sunbeam bright,
And leave me then to pine and mourn,
As in the gloom of night?
With thee my fondest hopes have fled;
Deserted and alone
I feel a weary wanderer,
Left in this world to roam.

And yet, methinks some mystic bond
True loving souls unite—
A chord connecting heart to heart,
Where love oft wings its flight;
Then on this silvery chord of faith
Oh waft some hope to me,—
A cheering word, tho' breathed in sigh,
Is all I ask from thee.

DOWN IN THE MIGHTY DEEP.

Soundly he slumbers, down in the mighty deep,
No stormy tempest disturbs his tranquil sleep,
The wild dashing waves may in their fury rise,
But calm is the spot where the sailor boy lies.

Oft thro' the fierce main the gallant ship bore him,
And the sacred "Jack" floated proudly o'er him;

Ah ! now he's at peace, his slumbers are holy,
Tho' down in the deep the sailor lies lowly.

No beaten pathway leads o'er the trackless sea
To the ocean bed of the brave and the free ;
No fond mother weeps o'er his lonely pillow,
As gently he sleeps 'neath the foaming billow.

The sea-gull now glides o'er the home of the brave,
As silent he rests in his lone ocean grave ;
And now the sad waves, as they roll o'er the sea,
Chant a mourufal dirge for the brave and the free.

THE HAPPY HOURS OF CHILDHOOD'S DREAMS.

The happy hours of childhood's dreams
  Oh ! how I cherish yet,
Those hours of purest thoughts and joys
  I never shall forget ;
Still mem'ry oft in fancy's flight
  Revisits days gone by,
Recalling friendships long dissolv'd—
  Days pass'd without a sigh.

'Twas then my mother's gentle voice—
  As yesterday it seems,
Her counsels whispered in my ear,
  And flush'd my childhood's dreams.
My youth's fond friends, where are they now ?
  And I left thus alone !
Ah ! some repose in tranquil sleep
  Where sorrows are unknown.

Still, hov'ring round in vision's sight,
  Methinks lov'd ones I see,
How sacred is the memory
  Of forms so dear to me.
Tho' years roll o'er in rapid flight,
  Yet still I'll ling'ring gaze
Back on those scenes of youthful joys,
  And cherish bygone days.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

A CAROL.

Come let us, now adoring,
  Join in the Angel's song,
List', 'tis the herald's anthem,
  Let us its strains prolong.

Behold! lo, in the heavens,
A glorious host appearing,
Sing praises, sweetest praises,
To Christ, our Saviour King—
Sing praises, sweetest praises,
To Christ, our Saviour King.

Oh! come on this blest evening
With rapture and delight,
And with the ancient shepherds,
In faith, behold the sight
Of Jesus in the manger—
The babe of unborn days;
In holy adoration
His glorious advent praise—
In holy adoration
His glorious advent praise.

He came from highest heaven,
From realms of glory bright,
Down to our sin-stained world,
To shed eternal light.
He came for our salvation,
From sin to set us free.
Oh! blessed, blessed Jesus,
Our thanks we give to Thee—
Oh! blessed, blessed Jesus,
Our thanks we give to Thee.

Then with the vast creation—
With men and seraphs bright,
With suns of shining glory,
And stars with flick'ring light—
Join in the heavenly chorus,
The joyful anthem sing:
In Bethlehem's stable manger
Was born our Saviour King—
In Bethlehem's lowly manger
Was born our Saviour King.

DAVID RAE

WAS born at Dumfries in 1853. A few years after, his parents removed to Dalbeattie, where David was educated. His father, who was a baker in Dalbeattie, built up a good provincial trade, now carried on by his mother under the management of his brothers. The scenery of the valley of the Urr had a decided influence over our poet, and in satisfying a natural taste for drawing, he got into a habit of rhyming. Longing to see more of the world, he visited India, New Zealand, South America, the United States, and the better known of the Mediterranean ports. Returning again to his native land, he settled down in Glasgow in connection with a manufactory that did a large export trade. He had for some time the management of the whole business, but, owing to ill-health, he was reluctantly compelled to give up this situation. At present Mr Rae is secretary of the "Glass Stainers' Company," Glasgow. He has written a good deal of very thoughtful prose and poetry, and many of his "bits" have appeared in the columns of the *Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser* and other newspapers. Recently he published a vigorous and well-sustained dramatic poem, entitled "Dundrennan Abbey." Some of his sonnets are neat and suggestive, while all his productions are of a reflective nature. A substance of thought pervades them, and the sentiment is always elevating and hopeful.

THINK—THINK—THINK.*

Think—think—think—
With never a day's respite;
Think—think—think—
With cramped wrist I write.

*Sir Walter Scott bitterly lamented the loss of his Sabbaths, and exclaimed, amid the teeming creations of his wondrous mind, "O, that I were a tailor, and not an author; for then I would at least have Sunday!"

Think and write—write and think—
Forging links for a plot,
And throwing a chain o'er my burden'd brain,
And the dungeon-hold of Thought.

Think—think—think—
A page is filled so slow;
Think—think—think—
And the days they come and go;
While so little is seen
Of the work that I do,
That I lose the thread of my tale in dread
Of the failure looming in view.

Think—write—think—
Till clasped by kindly sleep;
I think and write with ease,
With a pen that seems to leap.
O! to wake and find it false,
Is a rivet in the chain
That I wear till night shuts out daylight,
To dream it o'er again.

Think—think—think—
O! for a single day
Beside some river's brink,
Like a simple child at play;
To feel as once I felt,
When Thought was life's sunshine,
And not a stone that drags me down
To age before my time.

TAKEN AWAY.*

Wretched his fallen state,
Welcoming Death!
Utterly desolate,
Painful his breath.

At the grim monster's dart
Wells from his shrivell'd heart
Thoughts that more gall impart
Into his moan—
Gloomy futurity,
Weight to his agony,
Dying alone!

* "Last night an old man was admitted after hours, and was found dead *in he morning.*"—*Workhouse Report.*

Wretch'd his present state—
Painful the strife—
Utterly desolate,
Battling for life!

With not a mortal near,
With not a voice to cheer,
Nothing to stifle fear—
Solitude's Own!
Deep depth of loneliness,
Chaos of wretchedness—
Dying alone!

Utterly desolate,
Painful his breath—
Glad at his coming fate,
Welcoming Death!

Think of his closing eyes!
Oh! how he vainly tries
His swimming head to rise,
Gasping for breath!
What of the soul that flies
Up to its native skies,
Ne'er to know Death?
Hush! hush, your whispering tongue
Dare not to talk of doom,
Seal'd now his fate:—
Sooner should help have come
Into the silent room—
Now, 'tis too late!

Naught but the clay God gave,
Never a moan;
Write o'er the pauper's grave,
"He died alone!"

Say that ye knew not
He lay in his death-cot,
Gasping his last!
Oh! 'tis a horrid thought—
No woman's hand brought
Water, to cool his throat
'Fore life was past,
For had but a single eye
Seen his great agony—
Tearfully seen him—
He might, 'midst his blindness,
Have thought of the kindness
Of God, scanning Sin!

Dark, black futurity,
Weight to his agony,
Wilder his mutiny,
Dying alone!
Back to the God who gave—
Hush'd now his groan—
Carve o'er his pauper grave,
"He died alone!"
Utterly desolate,
Painful his breath—
Glad at his coming fate,
Welcoming Death!

PER RAIL.

Through the woods, and over streams,
Flashing like a gleam of light,
Through the cleft and rugged ravines,
Crashing on with thunderous might
Past the crossing where the children
Wave their arms and lustily cheer;
Thro' the meadow, where the filly
Scampers off as we draw near.

O'er the viaduct, now rolling
With the river far below,
Where the angler, I see strolling,
Wary where his line to throw,
Round a curve with sinuous motion
What a sight salutes the eye!
Yonder lies the heaving ocean,
Bounded, westward by the sky!

But the gladden'd eye scarce sees it
Till the darkness of the tomb
And the noise reverberating
Swells the tunnel's sombre gloom,
'Midst a web of glistening metals
Daylight lights on us once more
Clanking past the signal boxes—
Soon our journey will be o'er.

Then a sense of gradual slowness,
Then a feeling of release—
As we glide into the station,
"Ticket?" "Yes sir, if you please?"

SWEET MAY HATH DONN'D HER VIRGIN DRESS.

Sweet May hath donn'd her virgin dress
  Of blossom and sunshine;
And flowers, charmed by her loveliness,
  Ope' all their wealth sublime.

The tender foliage of each tree
  Is jubilant with song,
Sweet songsters making melody
  Their verdant depths among.

(So sings the bird of Hope in us,
  With warblings sweet and true,
'Till joy supplants our weariness
  'Mong leaves wet with grief's dew.)

Umbrageous billows brown each hill—
  A garniture of green—
From whence is heard, when all is still,
  The falling murmuring stream.

And early swallows dart athwart
  The ever-changing sky,
While from the wood's secluded part
  There floats the cuckoo's cry.

The river with its gravelly bed—
  With charms the anglers know—
Attracts the golden sun o'erhead,
  And robs it of its glow.

The air is full of insect life
  (Too small for sight like ours),
With all life's strange melodious strife
  To serenade the flowers.

But dearer than the beauty strewn
  So prodigal around;
Far sweeter than the river's tune,
  Or woody twittering band;

The viewless charm that filleth all,
  The token of God's care—
The voiceless praise that mutely calls
  The thankful heart to prayer.

MRS FLORA MAITLAND MACRAE

IS a daughter of the late Mr William Colquhoun, well known as the author of the famous work entitled "The Moor and the Loch." Mr Colquhoun was immediate younger brother of the late Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, who was drowned in Loch Lomond some ten or twelve years ago. Mrs Macrae's grandmother was Lady Colquhoun of Luss, whose "Memoir," by the late Rev. Dr. Hamilton, has been so widely read and greatly prized. The *Christian Leader* of June 4, 1885, speaking of the death of the last of the sons of "the good Lady Colquhoun," who died in his eighty-first year, informs us that his wife, who pre-deceased him, was, like her husband, "gifted as a writer and the authoress of at least one volume of poems, 'Rhymes and Chimes,' published by Macmillan in 1876. A sample of Mrs Colquhoun's verse closes her husband's description of the Pass of Glencroe in his great book. The daughters have inherited the literary taste and power of their parents, three of them at least having distinguished themselves in the field of authorship. Mrs L. B. Walford is one of our most brilliant writers of fiction; from Mrs Macrae, the wife of a respected writer to the signet in Edinburgh, we have received several precious volumes of a devotional character; and the slighter efforts of a third daughter of John Colquhoun we have more than once had the pleasure of commending to our readers. A fourth daughter is the wife of Dr. Macleod, minister of St. Stephen's parish, Edinburgh."

Mrs Macrae's works include "True Stories of the Loving-kindness of the Lord," "Heaven's Messengers; or, Tract Distributing," and a volume of poems *recently* issued from Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stir-

ling, entitled "The Private Note-Book Opened; or, a Broken Heart Bound Up," from which we give several extracts. These are marked by deep feeling, descriptive power, and poetic tenderness. Indeed, Mrs Macrae's verse manifests high-souled earnestness, a knowledge of human nature, and a warm desire to comfort the afflicted, and to lead the weak and the erring into the paths of rectitude.

THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

Heavily beat the loud sea-wave
  Against the sailor's cottage door,
Loudly sounded the sleet and rain,
  And the tempest's awakened roar.

The sailor sate within his hut,
  His little child upon his knee,
Hearing the wind and busy rain,
  And cry of the birds of the sea.

He started from his seat, and then
He quickly sate him down again :—
"Hear'st thou a voice, my child?" he said,
"Not of the living, but of the dead,
That ever, amid the tempest's din,
Seemeth to say, 'Oh, take me in!'
It sounds to me like the voice of one
That well I knew in the days that are gone;
It sounds to me like that gentle voice
That once bade this withered heart rejoice,
It sounds like hers who to me was given
As the light of lights on my way to heaven!
How long I have prayed that God would restore
My gentle wife to my bosom once more,
If she still in the land of the living should be,
And perished not on the far-off sea;
O listen, my child, dost thou hear its tone
Mingling again with the sea-waves' moan?

"I hear it, father, I hear it now,
How plaintive it soundeth, how sweeet, how low;
Dear mother in the far-off ocean lies,
Perchance 'tis her angel from paradise."

"Be still, my child, for I hear it again,"
And a gentle tap at the window pane

Made the sailor rise and move to the door;
He opened it 'mid the tempest's roar,—
He knew not on such a boisterous night
What form in distress should burst on his sight;
Oh! what felt he then when the torchlight fell
On a face he was wont to know so well!
In terror he turned and shook his head,—
"Has the sea already given up its dead?
Though my heart for her long has prayed and wept,
Ever fearing beneath its waves she slept,
Yet the feeble strength of this human breast
Cannot bear the sight of a spiritual guest."

No spirit was she, for her tale she told,
The mystery dark her lips did unfold;
And the sailor clasped her unto his heart:
They met, never more on earth to part!

What heeded they then that the wind was high,
That the ocean groaned out its minstrelsy,
That the cry of the sea-birds was loud and shrill,
That the rain crept in on the window sill,
For within that cottage were hearts so light
As defied the dark armies of the night;
The sailor's prayers had been heard on high,
And in time came the answer so gloriously,
That at first he could scarcely believe it true,
Though the form before him so well he knew;
In *doubt* and *weakness* he prayed to heaven,
But in *glorious power* was the answer given!

THE YOUNG LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER.

The night was wild, and rough the sea;
  The waves, blown rudely by the blast,
  Hurried about in eager haste,
Determined to be more than free.

The white foam dashed the cold hard cheek
  Of many a rock that bound the shore,
  And crept in at the open door
Of many a little bay and creek.

Within the lighthouse window pane,
  All was so cheerful—all so bright;
  Forth streamed a shining world of light,
Defying storm and wind and rain.

But where the lighthouse-keeper then?
  He lighted not his lamps that night,
  Another hand had made them bright,
Queens of the stormy sea again.

His daughter—his young daughter fair,
  'Twas she whose hand so merrily
  Had lit the lamps above the sea,
And oh! with what a world of care.

Her work all done, she rested then,
  And sweet her little song she sung,
  That high above the wild waves rung,
And mocked the saucy wind and rain:—

SONG.

I have lighted my lamps, and the midnight damps
  Cannot enter to dim their light,
The sailor afar will call them his star,
  So grand do they shine in the night;
They shine o'er the sea like the lights from on high
  On this life so troubled with care,
To the tossing ship on the rolling deep
  A message of hope they bear."

THE PRISONER'S SLEEP.

She lies upon the prison floor
Beside the prisoner's iron door,
Her long, dark hair the pillow makes
Where rests her tired head till she wakes—
Her pale hands folded o'er her breast
Seem waiting for a better rest.
Then who shall go to summon her?
Ah! *who* shall wake the prisoner?
Wake her to die! The sands are run,
Her little day on earth is done.
Wake her! those eyes with tears to steep.
Wake her! away with dreams and sleep!
Wake her to blush o'er sins forgiven!
Wake her to send her prayers to heaven!
Wake her to draw her parting breath,
Wake her to die a felon's death!
Perchance she dreams that she once more
Is playing by the cottage door
That first her childhood's footsteps knew;
Or swinging on the old, loved yew,

Basking beneath the summer sun;
Or chatting when the day was done—
Singing the cattle home at night,
Or telling tales when dim the light.
Dreams she her mother's voice she hears,
Bidding her dry her childhood's tears?
Her father's step, her sister's smile—
Her brother's merry laugh the while—
They all are gone—in dreams alone
Return the days whose light is gone.
Wake her to die! the dismal sound
Her prison wall has rung around,
And must she hear its mournful tone?
Let the poor prisoner dream on!
Oh! must we wake her when her dreams
Are all of better days? She seems
In sleep to turn her large, dark eyes
For help and pardon to the skies.
Yes! she has craved of Heaven to be
Forgiven through eternity.
Wake her to die! no grief, no pain
Can make the captive free again.
The day is come when she must die,
No hope for *her* but in the sky.
O ye who bear the Christian name,
Deal kindly with the child of shame;
With those whom crime has brought so low
Be Christ-like, win them in their woe.

WILLIAM DOUGALL,

WELL-KNOWN in the political, literary, and social circles of Edinburgh, was born at Dunkeld in 1829. The son of a cabinet maker, he was educated at Perth Academy, where he took first prizes in most of his classes. He was intended for the teaching profession, but ultimately chose a mercantile life, and was accordingly, at the age of sixteen, apprenticed to Mr D. R. Macgregor, a Leith merchant, *who* became M.P. for these Burghs. After thirty-five

years' connection with the firm of John Bowes Esquire & Partners, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, one of the largest colliery owning firms in England, for whom he was agent for Scotland, he retired, and now occupies his time by interesting himself in various public institutions. For ten years he has been hon.-secretary of the Leith Sailors' Home, which is one of the finest in the world, as is testified by some of Her Majesty's oldest naval officers. He is a Fellow of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, Captain of the Royal Musselburgh Golf Club, and holds office in a number of political, musical, scientific, and other societies in Edinburgh and Leith.

Mr Dougall's first poetical effusion was printed in the *Scotsman* thirty years ago, and since then he has contributed to many journals, magazines, and newspapers. His poem on "Tel-el-Kebir," dedicated by special permission to Lord Wolseley, was selected out of fifty-one for publication in *Chambers's Journal* in 1882. He wrote an ode on "The Tay" for the members of the Edinburgh Perthshire Association, which was warmly received. The Rev. James Macgregor, D.D., of St Cuthbert's, wrote the preface to this booklet, and mentioned that "the admirable ode" was practically the result of a single sitting. On three different occasions Mr Dougall has received thanks from the Queen for his poems—an acrostic he wrote on Her Majesty's name being most graciously received. His golfing songs are racy and popular, and many of his effusions on "stories of the times," while showing that he is quick to detect the ludicrous, are kindly and musical, evincing a high degree of human brotherhood, and often possessing a mixture of pawky fun and sound philosophy.

OUR AMERICAN CRITIC.

A Yankee D.D. came to town,
And looked on us in pity;
His wise remarks he noted down
And sent to Pittsburgh city.
Auld Reekie is an ancient seat
Of learned occupation,
Yet every second face you meet
Shows marks of dissipation.

Teetotallers, 'tis true, abound,
But not in fitting number
To keep the drunkards off our ground,
Where on each day they slumber.
Edina's kirks and parsons are
In helpless situation,
They need a bright and guiding star
To kill inebriation.

One who can trace each rosy tint
Unfailing to its sources,
And sniff the breath of peppermint
At Sabbath day discourses.
The Scotch all o'er like grog and ale
In matters of libation,
Perchance the Pittsburg folks look pale
Through gross gormandisation.

This hero of a high-toned creed
Betrays a vulgar craving
For being "unco guid," indeed,
When he is only raving.
Auld Reekie's ruddy faces tell
Of health and sanitation;
Their candid critic would do well
To flee prevarication.

THE ROYAL GAME OF GOLF.

Our first King James was fond of games,
But Gowff he liked the best,
And aye since then our wisest men
Its virtues hae confessed.
For far and near fresh greens appear,
Increasing day by day;
New clubs arise and greatly prize
Our Royal Game to play.

There's nocht I ken sae guid for men
As exercise an' air,
An' Gowff's the game that gi'es that same—
A' sports beyond compare.
Then tee your ba' and drive awa
Whene'er a chance ye hae,
'Twill gie ye health—mair worth than wealth—
Our Royal Game to play.

A foursome set o' lads weel met
Has pleasures nane can feel,
Except the few 'gainst foemen true
Quite worthy o' their steel,
For nane e'er thinks when on the Links
O' cares that on us weigh ;
We travel miles wi' cheery smiles
Our Royal Game to play.

Ilk ither club should hae a rub
Against its neebor men ;
An' though ance beat the match repeat,
An' fecht it ower again.
'Twill gie new zest to do our best,
Bring freendships by the way,
Sae let us mix and matches fix,
Our Royal Game to play.

TEL-EL-KEBIR.

September 13, 1882.

Our forces were massed in the dead of the night,
Each man carried nought but was needful in fight ;
Accoutred and ready, they sought some repose,
Two hours were thus spent, when they silently rose.

No bugle-notes rang on the calm, cloudless air ;
A whisper was passed for the march to prepare :
In silence they moved o'er the dark, trackless sand,
Took their course from the stars, and with compass in hand.

Each regiment *felt* for the neighbouring line,
And kept its position without sound or sign ;
Thus weird-like the army still held on its way,
Till halted awhile for the break of the day.

The order was given—"Let no man fire a shot,
Until at the trenches the first line has got ;
Then rush with a cheer and the bayonet wield,
The Islamite horde must then speedily yield."

Sir Garnet's design was a consummate plan,
His soldiers he knew he could trust to a man;
And thus when the muttered command passed around,
His heroes dashed forward, with joy at the sound.

Though met with a shower of bullets like hail,
No obstacle could o'er their ardour prevail;
They leapt o'er the ditches and swarmed up the slope,
Dropped inside the works, with the rebels to cope.

No race of the East but must stagger and reel
When charged hand to hand with the British cold steel;
Few minutes sufficed from the first of the rush,
The strength of proud Arabi's legions to crush.

The Highland Brigade bore the brunt of the fray—
Their ranks were more thinned than the rest on that day;
While the cavalry swept o'er the mass in retreat,
And cut down their hundreds the rout to complete.

The Indian contingent went straight on ahead,
Till Tantah's old thoroughfares echoed their tread;—
The campaign was won, and ere next sun had set,
In Cairo the victors triumphantly met.

All arms of the service have valiantly fought—
Fresh laurels to History's pages are brought;
Enshrined on our flag, a new name shall appear,
Recalling the glory of "TEL-EL-KEBIR."

JOHN IMRIE,

A VIGOROUS, yet deeply pathetic Scottish-American poet, was born in Glasgow about 1847. He emigrated to Canada in 1871, and is now a member of the widely-esteemed firm of Imrie & Graham, book and music printers, Toronto. Although a firm believer in a great future for Canada, he, in all his utterances, gives evidence of his warm love of "Auld *Scotia*," and affords yet another proof of the fact that

the farther away Scotsmen go from their "native hame," the more enthusiastic and patriotic they get over Scotland and everything Scottish.

In addition to the publication of a great number of songs set to music by various gentlemen, whose names stand high in the scale of musical authorship, Mr Imrie, in 1886, published a beautifully-got-up and richly illustrated volume, entitled "Sacred Songs, Sonnets, and Miscellaneous Pieces." These songs, with very appropriate musical setting, have met with wide favour, while his volume has been so favourably received by the public, as well as the press at home and abroad, that it has already reached a second edition. It is the fruit of intellectual recreation—his leisure hours, all too few—and published by him with much diffidence, and only after the earnest solicitation of many competent authorities. Mr Imrie has also given to the world a most artistically arranged "Bouquet of Sonnets for Thoughtful Moments," and these, too, have been well received. Mr G. Mercer Adam contributes an able introduction to the volume of "Songs," already referred to, in which he tersely brings out the characteristics of our poet, showing his power of illustrating the honest, unaffected love of home and home pleasures. Mr Adam says:—"The craving for excitement has made us impatient with home; and the fireside and domestic shrines have in large measure lost their attraction. In their place have come the club and the society hall, the tavern and the divorce court. We are no longer satisfied with the novel, with the song, or with the play, that used to delight our forefathers. Nothing so simple and innocent would now content us. . . Innocent delights, restful pleasures, and the blissful contentment of a well-ordered, comfortable home, with such intellectual recreation as these Edens afford, must be the necessities, we should think, of those at

least whose lot is a ceaseless round of toil. To such our author comes with his tuneful lyre, and sings us the gladsome lays of the home and the fireside. Benefactor is he not, to you and to me, if he beguiles us from our distractions and cares, and leads us to realize that, after all, the world's happiness lies in the quiet comfort and the refining influences of home?"

For ourselves, it is seldom that we have seen a volume of poetry of so uniformly good quality. He furnishes us with real home pictures, full of interest, and admirably told. Ever graceful, and sometimes playful, Mr Imrie possesses the true poetic faculty, and he writes with earnest patriotic passion, as well as with delicate and touching pathos.

TELL ME—OF WHAT SHALL I SING?

Sing a merry, happy lay,
Bright as Summer's golden day,
When the hours fly swift away,
Oh! sing of these to me!

Sing of birds, and bees, and flowers,
Sing of Flora's lovely bowers,
Sing of early childhood's hours,
Oh! sing of these to me!

Sing the songs that touch the heart,
Causing tears of joy to start,—
Sing of friends that never part,
Oh! sing of these to me!

Wooing like the gentle dove,
Sing of happiness and love,
Sing of brighter joys above,
Oh! sing of these to me!

Sing of these, and I shall sing,
As if borne on angel's wing,
To the presence of the King,
There evermore to be!

OUR JOHNNIE.

We hae had a happy time,
Since hame cam Johnnie;
Wi' a face like angel sweet,
Stealin' a' oor kisses neat,
Creepin' roun on hauns an' feet,
Was oor wee Johnnie!

Langest day maun hae its close,
Alas! puir Johnnie;
Death cam in sae grim an' cauld,
Chill'd the lammie in the fauld,
Ta'en the young and left the auld,
Puir deed wee Johnnie.

Ta'en awa' in life's spring-time,
Oor ain dear Johnnie;
Mither's heart in anguish wild,
Faither grudges sair his child,
Yet to God baith reconcil'd;
We'll gang to Johnnie.

Aince the licht o' a' oor house,
Oor ain wee Johnnie;
Noo the licht is ta'en awa',
Darkness seems to cover a',
Nane can comfort us ava
But oor wee Johnnie!

'Neath the souchan willow tree
Lies oor wee Johnnie;
Just beneath a hillock green,
Whaur the daisies may be seen,
Wi' the buttercups atween,
Sleeps oor wee Johnnie.

Aft we shed the bitter tear
For oor wee Johnnie;
Then look't up wi' faith abune,
Whaur nae sorrow creepeth in,
There, secure frae death an' sin,
Bides oor wee Johnnie!

A KISS THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

The telephone,
In merry tone,
Rang "Tinkelty-tinkelty-tink!"

I put my ear
Close up to hear,
And what did I hear, do you think?

"Papa, hello!
'Tis me you know!"
The voice of my own little Miss;
"You went away
From home to-day,
But you never gave me—a kiss!

"It was a mistake,
I was not awake,
Before you went out of the house;
I think that a kiss
Will not be amiss
If I give it—sly as a mouse!

"So here goes, Papa,
And one from Mamma,
And another when you can come home;
Just answer me this,
Is it nice to kiss
When you want through the dear telefome?"

"Hello?" I replied,
With fatherly pride,
"I've got them as snug as can be;
I'll give them all back,
With many a smack,
As soon as I come home to tea!"

MY HEART IS SCOTLAND'S YET!

Oh, weel I lo'e the Scottish tongue,
The language o' my hame;
An' weel I lo'e a sang that's sung
In praise o' Scotland's fame.
It mak's me think o' happy days,
An' scenes o' beauty rare;
There's something in my heart that says:
There's nae lan' half sae fair!
CHORUS:—My heart is Scotland's yet,
Though I bide ower the sea;
I never can forget
The lan' sae dear to me!

When travellin' in a foreign lan'
I hear a Scottish voice,
Instinctively I gie my han',
An' baith o' us rejoice ;
An' then we crack o' Scotland's fame,
Recite her battles o'er,
An' feel we yet could daur the same
Our faithers daur'd before !
CHORUS—My heart is Scotland's yet !

Oh, Scotland is a bonnie place,
Wi' scenery sublime ;
Whaur Nature smiles wi' fairest face
That stan's the test o' time !
Each mountain, river, loch, or glen
Are fu' o' storied fame,
Wha reads the history o' her men
Will ne'er forget their name !
CHORUS—My heart is Scotland's yet !

In every lan' roun' a' the earth
Are leal hearts true to thee ;
An' prood are they to own their birth
Ayont the wide saut sea,
Whaur towers the mountains bold an' gran'
Like guardians o' the free,—
Oh, here's my heart, an' there's my han',
Dear Scotland, aye to thee !
CHORUS—My heart is Scotland's yet !

ARTHUR WEIR.

MR WILLIAM WEIR, father of the subject of our sketch, was born at Greenden, near Brechin, Forfarshire. He removed to Canada about 1842, has been a private banker since 1849, and is at present the leading one in Montreal, if not in

Canada. He also wields a graphic pen, and is well-known and esteemed in literary circles. Arthur was born in Montreal in 1864. He received his early education at the High School, and, at first, was by no means a diligent or promising pupil. During his last two years there, however, he made rapid progress, and excelled in the study of science. From the sixth form of the school he graduated in 1882, and by passing this examination he secured the degree of Associate in Arts in the M'Gill University—equivalent to matriculation. In 1886 he graduated, after a four years' course in Applied Science, as B. A. Sc. While at college, Mr Weir was fond of sports—particularly football and hockey. He captained the team of the latter in 1885-86, though pushed in his studies. An injury to his knee had before then put him permanently off the football field. He was not lamed, however, and managed to secure the 220 yard championship of the college in the same year. This record, with the fact that he is a member of the Montreal Bicycle Club and of the Athletic Association, in general, finishes Mr Weir's physical career "up to date." Regarding his mental record at college, in his second year he took the "Barland Exhibition" of £25, and on graduating he won the Lansdowne Medal in the advanced course, in which, to this date, he is the sole graduate. He was for some years editor of the "College Journal." On leaving the university he joined the staff of the *Star*—becoming assistant editor of the weekly issue, and after eighteen months' experience in journalism, he was appointed commercial editor of the *Daily and Weekly Star*, which position he still holds.

Mr Weir began to write verse before he was fifteen years of age, but he did not publish anything till 1884. He had previously written, also under assumed names, a good deal of excellent prose, including a tale and several scientific essays. His handsome volume,

"Fleurs de Lys and other Poems," [Montreal: E. M. Renouf], was published in 1887. In the preface he states that the name Fleurs de Lys has been chosen for the Canadian Poems in the early portion of the book, because the scenes and incidents they describe belong to the Monarchial, or Fleur de Lys, period of France in Canada. Some of the poems being written at twenty, and the latest at twenty-three, "the author hopes the critics will consider this volume rather as a bud than as a flower, and will criticize it with the view to aiding him to avoid faults in the future rather than to censuring him for errors of the present and past." The work contains many valuable notes on the poems, and altogether is one of much interest. He evidently wishes us to remember, however, that, though there is Scotch blood in his veins, he is a Canadian, and "looks for a Canadian nation." In every respect it fulfils the promise held out in his motto verse—

> He only is a poet who can find
> In sorrow happiness, in darkness light,
> Love everywhere, and lead his fellow-kind
> By flowery paths towards life's sunny height.

Mr Weir's thoughts are beautifully imaginative and truly elevating. He has a rich gift of fancy, a deep contemplative mind, and a fine command of lyric measure.

THE SEA SHELL.

> 'Tis a dainty shell, 'tis a fragile shell
> At my feet that the wild waves threw,
> And I send it thee, that its lips may tell
> In thine ear that my heart is true.
>
> It will tell thee how by the sunlit sea
> Pass the hours we were wont to share.
> On its pearl-pink lips is a kiss for thee
> That my own loving lips placed there.

In a lady's hand it will snugly lie,
'Tis as thin as a red rose-leaf,
Yet it holds the seagull's sorrowing cry,
And the roar of the tide-lashed reef.

In its ivory cave, though the mighty sea
May find room, and to spare, to move,
Yet this same sea shell that I send to thee
Is too small to contain my love.

EQUALITY.

Mad fools! To think that men can be
Made equal all, when God
Made one well nigh divinity
And one a soulless clod.

Nowhere in Nature can we find
Things equal, save in death,
One man must rule with thoughtful mind,
One serve with panting breath.

The maples spread their foliage green
To shade the grass below,
Hills rise the lowly vales between
Or streams would never flow.

A million creatures find a home
Within a droplet's sphere,
And giants through the woodlands roam
While quakes the land in fear.

A tiny fall in music breaks
Against the mountain's base,
While roars an avalanche and shakes
The whole world in its race

One must be weak and one be strong,
One huge, another small,
To help this teeming world along,
And make a home for all.

Equality is death, not life,
In Nature and with man,
And progress is but upward strife
With some one in the van.

MY TREASURE.

"What do you gather?" the maiden said,
Shaking her sunlit curls at me—
"See, these flowers I plucked are dead,
Ah! misery."

"What do you gather?" the miser said,
Clinking his gold, as he spoke to me—
"I cannot sleep at night for dread
Of thieves," said he.

"What do you gather?" the dreamer said,
"I dream dreams of what is to be;
Daylight comes, and my dreams are fled,
Ah! woe is me."

"What do you gather?" the young man said
"I seek fame for eternity,
"Toiling on while the world's abed,
Alone," said he.

"What do I gather?" I laughing said,
"Nothing at all save memery,
Sweet as flowers, but never dead,
Like thine, Rosie."

"I have no fear of thieves," I said,
"Daylight kills not my reverie,
Fame will find I am snug abed,
That comes to me."

"The past is my treasure, friends," I said,
"Time but adds to my treasury,
Happy moments are never fled
Away from me."

"All one needs to be rich," I said,
"Is to live that his past shall be
Sweet in his thoughts, as a wild rose red,
Eternally."

HOPE AND DISPAIR.

You love the sun and the languid breeze
That gently kisses the rosebud's lips,
And delight to see
How the dainty bee,

Stilling his gauze-winged melodies
Into the lily's chalice dips.

I love the wind that unceasing roars,
While cringe the trees from its wrath in vain,
And the lightning-flash,
And the thunder-crash,
And skies, from whose Erebus depths outpours
In slanting drifts the autumnal rain.

You sigh to find that the time is here
When leaves are falling from bush and tree;
When the flowerets sweet
Die beneath our feet,
And feebly totters the dying year
Into the mists of eternity.

To me the autumn is never drear,
It bears the glory of hopes fulfilled.
Though the flowers be dead,
There are seeds instead,
That, with the spring of the dawning year,
With life will find all their being thrilled.

You tread the wood, and the wind behold
Tear down the leaves from the crackling bough
Till they make a pall,
As they thickly fall,
To hide dead flowers. The air seems cold,
No summer gladdens the forest now.

I tread the maze of the changing wood,
And though no light through the maples plays,
Yet they glow each one,
Like a rose-red sun,
And drop their leaves, like a glittering flood
Of warm sunbeams, in the woodland ways.

Poor human heart, in the year of life
All seasons are, and it rests with thee
To enjoy them all,
Or to drape a pall
O'er withered hopes, and to be at strife
With things that are, and no brightness see.

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